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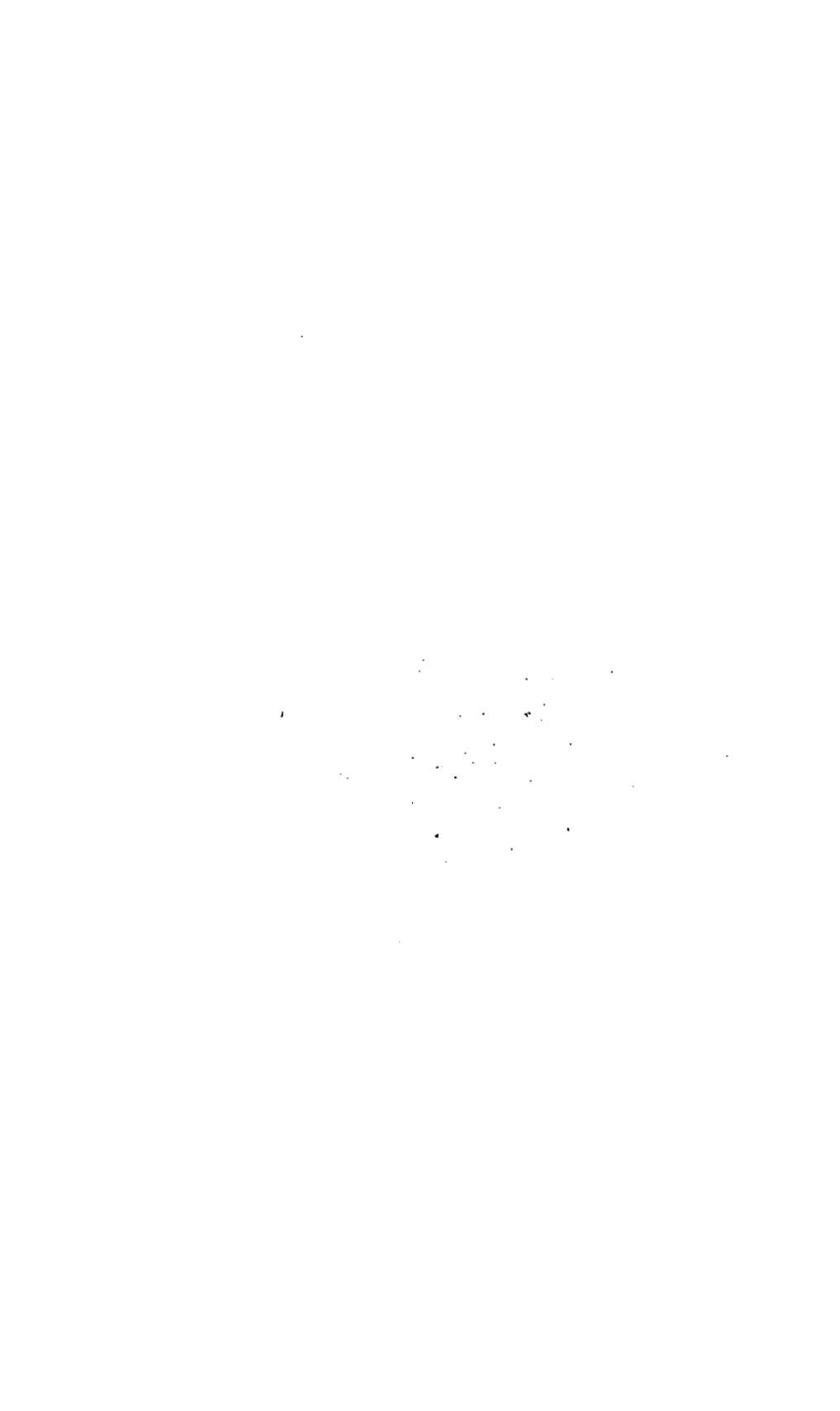
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THE COMEDIES
OF PLAUTUS,
TRANSLATED INTO

FAMILIAR BLANK VERSE,

By BONNELL THORNTON.

ASPICE, PLAUTUS

QUO PACTO PARTES TUTETUR

HOR. Lib. II. Epist. I.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

The SECOND EDITION Revised and Corrected.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HOND'T, in the Strand.

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2-Vol 6

T O

G E O R G E C O L M A N , Esq;

D E A R S I R ,

I Can never forget the time, when our literary amusements were so intimately blended, that we seemed to have one invention, one sentiment, one expression. The regularity of a periodical publication led us to a constant intercourse and communication of ideas : and whatever may be the fate of this present undertaking, I shall never regret my having dipt in ink, since it gave me an opportunity of cultivating a social as well as literary connection with you.

Instead of prefixing your name to this work, with the distant air of a dedication, I wished to have had it coupled along with mine in the title-page : I wanted you as a *comes jucundus*, an *agreeable companion*, in this new unbeaten track of translation, which you have so happily struck out before me. It is therefore in some measure your own fault, if the present attempt should fail of success ; and the public, I fear, as well as myself, will have too much reason to regret
your

DEDICATION.

your not joining with me. I, however, heartily excuse you, as you continue to turn your thoughts to original composition.

I own, indeed, I shall feel a more than ordinary disappointment, if I should be judged unworthy to rank with you in this humbler branch of literature : for I confess, in the pride of my heart, that one great inducement to my engaging in this task was the hope, that our names would be mentioned together as the translators of *Terence* and *Plautus*, though I cannot aspire to an equal share of reputation with the author of the *Jealous Wife*, or the joint authors of the *Clandestine Marriage*.

I am,

Dear SIR,

Your most affectionate

Humble Servant,

BONNELL THORNTON.

THEATRICAL

THEATRICAL WORKS
BY JAMES MURRAY,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR THE
CROWN OF CANADA.

COMEDIES

CONTAINED IN

The FIRST VOLUME.

AMPHITRUO, AMPHITRYON.

MILES GLORIOSUS, *The Braggard Captain.*

CAPTIVI, *The Captives.*

The SECOND VOLUME.

TRINUMMUS, *The Treasure.*

MERCATOR, *The Merchant.*

AULULARIA, *The Miser.*

RUDENS, *The Shipwreck.*

The GENTLEMAN, who undertook to revise this Edition, had looked over and corrected the Proof Sheets: but residing much in the Country, and indeed being told it was unnecessary, he did not see the Revised ones. The Reader, therefore, is desired to excuse and correct the following Errors of the Press, together with any others of less Consequence, which may occur.

E R R A T A.

First Volume.

PREFACE, Page 13. l. 7. for *whuld* read *would*. p. 17. l. 20. for *act or read aetor*. Ibid. line 28. for *nay* read *any*.

The LIFE, Page 27. note l. 15. for *whom* read *who*.

Page 31. note l. 5. for *verboro* read *verbero*. p. 38. note l. 18. for *swearing* read *swearing*. p. 86. note l. 6. for *reusum* read *rursum*. p. 93. V. 17. for *totturd* read *tortur'd*. p. 98. note l. 3. for *Bosia* read *Bœotia*. p. 127. note l. 10. for 5. read 20. p. 132. V. 3. for *bere* read *hear*. p. 135. V. 2. for *fet* read *set*. p. 140. V. 85. for *bir* read *hi*. p. 147. V. 7. for *so* read *too*. p. 195. V. 49. for *as* read *bas*. p. 207. note l. 5. for *noſtrio* read *noſtro*. p. 213. note l. 2. for *as* read *is*. p. 220. note l. 2. for *Remans* read *Roman*. p. 222. V. 43. for *so much him* read *to match with them*. p. 242. V. 17. for *in love with him* read *is in love with him*. p. 247. V. 10. for *seat* read *fear*. p. 248. note l. 11. for *at tead as*. p. 256. note l. 13. for *mensus* read *menſum*. Ibid. l. 15. for *tabes* read *table*. p. 269. V. 17. for *brought* read *bought*. p. 270. V. 2. for *it would ill become us*; read *it would bus ill become us*. p. 274. V. 40. for *suits* read *suit*. p. 275. note l. 24. for *optima* read *opimæ*. Ibid. l. 25. for *to fry or fry up*, read *to try or try up*. p. 289. note l. 13. for Ω read $\Omega\zeta$, for $\chi_{\mu\nu\rho}$ read $\chi_{\mu\nu\rho\zeta}$. l. 14. for *Ελλαζη* read "Ελλαζην". p. 292. note l. 4. for *gutter* read *gutur*. p. 296. V. 18. for *instant I read I instant*. p. 298. note l. 5. for *it would not be so fit here* read *though it would not be so fit here*. p. 299. note l. 2. for *Tolloſon* read *Tillorſon*. p. 301. V. 26. for *makes* read *make*. p. 306. note l. 9. for *sacram* read *sacrum*. p. 307. note l. 38. for *irritant* read *jactitant*. p. 310. note l. 1. for *sublivere* read *subliver*. p. 322. note l. 6. for *I warrant* read *I warn*. p. 326. V. 74. for *that read that's*. p. 330. note l. 6. for *Saturitus* read *Saturitas*. p. 331. note l. 3. 4. for *Heautonitomimenos* read *Heautonitomimeumenos*. p. 341. note l. 3. for *verboram* read *verbream*. p. 344. V. 28. for *grieves* read *grieves*. p. 349. note l. 38. for *affes* read *paffes*.

Second Volume.

Page 17. note l. 4. for *Geta will ſtruck* read *Geta ſhall be ſtruck*. p. 20. note l. 1. for *hiulea* read *hiulca*. p. 38. V. 162. for *ſtill* read *ſtill'd*. p. 69. V. 175. for *reſeiv'd you* read *receiv'd of you*. Ibid. note l. 2. for *Ab iſi* read *Abi iſi*. p. 98. V. 126. for *bit her* read *hither*. p. 177. note l. 1. for *Magiftra* read *Magiſter*. p. 254. note l. 16. for *proſe* read *verſe*. p. 353. V. 22. prefix *DÆM*. p. 376. note l. 16. for *clavi* read *clavi*.

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE been induced to publish these two volumes of my intended translation of the whole of PLAUTUS's comedies, in order to try how far such an attempt may meet with approbation. The success of Mr. Colman's TERENCE led me to hope, that I could introduce PLAUTUS to public notice in the same agreeable form and manner; and I was the more encouraged to the attempt, by Mr. Colman's readily offering to forward me with one * play, which was at once a proof of his regard and good opinion. In consequence of my having advertised this design, I had a still farther incitement to proceed in it; as a † gentleman, to whom I was then a stranger, was pleased to decline all

* *The Merchant*, in the second volume of this translation.

†. Richard Warner, of Woodford Row, Essex, Esquire. This gentleman had translated several of our author's plays into prose, and had begun one in verse, the *Captives*, which is inserted in the first volume of this work.

thoughts which he had before conceived, of prosecuting the same intention. To him I am indebted for his assistance in one play, as well as for communicating to me whatever he thought might be of service in the undertaking, with that heartiness which endears him to all who have the happiness of being acquainted with him. The same gentleman also took upon himself the trouble of translating the life of our author from *Petrus Crinitus.

I have purposely avoided following the arrangement of our author's plays, which is alphabetical in the editions of the original, because I found, by observing that order, I should tye myself up to the unnecessary task of *translating on*, just as the book directed me ; though the choice I have made has been purely accidental, without any immediate regard to the particular merit of each play. For this reason the reader must not expect to find, in the volumes now presented him, a select collection or *chief œuvres* of our author's works : the learned reader will be sensible, that as many, if not more, which are equally admired, among our

* It was thought proper to take that account of him, which was the most ancient.

author's twenty plays, are to follow ; and it is intended to complete the whole with all possible expedition, if the design should happen to meet with the approbation of the public.

As for the notes, they would perhaps have been fuller, with respect to the conduct of our author as a dramatic writer, if I had not intended a particular dissertation on that point, but which cannot with propriety appear, till the whole of the translation is completed. I shall then examine into the respective merits of our author and TERENCE, between whom there is not perhaps so much difference, but that we may apply to them the words of TERENCE, in his prologue to the *Andrian*,

Qui utramvis reōbē nōrit ambas noverit :

Non ita diffimili sunt argumento, sed tamen

Diffimili oratione sunt factæ ac stilo.

Know one, and you know both ; in argument less different than in sentiment and stile.

COLMAN.

I have thought it necessary, for the satisfaction of the less learned reader, to add some notes, which those who are conversant in the ancient writings might deem superfluous ; and though I do not mean directly to write for schools,

schools, I have had them in my view, where I have quoted some peculiar or remarkable expression or passage of my original; and sometimes I have done it in order to justify me to the learned reader in the use of some common expression or phrase in our own tongue.

I have followed no particular edition of our author; but where there have been various readings, I have always prefer'd that which seemed to me the most simple and least forced. It is true, indeed, there are some passages, the sense of which it is hardly possible to determine, and of which we may almost say with our author in his *Pænulus*, at *Carthaginian*,

Isti quidem berclè orationi Oedipo

Opus conjectore est, Spbyngi qui interpres fuit:
If in these I should happen to be mistaken, I can only plead in excuse, that I find the commentators as much puzzled as myself; and I cannot help frequently crying out, after having consulted them,

Incertior sum multò quàm dudum. TER. PHORM.

I'm more uncertain

Now than I was before.

COLMAN.

I flatter myself, that a translation of PLAUTUS may be acceptable at least to the English reader,

reader, as he has never appeared entire in our tongue. * *Echard*; indeed, has given us a translation of the three plays, which had been selected by Madam *Dacier*. + *Cooke* published proposals for a complete translation of our author, and has printed one play, the *Amphytrion*, in *Latin* and *English*. There is likewise an old translation of the *Menæchmi* of our author, by W. W. printed in 1595, in the collection of Mr. *Garrick*, of which I shall take further notice, when I come to that play. These are in prose; and how little soever I may appear to go beyond them in other points, I have at least one considerable advantage over them, from the new and elegant mode of translation in familiar blank verse, which Mr. *Colman* so happily hit upon in his *TERENCE*; the propriety and use of which he has so fully set forth in his preface to that work, as makes it needless for me to say any thing here concerning it;

As I profess to give nothing more than a *translation* of my author, it is necessary to men-

* *Echard* has palpably translated from the *French* more than from his original author. His style besides is coarse and indecent, and while he aims at being familiar, he is commonly low and vulgar.

+ *Cooke* seems to have intended his edition merely for the use of learners,

tion some peculiarities in his manner, which may appear strange to the *English* reader. Those who can read and relish him in the original, will be sensible how much these peculiarities are against the translator, who, while he is obliged to be faithful to his author, is obliged likewise to take upon himself in some measure his author's faults. But that I may not be thought to palliate or exaggerate these his seeming defects, I shall extract part of what is said on this point by *M. Gneudeville*, in his preface to a translation of our author's plays.

" *Plautus* (says he) like all great men, is not without his exceptions. He has an unbounded inclination to *moralizing on every thing in his way. An affectation perhaps of knowing every thing, and of making a parade of that knowledge, often leads him into such perplexity and obscurity in his reflections, as have baffled the pains and endeavours of his commentators to make them intelligible.

* A remarkable instance of this may be seen in the *Treasure*, where *Syphimus*, a servant, who declares himself in great haste, stands still to moralize, while *Charmides*, an old gentleman just returned from abroad, instead of going home directly, waits patiently to overhear him. It may be observed, however, that if *Plautus* sometimes indulges in an affectation of moralizing, though

" Neither is his propensity to the *equivocal less pardonable :—he is often playing upon words ; but in a manner so low and insipid, that good taste is forfeited even to nauseating. One of these must have been the case ; either the old *Roman*, were a set of such jolly fellows, that a little would make them laugh, or else our author had as much of the *low* as of the *high* in his judgment, though to different ends.

" Is not our author also censurable for his †indecencies ? In my opinion he can in this be no otherwise excused, than by supposing that

though out of character and season, yet the excellency of the sentiment makes ample amends for the improper introduction of it.

* The translator has no other apology to make for some *puns*, which may possibly appear forced to the *English* reader, but that he thought it requisite to express as well as he could the *manner* of his original.

† Though it must be confessed, that *Plautus* justly labours under censure in this particular, yet he is not nearly so offensive as has been generally imagined. The editor of the *Delphin* edition of our author has rejected scarce above five pages in the whole, out of twenty plays, upon this account ; and many passages, even in these, would hardly offend the most scrupulous ear. It is true, indeed, the commentators have been often remarkably industrious in finding out allusions, which do not appear from the plain and obvious meaning of the context. The translator, however, has thought it his indispensable duty to suppress or soften every circumstance and expression, that might be exceptionable to the *English* reader.

In so doing he conformed himself to the unpolished taste of the age he lived in. It is probable, that the *Romans* were not then arrived at elegance in point of delicacy : much less polite than they became afterwards, their ears with pleasure attended to indecent expressions and immodest words . . .

" Another fault of our author is, that he abounds in *tautology* and needless repetitions. His thoughts are often like flowers hid under a multiplicity of weeds: they are like fruit, which the quantity of surrounding leaves obscures the beauty of. Too liable to repeat the same phrase and the same word, one might say he liked the produce of his thoughts too well not to give it more than once ; or he imagined his readers and his audience had too limited a discernment to understand them at once . . .

" But what gives me the most concern is the little regard he has to **probability*. Instead of measuring the time by the duration of the action which ought to fill it up, he is thinking of nothing but the action itself, and often supposes

* The seeming want of *probability*, in many of our author's scenes, has been often owing to a wrong division of the acts, which have been attempted to be rectified in this translation.

things to be done, the execution of which necessarily demands a long space of time. A person goes to the market-place, does his business, and returns again in a minute or two ; another, in as short a space of time, marches over a whole town to find his man. Twenty other examples of this kind might be produced . . .

" But in the article of *probability* there is one instance extremely disagreeable. On the stage you see + messengers of good news ; they usually come from the port ; they run quite out of breath to declare the arrival of a father, an husband, or a son of those who are in expectation of them with the utmost impatience. And what do these *Mercuries*, when they are talking of the hast they are in ? 'Tis pleasant to think of it----they bawl out, that every one should make room for them ; they tell you frankly, they will knock down every impudent fellow that shall be rash enough to obstruct them in

It is remarkable, that this very circumstance appears to be ridiculed by our author himself, in the beginning of the second act of *Amphytrion*, where *Mercury* comes in running, and says,

" Stand by, make room, all clear the way before me,

" Nor any be so bold to stop my speed.—

" Why may not I, who am a deity,

" Have the same license as a slave in comedies,

" With threats to bid the people clear the way ? &c.

their passage ; . . . yet these very messengers, that quake for fear lest they should not arrive in time, give themselves leisure to review all that come in their way . . .

" Another defect I pass over, which is, § *confounding the representation with the action.* The actor sometimes speaks in his own person and in character at the same time : in the middle of the speech he tells you, that he is not what he appears to be ; joining his own personal qualifications with his part, and with the character he is personating." . . .

Thus far *M. Gueudeville*, who, however, concludes with saying, that " all the shades of PLAUTUS do not cloud over the brightness of his sunshine : all his irregularities cast no veil on his original beauties."

To the above it may be proper to add, for the information of the *English* reader, another circumstance, which may seem strange to him, on account of the difference between the ancient and modern stages.— " Some (says *Eckard*¹¹ in his preface to TERENCE, as quoted by Mr.

§ This is remarkable in the Prologue, and several scenes of *Ampelion*.

Coldman, object, that in the beginning of many scenes two actors enter the stage, and talk to themselves a considerable time, before they see or know one another ; which, say they, is neither probable nor natural. They, that object this, do not consider the difference between our small scanty stage, and the large magnificent *Roman* theatres : their stage was sixty yards wide in front ; their scenes so many streets meeting together, with by-lanes, rows and alleys ; so that two actors coming down two distinct streets or lanes, could not be seen by each other, though the spectators might see both ; and sometimes, if they did see each other, they could not well distinguish faces at sixty yards distance. Besides, on several accounts, it might well be supposed, when an actor enters on the stage, out of some house, he might take a turn or two under the porticoes, usual at that time, about his door, and not observe another act or on the other side of the stage."---These observations, relative to *TERENCE*, are no less necessary to be remembered with respect to our author ; and I cannot too much caution the modern reader, constantly to bear in mind the extent and scenical decoration of the antient stage. Without this it will be impossible to reconcile many particulars, that constantly occur, to nay kind of probability.

Having already declared, that I profess to give nothing more than a direct *translation* of my author, I shall only add, that the *English* reader will not, I hope, be displeased at my adhering so strictly to the sense of the original with respect to those customs, manners, ceremonies, &c. which differ from the modern. § In other respects, universal nature is and has been so much the same in all ages and countries, that the characters, dispositions, and passions of men, as set forth by our author, will be found very nearly to resemble those of the present times.

§ What Mr Colman says with regard to his translation of TERENCE's Comedies, is no less applicable to a translation of the Comedies of our author.—“ The *English* reader is desired to observe, that the manners, prevailing in them all, are wholly Grecian. The scene is laid in or near Athens, the actors were dressed in Grecian habits, suitable to their respective characters: and the customs, coins, &c. occasionally mentioned, such as were used in *Graece*. TERENCE, who imitated, rather than translated Menander, chose however to preserve the scenery and manners of his original. The *direct translator* of TERENCE, therefore, has certainly no right to modernize his Comedies, and instead of Grecian manners to substitute the French, English, or Italian. Yet this has been the method pursued by most professed translators, though necessarily productive of two great inconveniences: for first, it deprives the modern reader of the pleasure of directly comparing the manners and customs of another age and country with those of his own; and secondly, the ground of the play, the fable, characters, sentiments, and language, still retaining the ancient cast, the result of this modernizing spirit is a fantastical medley, which represents the manners and customs of no age or country at all.” — It may, however, be observed, that our author, who follows the Grecian models, very often confounds the *Roman* customs and manners with the Grecian.

To the READER.

AT the time the late Mr THORNTON advertised, that he was preparing for the press a translation of the Comedies of PLAUTUS, I had myself translated several Comedies of that author into prose. These were the *Anularia*, *Rudens*, *Epidicus*, *Cistellaria*, *Mofellaria*, *Stichus*, almost the whole of the *Triumnummus*, with a small part of the *Menæchmi*. I had also made no inconsiderable progress in the *Captivi*, in the same kind of familiar blank verse which MR COLMAN had adopted in his deservedly admired translation of TERENCE, and MR THORNTON intended in his of PLAUTUS. This I communicated to him; who, after I had compleated the translation in the same manner, accepted of the *Captivi* with the notes, and printed it with his own translations, and that of the *Mercator* by MR COLMAN, in the first edition of this work. Had he lived to

and continues to do so; but as far as I have
contemplated, he intended to have inserted
it in his next publication, my translation of the
Mecenachmi, which for that purpose was now
written by me in the same kind of familiar
diction, and put into his hands not long
before his death, in March last, so it will

This second edition, in regard to the memo-
ry of my deceased friend, I have and taken
to revise and correct, the *Mercator* by Mr
COLMAN excepted. Without making change
in what Mr THORNTON had translated, a very
few words only excepted, the alteration of
which had been submitted to him and approved
of. I have also inserted in their proper places,
the corrections mentioned in his table of *Er-
rata*. In my own translation of the *Captivi*,
some alterations have been made, I trust for the
better; and some addition to the former notes,
as well as some new ones, more fully to ex-
plain and illustrate the author.

Among the papers of the deceased translator,
have been found the first two acts of the *Me-
nachmi*, with the *Prologue*; and the whole first
act, with the first scene, and somewhat more of
the second act of the *Epidicus*. These are put
into my hands. And as the admirers of PLAU-
TUS,

THIS, by the unhappy loss of a gentleman, who
 had thrown himself in all respects equal to so dif-
 ficult an undertaking, have been deprived of a
 continuation of the work by so able a hand, they
 are desirous to accept of it from one much infe-
 riour, which I therefore propose to give the Pub-
 lic, preserving all that Mr. T. has written and
 left, and adding notes.

This continuation shall be printed in the
 same size, with the same letters, and on the
 same paper, as the present edition.

RICHARD WARNER.
Windsor Row, Essex.

July 15, 1769.

A long time past, I have had
 the Medals of the two great
 wars between France and England, and
 between France and Spain, in my possession,
 and have often thought of publishing them,
 but have hitherto deferred it, for the
 want of time, and now, as I am
 about to leave this country, I
 will publish them, and if you
 will give me a few lines, I will
 add them to the end of the book.

As long as I can remember, I have
 been fond of history, and have
 always been interested in the
 progress of the world, and have
 always been anxious to see
 the best of the history of
 France and England, and
 of the other countries of Europe.

1. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.
2. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.
3. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.
4. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.
5. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

6. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.
7. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

8. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

9. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

10. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

11. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

12. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

13. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

14. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

15. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

16. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

17. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

18. **M**anu, the first man, was created by God.

THE
L I F E

OF

M. ACCIUS PLAUTUS,

TRANSLATED FROM
PETRUS CRINITUS.*

MARCUS Accius PLAUTUS was born in *Sarsina*,
a town in *Umbria*†. This he himself intimates
in his *Mofstellaria*; and other ancient authors men-

* *Petrus Crinitus.*] *Pietro Crinito*, a *Florentine*, who lived about
the year 1304.

† It now retains the same name; and lies in the territory of
Romagna, part of the Pope's dominions.

‡ *In his Mofstellaria.*] Act III. Scene II. V. 83.

Quid, Sarfinatis equa est, si Umbram non babes?

This cannot at present be well explained, but will be taken
notice of, when that play comes in its turn to be translated. It
is a quibble on the word *Umbra*, signifying shade, or a woman of
Umbria the country above-mentioned.

How any one should conceive, that *Plautus* herein meant to in-
sinuate, from what is said in character by one of the persons of
the drama, that he himself was born at the place mentioned,
seems very strange. It might with as much reason be supposed,
that he meant to tell us he was an *Ephesian*, from the following
line in his *Braggard Captain*.

—*Ephefi sum natus, non in Apulis, non in Umbriâ,*

—*I'm right Ephesian born and bred*

Not an Apulian, or an Umbrian.

tion

XXIV THE LIFE OF PLAUTUS.

tion the same. It is certain, that he was living in Rome, and in great reputation as a dramatic poet, when the famous, * *Pub. Scipio Fulvius Nobilior*, and *M. Cato* were in high esteem.

He was a man of excellent wit and humour, of which, among other instances, his Comedies, full of both, are an undoubted proof. *A. Gellius*, in his *Noctes Atticae*, has expatiated on his learning, and concerning his comedies in particular. Upon the authority of *Varro*, we learn, that he spent all his money in the service of the theatre, and thereby reduced himself to extreme poverty. On this account he was obliged to retire to his native town, and there, to get a livelihood, placed himself in the service of a baker, working at those mills, which were turned by the hand, and which *Jerome* therefore calls *hand-mills*.† While he was at this laborious employment,

* *Fulvius Nobilior* was *Prætor* in *Spain*, and afterwards *Consul*. A. U. C. 561. and *M. Cato* was *Censor*, A. U. C. 549.

† Of our author's engaging in this servile employment, we have among others, an authority from *Minucius Felix*; who in his elegant Dialogue in defence of Christianity, called *Ostavius*, puts a sneer into the mouth of *Cæcilius*, his advocate for Paganism, against his antagonist *Ostavius*, relative to his taking up this servile employment.

—*Quid ad hanc quidet Octavius, homo Plautina præsapientia, ut pistorum præcipuus, ista postremus philosophorum?*

“ What answer will *Ostavius* give to this ~~man~~ of the tribe of “ *Plautus*, this first of bakers, but last of philosophers.”

THE LIFE OF PLAUTUS.

it is said he wrote some comedies; the names of two
are *Saturnia* and *Addictus*.

M. Varro, in his treatise on the comedies of *PLAUTUS*, has informed us, (and as *A. Gellius* has mentioned the same, it may not be improper to transcribe his words) that there were about an hundred and thirty comedies extant under his name. But the learned *Caius* was of opinion, that twenty-five only were to be attributed to him, and that the rest were not his, but the production of some old poets, as *Marcus Accius*, or *Caius Plautius*; and the mistake might be owing to their having been called *Plautianæ Fabulae*, comedies of *Plautius*, not *Plautinae Fabulae*, comedies of *Plautus*.

But yet, as ancient authors reckon up twenty comedies of *Plautus*, it is necessary the reader should be informed, that besides the twenty (which the grammarians have unanimously agreed to be wrote by him) *A. Gellius* mentions three more, the names of which are, *Boetbia*, *Nervularia*, and *Fretum*. *Varro* and *Sex. Pompeius* speaks of many others, the names of which were, *Artamon*, *Frivolaria*, *Pbago*, *Coffrio*, and *Astrabas*, all which they give to our author. *A. Gellius* and *Nomius* speak doubtfully in regard to *Astrabas*.

* *Saturnia and Addictus.*] Of these there are only a small fragment or two preserved.

In

In his comedies, he copied after the Greek authors Demophilos and Philomon, as also Epicharmus of Sicily, as * Horace informs us : and he was thought to have excelled so much in elegance and pleasantry, that Epis [meaning Elius] Stilo made no scruple of affirming, that " if the Muses were to speak in Latin, they would make use of the language of Plautus." This we have from † Quintilian ; on which account that excellent critick, A. Gellius, calls him the father and chief of every species of elegance in the Latin tongue : and ‡ Volcatius Sedigitus, when he is

* As Horace informs us.] First Epistle of his second Book, V. 58.

Dicitur —————

Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi.

Plautus as rapid in his plots appears :

As Epicharmus. ————— FRANCIS.

† This we have from Quintilian.] It is in his treatise de Institutione Oratoriâ, Book X. Chapter I. " In comœdiâ maximè claudicamus : licet Varro dicat Mûsas Elii Stolonis sententia Plautino sermone locutatas fuisse, si Latine loqui vellent."

" In comedy we are greatly deficient, tho' Varro is of the same opinion with Elius Stilo, in saying, that if the Muses were to speak in Latin, they would make use of the language of Plautus."

‡ Volcatius Sedigitus.] He flourished about the time of the Vespasians, and is commended by Pliny the elder, in his Natural History. Book II. chap. 43. and A. Gellius, for his learning.

The reader may not be displeased to see his account of it ; I shall therefore transcribe and translate it.

SEDIGITUS. in libro quem scriptit de poetis, quid de his sentiat qui comoedias fecerunt, et quem ex omnibus praestare ceteris pareret; ac deinceps quo quemque in loco et honore parat, bio verisbus suis demonstrat.

Mulcas

The L. P. of R. PLAUTUS. xxii
Comparing of the rank of the several comic writers,
places our author next to *Cæcilius*, and gives him the
preference over all the rest.

Melius insertos certare banc rem vidimus

Palmam poete comicò cui deferant.

Eum meo iudicio errorem dissolvam tibi :

Ut contra si quis sentiat nihil sentiat.

CÆCILIO palmam STATIO do comicò.

PLAUTUS secundus facile exsuperat ceteros.

Denu NÆVIUS qui servet pretiò in tertio est.

Sic erit, quod quartu datur, habbitur LICINIUS.

Post insequi Licinum, facio ATTILIUM.

In sexto sequitur hos loco TERENTIUS.

TURPILIUS septimus, TRABEA octavum obtinet,

Nono loco esse facile facio LUSCIUM.

Decimum addo; rauco antiquitatib; ENNIUM.

A. GELLIUS. Noctes Atticae. L. 15. C. 24.

In these verses, Sallustius, in a book of his concerning poets, declares his opinion of those who had written Comedies; whom, in his opinion, excelled all the rest, and then in what rank, and in what point of estimation each of them might be placed.

" Many we've seen in doubt in this affair ;

" And, differing in opinion where to fix,

" On whom to give the prize as comic poet;

" I'll now, without reserve communicate

" Wherein, in my opinion, they're mistaken ;

" That those who think not with me, may be judged

" To think nought to the purpose. I then place

" The first in comedy. *Cæcilius Statius*.

" Plautus no question claims the second place.

" Nævius's servid genius ranks the third.

" If any claims the fourth, it is *Licinius*.

" *Licinius* well is followed by *Attilius*.

" And the sixth rank is occupied by *Terence*.

" *Turbilius* claims the seventh, the eighth *Trabea*,

" In the ninth place, with ease I *Lucius* rank.

" And, as I reverence antiquity,

" To make a tenth, I add one more, old *Ennius*."

Lxxviii The Life of PLAUTUS.

He had his name from his broad or splay feet; for we are informed by *Sextus Pompeius*, he was at first called *Marcus Plotus*. Hence a sort of buckling were called *semiplotia*. But of this we have given an account in its proper place.

The time of his death † is said to have been a few years after that of *Quintus Ennius*; in the 145th Olympiad; and the loss the publick sustained by that event is recorded in the following ‡ verses, written by our poet upon himself.

*Postquam ex morte raptus PLAUTUS,
Comedia luget, scena est deserta,
Deinde risus, ludus jocusque et numeri
Innumeris simul annos collacrymarunt.*

* *Broad or splay-feet.]* From πλατυς which signifies broad.

† *The time of his death.]* According to *Pareus*, he died at *Rome* in the year of the world 3788, before Christ 182, in the third year of the 149th Olympiad. *Pareus* adds, that he died in the prime of his life, having scarce attained the 40th year of his age.

‡ *Verse.]* It may seem strange, that *Plautus* should have composed an Epitaph on Himself; we have it, however, on the authority of *A. Gellius*, who expressly cites *Varro* for it.

Dr. *Crusius* has translated, or rather imitated this, as follows :

Wit, Laughter, Jests, and all the train that use
To adorn the scene, and grace the Comic Muse,
Forsook the stage, at *Plautus'* death to mourn,
And harmony undone sat weeping o'er his urn;

As mention is often made in our Authors Concerning of the
following Coins, it was thought proper to prefix here
COOKE'S Table of Sums of Attic Money, with which
were called by him the same given in
Proportion to English Money.

OBOLI.		1.	2.	3.	4.	5.	6.	7.	8.	9.	10.	11.	12.	13.	14.	15.	16.	17.	18.	19.	20.	21.	22.	23.	24.	25.	26.	27.	28.	29.	30.	31.	32.	33.	34.	35.	36.	37.	38.	39.	40.	41.	42.	43.	44.	45.	46.	47.	48.	49.	50.	51.	52.	53.	54.	55.	56.	57.	58.	59.	60.	61.	62.	63.	64.	65.	66.	67.	68.	69.	70.	71.	72.	73.	74.	75.	76.	77.	78.	79.	80.	81.	82.	83.	84.	85.	86.	87.	88.	89.	90.	91.	92.	93.	94.	95.	96.	97.	98.	99.	100.
boots	the	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
boots	the	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

DRACHMATE.

I	10	100	95	90	85	80	75	70	65	60	55	50	45	40	35	30	25	20	15	10	5	0
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MINA.

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TALENTA.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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Terence mentions the Half Mina in his Adelphi, which
was a single coin, in proportion to 01 12 03 2

The Obolus was brass, the rest were silver.



A M P H I T R Y O N.

VOL. I.

B

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

JUPITER, *disguised like AMPHITRYON.*

MERCURY, *disguised like SOSIA.*

AMPHITRYON, *General of the THEBANS.*

BLEPHARO, *Pilot of a ship.*

SOSIA, *Servant to AMPHITRYON.*

ALCmena, *Wife to AMPHITRYON.*

BROMIA, *her Attendant.*

THESSALA, *the same.*

S C E N E, T H E B E S,

Before AMPHITRYON'S House.

P R O L O G U E.

MERCURY, disguised like SOSIA.

A S ye would have me in your merchandisings,
Buyings and sellings, prosper you with gain,
And forward you in all your undertakings ;
As ye would have me turn to your advantage
All your concerns in busines, and accounts,
At home here, and abroad ; as ye would wish,
That I should crown your ventures now on foot,
Or which shall be hereafter, with encrease

Prologue.] This prologue is so very different from that which led *Hamlet* to ask, “*Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?*” that I fear it will appear to the reader as dull and tedious as a “*tale told by an idiot.*” In the very first introductory lines there is a repetition of the same sentiment over and over again (a fault indeed too common in our author) besides a most glaring inconsistency in *Mercury’s* declaring (*v. 13.*) that the audience knew his attributes as a god, though he is disguised as a slave, and thinks himself under the necessity afterwards (*v. 20.*) to tell his name. There follows a strange jumble concerning the characters of *Mercury* and *Jupiter* as deities, and as actors in their own proper persons. Such a confusion of reality and fiction is, however, not uncommon in our author, who frequently makes his characters, in the very middle of the play, address the audience, as he does repeatedly in this very play.

Moliere, in his *Ampbitryon* borrowed from this play, has made a pretty use of a dialogue in *Lucian*, which gave him the hint of a very suitable prologue. He introduces *Mercury* in a cloud, calling to *Night* as she is passing in her carriage ; and a dialogue ensues betwixt them, in which the god acquaints her with the

4. A M P H I T R Y O N.

Of fair, and ample, and continual gain ;
As ye would have me be the messenger 10
Of good to you and yours, and tidings bring
Such as shall most advance your common interest ;
(For well ye know, that by the other gods
'Tis giv'n me to preside o'er news and trade)
As ye would have my favour in these points, 15
Still to supply you with perpetual gain ;
So shall ye silently attend this play,

order of *Jupiter*, that she should stop her career, while he is enjoying *Alcm. na*. *Dryden* has in some measure followed *Moliere*, but with less elegance ; for he has made this the business of most part of his first act, instead of entering at once upon the subject by introducing *Sofia* as in the *Latin* and *French*, which in the *English* is postponed to the opening of the second act. Besides, he brings in not only *Mercury* and *Night*, but *Pbaebus* also, and *Jupiter*, for no other purpose, as it should seem, but that of eking out.

I cannot forbear mentioning a sorry witticism, as it appears to me, at the end of *Moliere*'s prologue, where *Mercury* at parting says, *Fon-jour, la Nuit*, which *Dryden* nearly copies, “*Good night, Night.*”

Echard, who has translated this play, gives an odd reason why the prologue is spoken by *Mercury*. It is “ because (says he) ‘ it would not have been so probable for another person to have ‘ been abroad at that time of night ;”—as if probability was at all consulted.

V. 9.] *Epignomus*, (as is observed by the commentators) in the *Stichus* of our author, Act III. Scene I. returns thanks to *Mercury* on this very account.

— — — *Mercurio, qui me in mercimoniis.
Fuvit, lucrisque gradruplificavit rem meam.*

— — To *Mercury*
Who aided me in traffick, and encreas'd
My stock four-fold.

So shall ye all be fair and upright judges.

By whose command, and wherefore I am come,
I'll now relate, and likewise tell my name. 20
I come by *Jove's* command : my name is *Mercury*.
My fire has sent me to implore your favour,
Though by his pow'r he knew he could perforce
Constrain you so to act as he should order ;
For he is not to learn how much ye fear 25
And reverence this high *Jove*, as is your duty :
Yet has he order'd me with mild petition
To use entreaty, and in gentle terms ;
For that same *Jove*, by whose command I come,
Has not less dread of harm than any of you : 30
Nor is it marvellous that he should fear,
Born of an human fire, an human mother :

V. 9.] *Mercury* here drops his godship, and talks of the actor, who was to play the character of *Jupiter*, and of himself as mere mortals, who were afraid of meeting with an ill reception from the audience, and being consequently punished. [See the next note.] Madam *Dacier* calls this a *pleasant* passage ; but the mere modern reader, I am afraid, will scarcely be induced to look upon it in any other light than as an absurdity.

V. 30. *Harm.*] *Malum*. The Latin word, as commentators agree, implies the punishment, which was inflicted upon actors, (as they were slaves) who did not perform their parts to satisfaction. *Malum* is often used by our author as meaning corporal punishment.

If I might be pardoned, I should be led, from considering the servile condition of the actors of former times, to conjecture how *Terence*, who was originally a slave, came afterwards to be a writer of comedies, and such excellent ones too. He was perhaps employed about the stage, and even an actor on it : as we owe our own *Shakespeare* to his having been in a like situation. But I throw this out merely as a conjecture.

And

6 A M P H I T R Y O N.

And I too, even I, who am *Jove's* son,
 Have of my father caught the dread of harm :
 Therefore in peace I come, and bring you peace. 35
 I would entreat of you what's just and easy :
 For I am come a suppliant from one
 That's just himself, sent justly to the just :
 For to require what's unjust from the just,
 Is unbecoming ; and to ask what's just 40
 From the unjust is folly, since they neither
 Know what is right, nor pay observance to it.

Now lend attention to my words. Our will
 Should be your will : we both have well deserv'd,
 I and my sire, of you and your republic. 45
 And wherefore should I mention that I've seen
 In tragedies how other deities,
Neptune to wit, *Virtue*, and *Victory*,
Mars and *Bellona*, have with boasts recounted
 The good that they have done you ? all which benefits 50
 My father wrought, the ruler of the gods :
 But it was never yet a custom with him

V. 35.] It must be confessed, that *Plautus* too often trifles in playing with words, as he does notoriously in this passage.

V. 37. *A supplicant.*] The Latin word is *Orator*. *Cooke*, who has translated this play, insists that *Orator* here means *Ambassador*, as in the prologue to the *Step-Mother*, and also the *Self-Tormentor*, of *Terence*, where Mr. *Colman* differs from him, and rightly translates it in both places *Pleader*; for which see his reasons. In this place neither one nor the other is proper, as is plain from the preceding line.

Iustum rem et facilem esse oratam a vobis volo,
 and several others, where *orare* and *oro* are mentioned.

V. 43.] *Mercury* here resumes his character of a deity.

To

P R O L O G U E.

To twit the good with any good he did :
He thinks your gratitude repays his kindness,
And that ye well deserve the good he does you.

55

Now what I'm come to ask I'll first premise,
Then tell the argument of this our tragedy.
Why are your brows contracted ? Is't because
A tragedy I call'd it ? I'm a god,
And I will change it, if it be your pleasure ; 60
I will convert it from a tragedy
To comedy, the verses still the same.
Would ye it so, or not ? But I'm a fool !
As though I did not know, who am a god,
What ye would have. Your minds I understand, 65
Respecting this affair.—It shall be so ;
Our play shall have a proper mixture in it,
So shall it be a Tragi-comedy.

V. 68.] This is the only mention made (as I believe) in any ancient author, of that *mixed* kind of play, which is here called Tragi-comedy, or rather Tragico-comedy ; and the reason given for that appellation is, that the highest characters, even of gods, as well as the lowest, were introduced in it : (perhaps, indeed, this is the only play of the kind, that was ever produced.) But without this reason, the distresses of *Amphytrion* and *Alcmena*, with the comical humours of *Sofia* and *Mercury*, might give it a fair title to this appellation, even according to the modern acceptance of the term ; as it is not necessary that a tragedy should end unhappily, or that any of the characters should come to an untimely end.

Dryden, in his *Amphytrion*, has thought proper to distinguish the serious from the comic parts, by giving the first in verse, and the other in prose ; which, I fear, in the latter part, has too often led him into such low and farcical stuff, as neither his *Latin* nor his *French* original betrayed him into.

For

'S A M P H I T R Y O N.

For, as I think, it is not right in me
To make it wholly comedy, where kings
And gods are introduc'd. What then remains ?
Why, since there is a slave in't plays a part,
I'll make it, as I said, a Tragi-comedy.

Now *Jove* has order'd me to beg of you,
That the inspectors, each of them, may go
Among the audience into all the seats
Throughout the theatre ; and if they find
Any suborn'd and planted partially
To clap an actor, let them take their gowns
Upon the spot as lawful perquisites. 75
Further, if any should the palm solicit
For a performer, or whatever artist,
Or by themselves, by writing, or by message ;
Or if the *AEdiles* should the prize decree,
In violation of their oath, unjustly ; 85
Jove has commanded, that the self-same law
Be put in force against them, as if any one
Should seek by indirection to obtain
An office in the state, or for himself,
Or for another. You, he said, were conquerors 90

V. 75. *Inspectors.*] *Conquistores.* These were persons appointed to go about the theatres, to discover whether there were any hired to applaud this or that actor. The reason for employing such officers was, because he who performed his part best had a reward paid him by the *AEdiles*, who were upon oath to give the reward without partiality. *Cooke.*

This note will explain several passages that follow.

V. 82. *Artist.*] *Artifici*, that is, *Scenico*, meaning any one employed in the representation, whether actor, singer, dancer, or musician.

Through

P R O L O G U E.

9

Through worth, not by ambition, or by perfidy.
 Why should the law less hold against the player,
 Than the chief persons in the common-wealth ?
 From merit, not by favour, we should seek
 To gain the prize. He who acquits him well 95
 Will find enough to favour him, if they
 Are honest, to whose hands th' affair is trusted.
 This likewise has my father giv'n in charge,
 That there should be inspectors o'er the players ;
 So that if any of them should suborn 100
 A party to applaud them, or prevent
 By unfair practices another's pleasing,
 Their dresses may be stript from off their backs,
 And skin too in the bargain. Wonder not,
 That *Jove* concerns him now about the Actors : 105
 Himself will play a part in this our comedy.
 Why should ye be amaz'd, as though it were
 A thing unheard of until now, that *Jove*
 Should turn a stage-player ? Upon this stage,
 'Tis but a year since,—when the actors call'd 110

V. 103.] *Ornamenta et corium conciderent.* Meaning the punishment of flogging to be inflicted on them : tho' some interpret *corium* to signify *coriacea persona*, the mask made of leather.

The whole preceding passage is curious, as it informs us of the extraordinary precautions taken by the *Romans* to prevent undue influence, or unfair practices, in obtaining or bestowing the rewards assigned to theatrical performers ; though it will not be easily conceived by the modern reader, how these precautions could answer the end proposed : neither have we any information, that I know of, by what rules, or in what manner the decision was made. It is certain, that in modern theatres such regulations would be to no purpose.

On

On *Jupiter*, he came, and lent them aid,
He surely may appear in tragedy :
I say then, in this play will *Jove* himself
Perform a part, and I together with him.

Now lend attention, whilst that I unfold
The argument of this our Comedy.

115

This city here is *Thebes*, and in that house
Ampbitryon dwells, an Argive by his birth,
Sprung from an Argive father, and with whom
Alcmena married, daughter of *Electryon*.

120

This same *Ampbitryon* now commands in chief
The *Theban* forces ; for there is a war
Betwixt the *Thebans* and the *Teleboans*.

Ere his departure hence to join the troops,

His wife was pregnant by him. Verily

125

Ye know my father, how he is inclin'd,

How freely he indulges in love-matters,

With what excess he doats, where once he loves.

He for *Alcmena* entertain'd a passion

Unknown unto the husband, and possest her, 130

V. 109.] This is palpably an allusion to some play or other, that was well known to the audience ; but whether it was designed as a ridicule or not, cannot possibly be gathered from the context. It is not at all within my design to intermeddle with jarring commentators : I shall therefore only just mention, that some of these have found out, that the original reading in the Latin was *Nannio*, &c. instead of *Anno*, &c. and they make this passage allude to a play called by the name of *Nannium*, a famous courtesan of antiquity. May we not as well suppose, that a real tragedy is here hinted at, in which, according to *Horace's* rule,

Nec Deus interficit, nisi dignus vindice nodus

Inciderit. —

Jupiter was represented coming down to settle a knotty point, as he does at the conclusion of this very play.

Whence

Whence she grew pregnant from his stol'n embrace.

That ye may rightly read her situation,

Know she is pregnant with a double issue,

Both by her husband and by highest Jove.

My father is now with her in this house,

135

And for that reason is this night prolong'd,

Whilst with his love he takes his pleasure: yet

In form he seems as though he were *Ampbitryon*.

Be not astonish'd then at this my habit,

That I come forth thus in a servile garb.

140

I shall present you with an ancient tale,

[Set forth in *Greek*, now in the *Latin* tongue]

V. 136.] "It appears, (says Madam Dacier) from this verse, "that this piece was played at night; as also a little further "on, from the 178th verse, where mention is made of *Sofia's lanthorn*."

Nothing can be more ridiculous than this remark, as if the *supposed* time of the drama had any thing to do with the *real* time of its representation. This is somewhat of a piece with her observation on the beginning of the third act of the *Self-Tormentor* of Terence, which is opened by *Chremes* saying,—*Lucescit hoc jam, —'Tis now just day-break.* Our female critic, in order to preserve the unity of time, supposes the audience to have gone out to supper at the end of the second act, and to have returned at four the next morning, to hear the rest of the play. See her whole note refuted and ridiculed by Mr. Colman.

V. 141.] This line is inclosed in crotches, because it is not immediately expressed in the original; though I cannot but agree with Cooke, in thinking it implied. He "doubts not but that "Plautus translated,"—he should have said, at least borrowed the general idea, and perhaps a considerable part of the plot, characters, &c. of his "*Ampbitryon* from a *Greek Play*;" and he adds, that our Author "means [by antiquam rem novam ad "vos proferam] that he brings an old *GREEK* Play in a new "dress to the *LATINS*."

The

Made new ; and therefore do I come apparell'd
 In a new fashion. *Jupiter* my father
 Is now within, chang'd to *Ampbitryon's* form ; 145
 And all the slaves, that see him, think he is
 The same, so readily he shifts his shape,
 Whene'er his godship pleases. And I too
 Have taken on myself a servant's form,
 The form of *Sofia*, he who went from hence 150
 Together with *Ampbitryon* to the army ;

The rest of the Commentators, if I am not mistaken, have all of them understood this passage as meaning nothing more than simply making a *new* play upon an *old* story : but it is very well known that the *Latin* comic writers borrowed largely from the *Greek* ones ; and *Terence's* obligations to them are acknowledged in every one of the Prologues to his pieces, as well as our author's in several of his. Besides, it is worth our notice, that the word *Nova* (meaning *Fabula*) is with its declensions frequently and indiscriminately used in the Prologues to *Terence's* plays, particularly in the first and second to the *Step-Mother* above half a dozen times ; and in that to the *Phormio*, where the play is professedly declared to have been taken from the *Greek*, it is said,

Ad porto Novam :

*Epidicazomenon quam vocant Comædiam
 Græci : Latini Phormionem nominant ;
 Quia primas partes qui aget, is erit Phormio.*

To-day I bring a *new* play, which the *Greeks*
 Call *Epidicazomenon* ; the *Latins*,
 From the chief character, name *Phormio*. COLMAN.

So also in the Prologue to the *Brothers*.

*Synapothiescontes Diphili commædia est ;
 Eam Commorientes Plautus fecit Fabulam.
 In Græcâ adolescens est, qui lenoni arripit.
 Meretricem in primâ fabulâ : eum Plautus locum
 Reliquit integrum : eum hic locum sumpfit sibi
 In Adelphos ; verbum de verbo expressum extulit.
 Eam nos acturis sumus Novam.*

The

That in this guise my father I might serve
 In his amour, and no one of the family
 Ask who I am, when they shall see me here
 Frequent about the house; but as they'll think me 155
 Their fellow-servant, none will question me
 Or who I am, or wherefore I came hither.
 My father is indulging now within
 His heart's desire, and her, whom most he loves,
 Clasps in his fond embrace ; recounts to her 160

The *Synapothescontes* is a piece
 By *Diphilus*, a comedy which *Plautus*,
 Having translated, call'd *Commorientes*.
 In the beginning of the Grecian play
 There is a youth, who rends a girl perforce
 From a procurer : and this incident,
 Untouch'd by *Plautus*, render'd word for word,
 Has our Bard interwoven with his Brothers,
 The new piece which we represent to-day.

COLMAN.

Again, in the Prologue to the *Self-Tormentor*.

Ex integrâ Græcâ integrâ Comædiam
Hodie sum acturus Heautontimoreumemon,
Duplex quæ ex argomento facta est simplici,
Novam esse ostendi, et quæ esset.

To-day a whole play, wholly from the Greek,
 We mean to represent, the *Self Tormentor* ;
 Wrought from a single to a double plot.
 Now therefore, that our comedy is NEW,
 And what it is, I've shewn.

COLMAN.

I have been the more large in my quotations, in order to shew, that *Novam* in this last passage implies nothing more than it does in other places ; and it was want of attention to the common use of this word, that led Madam *Dacier* and M. *Diderot*, (as quoted and translated in Mr. *Colman*'s notes) to refine upon it. Madam *Dacier* says, " By *Duplex ex argomento facta est simplici*, Terence meant to say, that he had doubled the characters. Instead

What was transacted in the army ; she,
Mean while, mistakes th' adulterer for her husband,
He tells her how he put the enemies troops
To flight, and that they gave him many gifts.

These gifts, bestow'd upon *Amphitryon*, we 165
Have stolen ; for my father can with ease
Do what he will.—Now on this very day
Amphitryon will arrive here from the army,
Together with his slave, whose form I bear.
That ye may then distinguish us more readily. 170
I on my hat these little wings shall wear,

" stead of *one old man, one gallant, one mistress*, as in *Menander*,
" he had *two old men, &c.* he therefore adds, very properly,
" *NOVAM esse ostendi*,—*That our Comedy is NEW*,—which certain-
" ly could not have been implied, had the characters been the
" same in the *Greek poet*.”—*Diderot* says, “*Terence* pretends,
“*that having doubled the subject of the Self-Tormentor, his*
“*piece is NEW*.”—But it is plain the author had no such mean-
ing. It was no otherwise *NEW* than the *Phormio*, or any other
from the *Greek*, in the Prologues to which no improvement is
hinted at ; and in the Prologue to this very Play, the same ex-
pression is used in a general sense, without any particular impli-
cation.

Nam nunc NOVAS qui scribunt, nihil parcunt seni.

For they, who now produce *NEW Comedies*,
Spare not my age.

COLMAN,

So likewise in the Prologue to the *Casina* of our Author :

Nam nunc NOVAE qua prodeunt Comædias, &c.

For the *NEW Comedies* that now come out, &c.

V. 170.] As the ancient Actors wore masks, it was a very
easy matter to contrive, that two people should bear an exact
resemblance to each other ; an advantage that is wanting on the
modern stage, whenever these kind of deceptions are introduced
on it. Yet surely, if there was a necessity to distinguish one
from the other by certain external marks, as in this play, the
advantage cannot be thought so very great. In the Prologue to

the

My father, he will bear a golden tuft ;
Which mark the right *Amphitryon* will not have :
And no one of the family will be able
To see these marks ; ye only shall discern them. 175
But *Sofia* yonder comes, *Amphitryon's* slave :
He's from the port, and bears him hitherward,
A lanthorn in his hand : he makes for home,
But I shall drive him thence.—So—here he is ;
And he will soon be knocking at the door. 180
It will be worth your while to mark how *Jove*
And *Mercury* will play the parts of actors.

[*Mercury places himself before Amphitryon's door.*

the *Menæchmi* of our Author, (in which there are two twin-brothers, who resemble each other, like the two *Sofias*, or the two *Amphitryon's*) no direction is given whereby to distinguish them ; which is certainly more agreeable to propriety.

V. 182.] Can it be believed, that this Prologue, long and tedious as it certainly must appear to a modern, will yet be continued, as it were, in the course of the Play, as in Act I. Scene II. and that even *Jupiter* will also address the audience in much the same manner, in Act III. Scene I.

* * * Besides

** Besides the *Amphitryon* of *Moliere*, there is an imitation of this play among the comedies of *Rotrou*. I have likewise seen an old translation of it in *Italian*. Lady *Mary Wortley Montague* gives a very droll account of a *German* play under the same title, which I shall transcribe for the entertainment of my reader. In letter VIII. dated *Vienna*, Sept. 14. O. S. After speaking of the operas at *Vienna*, her ladyship proceeds.—

“ Their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one play-house, where I had the curiosity to go to a *German* comedy, and was glad it happened to be the story of *Amphitryon*. As that subject has been already handled by a *Latin*, *French*, and *English* poet, I was curious to see what an *Austrian* author could make of it. I understand enough of that language to comprehend the greatest part of it ; and, besides, I took with me a lady, that had the goodness to explain to me every word. I thought the house very low and dark ; but I confess the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my life. It begun with *Jupiter*'s falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of *Hercules*. But what was most pleasant was, the use *Jupiter* made of his metamorphosis ; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of *Amphitryon*, but, instead of flying to *Alcmena* with the raptures *Mr. Dryden* puts in his mouth, he sends for *Amphitryon*'s taylor, and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a few of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name ; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor *Amphitryon*'s being tormented by these people for their debts. *Mercury* uses *Sofia* in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank. Besides, the two *Sofias* very fairly let down their breeches in direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and assured me this was a celebrated piece.”

A M P H I T R Y O N.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

SOSIA advances with a Lantborn.

IS there a bolder fellow?—Is there any one
More stout of heart than I am?—I, who know
The humours of our wild young sparks, yet dare
Walk by myself at this late hour of night.
What shall I do now, if the watch should seize 5

V. 5. *The watch.*] *Tresviri.* Notwithstanding the scene is laid in *Greece*, and the characters are *Græcian*, yet *Plautus* constantly alludes to the *Roman* customs, as *Sofia* is made to do in this place, and a few lines lower, where he talks of *homines octo validi*, “eight sturdy fellows,” which are understood by the commentators, to mean the *eights*: *Lictors* that waited on the *Triumviri*, whose business it was to apprehend delinquents, bring them before the magistrate, and execute the sentence passed upon them. Madam *Dacier* informs us, that the *Triumviri*, who took care of the streets, &c. at night, were called *Nocturni*, which answers to our *Watch*; but she denies, that by “eight sturdy fellows” are meant the *Lictors* above-mentioned, and in support of her opinion quotes a passage from the *Afinaria* of our author, A&T III. Scene II. which to me seems to prove the direct contrary.

Ubi saepe causam dixeris pendens adversus octa
Ausfutos audaces viros, valentes virgatores.

As how your cause you've often pleaded,
Hung by the heels, against eight harden'd fellows,
Of stripes more sturdy layers-on.

VOL. I.

C

And

And thrust me into prison ?—Why, to-morrow
 I shall be serv'd up from that dainty larder,
 And well *drēft* with a whipping :—not a word
 Allow'd me in my own defence ;—no master
 To take my part ; and ev'ry soul will think, 10
 I've my deserts :—So shall eight sturdy fellows
 Bethump me like an anvil.—In this sort
 They'll greet me on my coming, thus receive
 And entertain me at the public charge !—
 These honours has my master forc'd upon me, 15
 Who sent me from the port so late at night.
 Against my inclination.—Could he not
 Have waited till 'twas day-light to dispatch me ?—
 This is the hardship of a great man's service,
 Wherefore his servant leads a plaguy life on't : 20

V. 7.] In the original, *E cellā promptuariā de promar ad flagrum.*
Cella promptuaria, according to *Taubman*, is the place where pro-
 visions or kitchen-utensils were kept at hand for family use.
Sofia means, that as meat is brought from the pantry to the
 kitchen, so shall he be brought from the jail to the whipping-
 post. I have endeavoured to preserve the allusion in the best
 manner I could think of, by using the equivocal word *drēft*.

V. 19.] These reflections, which naturally arise in *Sofia* at this
 juncture, are at once just and elegant. Yet how coarsely has
Dryden expressed himself in imitation of them !—“ Well ! the
 “ greatest plague of a serving man is to be hired to some great
 “ lord. They care not what drudgery they put upon us, while
 “ they lie lolling at their ease a-bed, and stretch their lazy
 “ limbs, in expectation of the wh-re we are fetching them.”
Eckard in his translation of this passage, as *Cooke* has observed,
 is still more gross and vulgár. Indeed, throughout his whole
 translation, with a view of rendering our author *comical*, he has
 made him *black-guard*. *Moliere* has amplified this passage, but
 it is with decency.

By

By day, by night, there's work enough and more,
 That will not let him rest. The master, he
 Being free himself from labour, thinks his slave
 Can drudge and drudge still on, whate'er befalls him;
 Nay, thinks it just, and never counts the toil; 25
 Or once considers, whether his commands
 Are right or wrong. Wherefore in servitude
 We suffer much oppreſſion : yet the burthen
 Must be endur'd with pain:

MERC. On this account

I have more reason surely to complain 30
 Of servitude,—I, who before was free,
 Though now my father has me for his slave :
 This fellow, who was born a slave, complains !
 But hold—I only am a slave in name.

SOS. Stay,—now I think on't, I should thank the
 gods 35

For my arrival.—Would they recompense me
 As I deserve, they should commission some one
 To welcome me with douſes on the chaps :
 For all their goodness has been thrown away
 On an ungrateful rascal.

MERC. His deserts 40

He knows then, which such fellows seldom do.

SOS. Well,—To come home in a whole skin!—
 'twas what

I never thought, or any of our people.

V: 34. *A slave in name.*] *Sam verò verna verbo:* The common editions have *verbero* here, which is nonsense ; yet some of the commentators have stupidly endeavoured to explain it. I find *verbo* in the first edition, which gives it [the passage] a good meaning. Cooke.

The foes subdued, our troops are marching homeward,
 The war extinguish'd and the enemy slain,
 That wrought such bitter troubles to our *Thebans*. 45
 Their town was storm'd and taken by the strength
 And valour of our men, but chief of all
 By the command and conduct of *Ampbitryon*,
 My master, who has since distributed
 The booty, lands, and corn among the soldiery, 50
 And firmly fix'd king *Creon* on his throne.
 He has sent me home before him to acquaint
 His lady with the news,—with what command
 And conduct he discharg'd his public trust.
 Now let me study how to frame my story.— 55
 What if I tell her lies?—I act in character:
 For when the armies fought with all their might,
 With all my might I ran away. However,
 I'll make pretence that I was in the action,
 And speak from hearsay.—Well—but in what terms, 60

Ver. 60.] *Sofia* here enters upon the narrative he intended to make, when he came before *Alcmena*; and proceeds to give a particular and minute detail of every transaction. The solemnity of his introduction, *Soon as we were arrived*, &c. and several parts of his description, which seem affectedly grand, appear indeed to carry an air of ridicule with them; though I must confess, that for purity and conciseness of expression, exquisite painting, and even elevated diction without bombast or burlesque, this narrative might not perhaps have appeared *outrée* or misbecoming even in a *Livy* or a *Lucan*. For this reason, I suppose, *Moliere* has but slightly touched upon it, and *Dryden* has entirely passed it over. The Frenchman has, however, (and *Dryden* after him) substituted a circumstance, which adds life to the representacion; that is, in making *Sofia* set down his lanthorn, and, addressing it as *Alcmena*, carry on a imaginary conversation between them.

What

What method it were best to tell my story,
First let me here consider with myself.—

(After pausing) I'll begin thus.—“ Soon as we were arriv'd,

And touch'd the earth at landing, strait *Ampbitryon*
Picks out the chiefs among the chieftains, sends them 65
Upon an embassy, commanding them
To tell the *Teleboans* this his mind.—

“ If without force or war they'd willingly
“ Deliver up the plunderers and their plunder,
“ If they'd restore what they had carried off, 70
“ His army forthwith he would homeward lead ;
“ The Greeks should quit their country, left to them
“ In peace and quiet : but if other-minded,
“ They slighted his demands, he'd then attack
“ Their town with all his force.”—When his am-
bassadors 75

Had told this to the *Teleboans*, they
Stout-hearted, proud of their own strength, relying
On their own prowess, roughly chid our delegates.
Their answer was, “ they could defend themselves
“ And theirs by war, and counsell'd us to lead 80
“ Our army back with speed from off their borders.”
This answer brought by our ambassadors,
Ampbitryon draws his troops from their encampments,

V. 64. *And touch'd the earth at landing.] Terram tetigimus.* It may be proper to observe, on account of the *equivoque*, in my translation, that it was a ceremony among the ancients, to *touch* the earth, of which see more in a Note on a passage in the *Mosellaria* of our Author, Act II. Scene II.

I cannot help taking notice, that there is a fine apostrophe to the Earth in *Shakespeare's Richard II.* on his landing in *England*.

The *Teleboans* theirs from out the town,
 Clad in bright arms : and when on either hand 85
 The armies had march'd up with all their force,
 The ranks were form'd ; we drew up in array
 Our men according to our rule and practice ;
 The enemy on their part did the same.
 Both generals then advanc'd before the ranks 90
 In the mid space, and there conferr'd together ;
 It was agreed, which ever should be vanquish'd
 In the engagement, should surrender up
 Their city, lands, gods, houses, and themselves.
 This done, the trumpets clang on either side ; 100
 Earth echoes ; shouts arise ; the generals make
 Their pray'r to *Jove*, and here and ev'ry where
 Their troops encourage : each man lays about him
 To th' utmost of his strength ; the faulchions smite ;
 The lances shiver ; and the welkin bellows 105
 With th' uproar of the soldiers : from their breaths
 And pantings rises a thick cloud : they fall
 Oppres'd with wounds and violence. At length,
 According to our wish, our troops prevail :
 Fast fall the foe : we press upon them : thus, 110
 Fierce in our strength, we conquer'd. Not a man
 Yet fled, or started from his post, but each
 Fought and maintain'd his ground : they'd sooner lose
 Their lives than quit their station : each that falls,
 Falls where he stood, and keeps his rank in death. 115
Amphitryon, seeing this, orders the horse
 To charge upon the right : they quick obeying,
 With outcries and brisk onset rush upon them,
 And tear and trample on the impious foe.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

23

MERC. He has not utter'd yet a single word, 120
 That is not true; for I myself was present,
 So was my father, when they fought this battle.

SOC. The foe betook themselves to flight, which
 added

New spirit to our men: the *Teleboans*
 Had, as they fled, their bodies fill'd with darts. 125
Ampbitryon's self with his own hand cut off
 King *Pterelas's* head. The fight continued
 From morn to evening: I the more remember it,
 Because I went that day without a dinner.
 Night interpos'd at length, and broke it off. 130
 Next day the magistrates, all drown'd in tears,
 Came to us from the city to our camp;
 With cover'd hands intreat us to forgive
 Their trespass, and surrender up themselves,
 Their city, children, with all things divine 135
 And human, to the *Thebans*, all to be
 In their possession and at their disposal.
 Lastly, my lord *Ampbitryon* was presented

V. 126.] How shall we reconcile this, and several preceding
 passages, to any thing that bears the least resemblance of humour
 or ridicule? The account of the *Teleboans* having their bodies
 stuck full of darts in their flight, is natural and picturesque.
Fletcher, in his *Two Noble Kinsmen*, has the very same thought
 improved.

No more now must we halloo, no more shake
 Our pointed javelins, while the angry boar
 Flies, like a Parthian quiver, from our rages,
 Stuck with our well-steepl'd darts.

V. 133. *With cover'd bands.*] *Velatis manibus.* Agreeably to
 the ceremony used on these occasions.

With

With the gold cup King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from,
 In token of his valour?"—Thus I'll tell 140
 My story to my lady. I'll proceed now
 T' obey my master's orders, for which purpose
 I'll take me home.

MERC. Ah, ha! he's coming hither;
 I'll meet him then. I must not let him enter
 Within the doors to day: but since I bear 145
 His semblance, I'm resolv'd to play him off.
 As I've assum'd his form and garb, 'twere fit
 I should resemble too his deeds and manners:
 I must be fly,—a cunning knave,—and fight him
 With his own weapons, drive him from the door 150
 By villainous craft.—But, how now, what's the matter?
 He's staring at the sky.—I'll watch his motions.

Sos. As I have faith in any thing, as sure
 As I know any thing, I think and know,
 That *Night* this night went drunk to bed: for see! 155
 The seven stars are motionless, the moon
 Has stir'd not, since she rose; nor is *Orion*,
 The evening-star, or *Pleiades* yet set:
 The signs stand stock still; and the night don't budge
 A jot for day.

MERC. Good Night, as you've begun, 160

V. 143.] Here concludes *Sofia's* long, and (as it should seem) *mal-à-propos*, narration. With the fears about him, which he expresses at the beginning of the Scene, one might naturally imagine he would be in a hurry to get home, and not have loitered in the street to make a rehearsal of his set speech. But the critics have admired the address of our author, in thus contriving to inform the audience of particulars, which otherwise they would not have known with so much propriety.

Go

Go on, obsequious to my father's pleasure :
 'Tis the best service, for the best of beings,
 Best done ; and you will find your interest in it.

Sos. I think I never saw a longer night
 Than this, except one night, when I was drub'd, 165
 And hung up by the heels : yet this methinks
 Exceeds e'en that in length.—Faith I believe
 The Sun has drank too much, and dropt asleep.

MERC. Say you so ? Do you think the Gods
 Are like yourself ? You hang-dog ! but I'll pay you 170
 For your vile deeds and speeches. Come but hither
 You'll find your ruin.

Sos. Where are those gallants,
 So loth to lye alone ?—A rare night this,
 To have their penny-worths of their doxies.

MERC. Faith

This fellow hits my father to an ace, 175
 Who now is lying in *Alcmena*'s arms,
 His heart's desire indulging.

Sos. I'll go in,
 And tell *Alcmena* what my master bade me.

(*Advancing discovers Mercury*)

What do I see ? a man before the house,
 So late at night ? I like him not.

MERC. The rogue 180
 Has not his equal for rank cowardice.

Sos. What is he ?—By his motions he should seem

V. 162.] *Optumè optumè optuman operam das.* These ringing
 of the changes upon words is too common in our author, even
 where no comicality is designed ; but in this place, I imagine,
 it is meant.

A weaver,

A weaver, and would fain now trim my jacket.

MERC. He's frighten'd : I'll have sport with him.

SOS. I'm ruin'd : 185

How my teeth chatter ! sure he's posted here

To give me a reception with his fists.

Troth he takes pity on me ; and because

My master now has made me keep awake,

He'll lull me with his fists to sleep. Look, look—190

I'm lost for ever—what a swinging rogue !

How brawny !—

MERC. I'll draw nearer, raise my voice

That he may hear me, and from thence conceive

More terrible fears within him.—(Loud) Come my fists,

To action ;—stir ye ;—'tis a long long while

Since ye have made provision for my belly.

Methinks it is an age since yesterday

Ye stript four men, and laid them dead asleep.

SOS. I'm sore afraid, that I shall change my name ;

No longer simple *Sofia*, but be stil'd

200

Sofia The Fifth.—He says, he laid asleep

V. 184.] *Volt pallium detexere*. The interpretation put upon this passage by *Janus Douza*, (and it seems to be a right one,) is, that *Mercury* throws out his arms in the manner that Weavers do when at work. On this the joke, such as it is, appears to depend. I could think of nothing better to preserve it in some measure, than to use a familiar phrase in our tongue—to trim one's jacket.

V. 187.] See V. 12. of this Scene.

V. 201.] *Quintus iam è Sofia*. This cannot be translated ; and Cooke's allusion to it, which I have adopted, may serve the purpose well enough to illustrate it. *Ius*, *Hus*, &c. *Vus*, &c. were common appellations among the *Romans*, for the same reason as we have *Johnson*, *Robertson*, *Williamson*, &c. &c. among us.

Four

Four men : I fear, I shall increase the number.

MERC. (*Throwing about his arms.*) There I could have him ; Sa !—this is the way,

This does the busines.

Sos. He's prepar'd for action :
He puts himself in posture.

MERC. He sha'n't scape 205
Without a drubbing.

Sos. Who ?

MERC. Whoever comes
This way, shall eat my fists.

Sos. Psha ! I don't like
To eat so late at night—Away with them.—
I supt just now—Then pray bestow your supper
On them that have more appetite.

MERC. This fist 210
Is not of trifling weight.

Sos. I'm a dead man :
He's weighing of his fists.

MERC. What if I stroak him
Gently to sleep ?

Sos. You'll do me a great service ;
For I have watch'd these three whole nights together.

MERC. That's but a paltry action : No, my fist, 215
Thou hast not learnt to smite a cheek so poorly.
One glance of thine would make a man put on

V. 214. *These three whole nights together.] Continuas has tres noches.* I could almost be of opinion, that *soft* here means that *one* night only, on which he had been sent home, but which appeared to him as long as *three* nights, and in reality was so, according to the fable. It is with diffidence I submit it to the learned reader, whether *CONTINUAS* (*without interruption*) may not imply as much.

Another

Another form.

Sos. He'll vamp me up a-new,
New mould my face.

MERC. If lustily thou strik'st,
A mercy on his bones !

Sos. Why sure he means 220
To bone me like an eel. I wish him further
With these his boning tricks.—I'm a dead man,
If he should see me now.—

MERC. Some fellow stinks
To his destruction.

Sos. How now ! do I smell ?

MERC. Nor can he be far off, though he has
been so. 225

Sos. Sure he's a conjurer.

MERC. O how my fists
Itch to be at it !

Sos. If you mean on me
To exercise them, prithee cool them first
Against the wall.

MERC. A voice flies to my ears.

V. 218. *Vamp me up a-new.*] The word in the original is, *interpolabit*. *Interpolare*, according to *Nonius*, *est novam formam ex vetere fingere*, and is used in a figurative sense alluding to the business of a fuller.

V. 226. *A conjuror.*] *Superflitiosus*. The latter part of the preceding line—*verum longè binc absuit*—“ he has been far off ” is given by Madam Dacier to *Sofia* merely from her own conjecture : but as *superflitiosus* means a diviner, or as we say in *English* “ a conjuror,” this arbitrary alteration of the text is unnecessary. *Sofia* is surprised, that *Mercury* should know he had been far off, (that is abroad) and naturally exclaims—“ Sure he's a “ conjuror.”

Sos.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

29

Sos. Unlucky, that I did not clip it's wings, 230
 Since 'tis a bird-like voice.

MERC. The wretch ! he calls for't,
 He claims it of me, a most heavy lading
 On his beast's back.

Sos. Not I ;—I have no beast
 Of burthen truly.

MERC. Yes, he shall be loaded
 Well with these fists.

Sos. In troth I am fatigued 235
 With coming from on shipboard, and e'n now
 I am so crop-fick, I can scarcely crawl,
 Even without a lading. Do not think then,
 That I can carry burthens.

MERC. Certainly
 'Tis *Some-one* speaks.

Sos. I'm safe ; he sees me not. 240

V. 231. *A bird-like voice.*] *Volucrem vocem.* To preserve the allusion more strongly, I am inclined to think, that *volucrem* in this place is rather a substantive than an adjective, as it is generally interpreted—a *flying voice*.

V. 240. *Some one speaks.*] *Nescio quis loquitur.* The humour of *Sofia's* reply, consists in his understanding *Nescio quis* (*Some-one*, as I have turned it) to be the *name* of a person. I need not perhaps mention, that a similiar joke is to be found in *Homer's Odyssey*, towards the end of the Ninth Book, where *Ulysses* gives an account of his having imposed on *Polyphemus*, by calling himself *ΟΡΤΙΣ*, which signifies *NO-MAN*. The annotator to *Pope's* translation, justly observes, that, however delighted *Eustathius* and *Dacier* might be with this play upon words, it is fitter for the two *Sofias* in our author. He takes notice of *Euripides* having a play upon the same subject, borrowed from *Homer*, called the *Cyclops*, which turns upon this very circumstance ; but he is mistaken in imagining it a *serious* tragedy, it being the only instance in antiquity of a *comic* one, if I may be indulged

He says, 'tis *Some-one* speaks : now verily
My name is *Sofia*.

MERC. As it seems, the voice

indulged the expression. I shall just quote sufficient for the uninformed reader to understand the use that was made of this ambiguous term. When *Ulysses* had put out the single eye of *Polyphemus*, the giant, by his bellowing, gathered a crowd of *Cyclops* together about the cave in which he had shut himself up, who naturally asked him, "What hurts thee?" &c.—To which he replies—

Friends, *No-Man* kills me : *No-Man* in the hour
Of sleep oppresses me with fraudulent pow'r.
" If *No-Man* hurts thee, but the hand divine
" Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign :
" To *Jove* and to thy father *Neptune* pray,"
The brethren cried, and instant strode away.

Pope's ODYSSEY. B. IX.

Euripides (after *Homer*) has the like dialogue between the *Cyclops* (*Polyphemus*) and the *Chorus*.

Chorus. —What makes you, *Cyclops*, thus exclaim ?
Cyclops. O I'm undone !

Chorus. You seem a filthy figure:
Cyclops. I am most wretched.

Chorus. Surely you got drunk,
And tumbled down among the embers.

Cyclops. *No-MAN*
Has been my ruin.

Chorus. *No-MAN* then has hurt you.
Cyclops. *No-MAN* has blinded me.

Chorus. You are not blind then.
Lucian has a very humourous dialogue on the same subject.

There is the same kind of humour in *Shakespeare's Much a-do about Nothing*, Act III. Scene V. where an ignorant watchman, overhearing a conversation, mistakes an expression used by one of the party for a person's name.

Borachio.—Seest thou not, what a deformed thief this fashion is ?

Watchman. I know that *Deformed* ; he has been a vile thief
these seven years, &c.

Upon

Upon the right here strikes my ear.

Sos. I fear,

I shall be beaten for my voice that strikes him.

MERC. He's coming tow'rds me—Good:

Sos. I'm fore afraid ; 245

I'm numb'd all over.—Now could I not tell,

If any one should ask me, where I am :

Nor can I budge a foot, I am so frighten'd.—

All's over ; I have lost my master's orders,

And *Sofia* with them.—Yet I am resolv'd

250

To face this fellow, and bespeak him boldly ;

I'll seem as valiant as I can, that he

May keep hands off me. (*advances towards the door*)

MERC. You, Sir, whither go you ?

You there, that carry *Vulcan* in your horn ?

Sos. Who made you an examiner ? you, who bone 255
Men with your fists ?

MERC. Are you a slave, or free ?

Sos. Which ever likes me.

MERC. Say'ſt thou ?

Sos. Ay, I say it.

MERC. You want a drubbing,

Sos. Now you lye, I don't.

V. 254.] *Vulcanum in cornu geris.* Meaning light or fire. The allusion is obvious ; *Vulcan* was the God of fire.

V. 258.] The original is,

Merc. *Verboro.* Sos. *Mentiris nunc jam.*

This is a mere pun. *Verboro*, as *Mercury* designed by it, is often used by our author as a Noun Substantive, to signify a fellow that deserved trashing, or that had been used to it. It is also a Verb, signifying I trash. *Sofia*, in his reply, chuses to understand it in the latter sense, and as *Mercury* had not touched him

MERC. I'll make you own it.

Sos. Wherefore?

MERC. I must know
Whose you are, where you're going, what's your
errand. 260

Sos. My way lies here : I am my master's servant :
What are you now the wiser ?

MERC. I shall make you
Hold that foul tongue of yours.

Sos. You cannot do it :
I keep it pure and clean.

MERC. How ! prating still ?
What business have you at this house ?

Sos. And pray 265
What business have you here ?

MERC. King Creon sets
A watch here ev'ry night.

Sos. 'Tis gracious in him
To guard our house, the while we are abroad.
But prithee now go in, and tell the family
Some of their fellow-servants are arriv'd. 270

MERC. Whose fellow you may be I know not ;
but if

You don't be gone this instant, I shall give you

him, says—*mentiris nunc jam*—“ Now you lye.” I have en-
deavoured to preserve the *equivoque* by using the word *want*, as
much as to say, in one sense, you *want* (OUGHT TO HAVE) a
beating, and in the other, I don't *want* (DESIRE) one.

V. 264.] This is another pun, to which the learned reader
will perceive I have given a different turn from what is under-
stood to be implied in the original.

Such

Such a reception, fellow, as you will not
Take in good fellowship.

Sos. I tell you, I
Live here, and am a servant of this house. 275

MERC. D'ye mind? unless you take yourself away,
I shall exalt you.

Sos. How?

MERC. You shall be carry'd:
If I but take a cudgel, you'll not walk,
I promise you.

Sos. Nay, but I do affirm,
That I'm a servant in this family. 280

MERC. Look to't—you'll have a drubbing, if you
don't
Be gone this instant.

Sos. Would you then desire
To drive me from my home, when I am just
Arriv'd here from abroad?

MERC. Is this your home?

Sos. It is I say.

V. 274.] Sos. —————— *Advenisse familiares dicitur.*

Merc. *Nescio quām tu familiaris es: nisi actutum hinc abis,*
Familiaris, accipere faxo haud familiariter.

This whole passage is a pun upon the word *familiaris*, which commonly means a slave, or servant, of the house or family. In my translation I have adopted Cooke's turn of expression, as I think it very happy.

V. 277-8.] *Facium te superbū—Auferere, non abibis.* This is a joke of the same cast with the preceding ones. Taubman interprets it as meaning,—that, after being heartily drubbed, a person is not able to stand upon his legs, but is lifted up and carried off. Others suppose, that Mercury threatens to kill *Sofia*, and understand the passage as alluding to a dead corpse being carried.

VOL. I.

D

MERC.

MERC. Who is your master then? 285

Sos. *Amphitryon*, general of the *Theban* troops,
The husband of *Alcmena*.MERC. Ha! what say you?
What is your name?Sos. Our *Thebans* call me *Sofia*,
The son of *Davus*.MERC. To thy sote mishap
Art thou arriv'd, thou monster of effrontery!— 290
With made up lies, and patch'd up knaveries.Sos. I'm come with patch'd cloaths it is true, not
knaveries.MERC. You lye, 'tis with your feet you come, not
cloaths.

Sos. Ay verily.

MERC. Ay verily then take
This drubbing for your lye. (Str. king him.)Sos. Indeed forsooth 295
I don't desire it, I.

MERC. Indeed forsooth

V. 293.] This perhaps will be looked upon as the poorest
joke in the whole string of them in this scene. It must be con-
fessed, that they appear indeed rather low and farcical; but yet
they are in character from *Sofia*, and *Mercury* who declares v.
149 of this scene,*As I've assur'd his form and garb, 'twere fit
I should resemble him in deeds and manners.*Besides we ought not to be too positive in pronouncing on the
wit and humour of the ancients, as perhaps what may appear
flat and insipid to us, was by them highly relished on account of
its allusion to well known customs or expressions, or its agreeing
with the then reigning taste. The buffooneries of some of *Plau-*
tus's slaves were undoubtedly as well received in his time, as the
aburdities of *Shakespeare's* clowns were in his.

But

But you shall have it, though you don't : indeed
 'Tis resolved, and 'tis not in your choice. (*striking him*)
 Sos. I cry you mercy !

MERC. Dost thou dare affirm
 That thou art *Sofia*, when myself am he ?

Sos. Murder ! (*still striking him*)

MERC. This is but little in respect 300
 Of what you'll have in future. Now whose are you ?

Sos. Your's : for your fists have mark'd me for
 your own.---- (Merc. *continues to strike him*)

Help, help, good citizens !

MERC. Still bawling, Sirrah ?
 Speak, wherefore came you here ?

Sos. That you might have
 Somebody to belabour with your fists.

MERC. Whose are you then ?

Sos. I say, *Ampbitryon's Sofia*. 305

MERC. You shall be drubb'd more heartily for this,
 You talk so idly.---I myself am *Sofia*,
 Not you.

Sos. I would to heav'n you were indeed,
 That I were beating you ! (*aside.*)

MERC. What ! muttering ?

Sos. I'll
 Be dumb now.

MERC. Who's your master ?

Sos. Whom you will. 310

V. 303.] The original is—*Pugnis usufecisti tuum. Usufacere* or
usucapere was a term in law, and signified the enjoying of pro-
 perty by long possession or prescription. So that the sense is—
 you have made me your own by having held me in possession
 with your fists. I have given it another turn.

MERC. Come prithee, what's your name?

Sos. I have no name,
But what you shall command.

MERC. You said you was
Amphitryon's Sofia.

Sos. I mistook : I meant
To say, I was *Amphitryon's Associate.*

MERC. I knew we had no servant of the name 315
Of *Sofia* but myself.---You've lost the use
Sure of your reason.---

Sos. Would that you had lost
The use too of your fists !

(*Aside.*)

MERC. I am that *Sofia*,
You said you was.

Sos. Let us discourse in peace,
I pray you,---without hazard of a beating. 320

MERC. Well, for a while then we will hold a
truce,

If you have ought to say.

V. 314.] This pun in the *Latin* depends upon the similitude of found in the pronunciation of *Sofiam* and *Socium*. The giving a different turn to what had been said is frequent in ancient as well as modern comic writers. Thus in the *Andrian* of Terence, Act III. Scene IV.

DAVUS. Occidi.

SIMO. Hem ! quid dixti ? DAVUS. Optumè, inquam, factum.

DAVUS. (*afide*) UNDONE ! SIMO. (*over-bearing*) How's that ?

DAVUS. WELL DONE, I said. COLMAN.

V. 320.] The original is,

MERC. Fugit te Ratio. SOS. Utinam istuc Pugni fecissent tui.
i. e. fugissent me.

I have adopted the turn that is given to this passage in *Eckard's* translation,

SOS.

Sos. I will not speak,
Till peace is ratified, for you are mightier
In fists than I.

MERC. If you have ought to offer,
Speak ; I'll not hurt you.

Sos. May I trust your honour ? 325

MERC. You may.

Sos. But what if you deceive me ?

MERC. Then

May *Mercury's* displeasure light on *Sofia* !

Sos. Mark---Now I am allowed to speak with
freedom,

I am *Ampbitryon's Sofia*.

MERC. What, again ? (Offering to strike.)

Sos. The peace is made, the covenant's ratified : 330
I speak the truth..

MERC. Beware thee of a beating. (Threatning.)

Sos. Do as you please, and what you please ;---'tis
true,

In fists you are the mightier,--yet I'll not
Be silent on this point, do what you may.

MERC. Nay, you shall never make me, while you
live, 335

Other than *Sofia*.

Sos. Nor shall you make me
An alien here.---We have no other *Sofia*
But me, who went to th' army with *Ampbitryon*.

MERC. The fellow's mad.

Sos. 'Tis you that are distemper'd.
Why, what a plague ! Am I not *Sofia*, 340
Ampbitryon's slave? Did not the ship, that brought me,

Arrive this night here from the *Perſian* port?
 Did not my master ſend me? Do not I
 Stand here before our houſe now? Have I not
 A lanthorn in my hand? Do I not ſpeak? 345
 Am I not broad awake? Did not this man
 Bethump me with his ſiſts? In troth he did;

V. 342. *Perſian port.] Portus Perſicus*, in the *Eubœan* ſea, ſo called from the *Perſian* fleet that rode there, not far from *Thebes*. *FESTUS.* (*Cooke.*)

V. 347. *In troth he did.] Fecit HERCLE.* Madam *Dacier*, and M. *Gueudeville* after her, (who has given a loofe and free translation of our Author,) take occation from the word *HERCLE* to accuse *Plautus*, of having committed here a groſſ *anacbroniſm* through inattention. “*Sofia* (ſay they) ſwears by *Hercules*, who is not “born till the end of this very play.” There is no doubt, but that *Plautus* uſed this familiar expletive *hercle*, without any regard or attention to its primitive ſignification, as well in this play as in his others. The *hercle*, *pol*, *ædepol*, &c. which occur continually in our Author and in *Terenee*, were undoubtedly uſed in common conuerſation by the ancients, merely as words of course, without any immediate ſtress being laid upon them, like many of our modern oaths and execrations, though they were palpably of *religious origin.* It is well known, that these are abbreviations for ſweuring *per Herculem*, *per Pollucem*, *per Templum Pollucis*, &c. —*By Hercules*, *by Pollux*, *by the Temple of Pollux*, &c. In like manner there are ſeveral words in the old *Engliſh* language, (ſome of them now in uſe) which are nothing but corrupt abbreviations of the moſt ſerious and ſolemn appeals and alfeverations, as we muſt ſuppoſe them to have been originally, in the times when the *Roman Catholic* religion was prevalent in this nation. Thus by the word *'Oſſoons*, and *Zouns*, or *Zoons*, was meant originally *By God's Wounds*, and *His Wounds*. So likewiſe by *'Oſbud*, and *Blood-an-ouns*, or *'Sblood*, was deſigned *By God's Blood*, and *His Blood and Wounds*, or *Hiſ Blood*. *'Oſbodikins* is also nothing more than a corruption or abbreviation of *God's Body and Skin.* *'Sdeath* likewiſe means *His Death*; as *Morbleu* or *Morbien* in the *French* language is (*par la*) *Mort de Dieu.*

My

A C T I. S C E N E I.

39

My cheeks smart to my sorrow still.—Then why,
 Why do I doubt? why don't I go directly
 Into our house? (Makes up to the door.)

MERC. (Stepping between.) What! your house?
Sos. 'Tis so truly. 350

MERC. 'Tis all a lye, all, ev'ry syllable
 That you have said.—I am *Amphitryon's Sofia*:
 This night our vessel left the *Persian* port:
 The city we besieг'd, where *Pterelas* reign'd,
 The *Teleboan* forces we o'erthrew 355
 By dint of arms: *Amphitryon's* self cut off
 King *Pterelas'* head in battle,

Sos. I can scarce (aside)

Believe myself, when I thus hear him talk:
 He tells it off hand, as it were without book,
 What was transacted in the war.—But hark ye, 360
 What present from the *Teleboan* spoils
 Was given to *Amphitryon*?

MERC. A gold cup,

V. 348.] This self examination of *Sofia*, which has exquisite humour, could not escape that admirable judge *Moliere*; but he has not imitated the conciseness of the original. I am surprised, that *Dryden* has entirely omitted it.

V. 361.] From the *Teleboan* spoils.] *A Telebois*. Madam *Dacier* very properly explains this:—*de prædâ Teleboum*—from the *Teleboan* spoils—as it cannot be imagined, that they, who had surrendered up their all at discretion, could have reserved any thing to present to *Amphitryon*.

V. 362. *A gold Cup.*] *Moliere* makes this present to consist of *Cinq fort gros diamans en nœud promptement mis*—
 in which he is followed by *Dryden*,

— *A buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large stones.*

This is indeed more conformable to modern manners, to which both the *French* and *English* play is adapted throughout.

King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from.

Sos. He has said---

But where now is the cup ?

MERC. 'Tis in a casket
Seal'd with *Amphitryon's* seal.

Sos. What's the impression ? 365

MERC. *Sol* rising in his chariot---What, you rascal,
Are you upon the catch ?

Sos. His arguments
Have overcome me : I must e'en go seek
Another name---'Tis strange, where he could see
All this---But I shall trap him now most rarely : 370
For what I did alone, when no one else
Was in the tent, that he can never tell---

(to Mercury) If you are *Sofia*,---tell me,---while the
armies

Were in the heat of battle, what did you
Do in the tent ?---Tell that, and I knock under. 375

MERC. There was a cask of wine---I fill'd a cup--
Sos. He has hit it.

MERC. ---Suck'd it down unmixt, and pure
As from the mother it was born.

Sos. O wonderful !
He must have hid him in the cup---'Tis fact :
I drank a cup-full of sheer wine.

MERC. What now ? 380
Have I convinc'd thee, that thou art not *Sofia* ?

Sos. Do you deny it ?

MERC. Can I but deny it,
When I am he ?

Sos. By *Jupiter* I swear,

I am,

I am, nor do I lie.

MERC. I swear by *Mercury*,
Jupiter won't believe thee ; for I know
 He'll sooner credit me without an oath
 Than with one he will thee.

385

Sos. Tell me, at least
 Who am I, if so be I am not *Sofia* ?
 I ask you that.

MERC. My pleasure when it is
 No longer to be *Sofia*, then be thou
Sofia, and welcome. Now that I am he,
 Begone, as thou wouldst 'scape a drubbing.—Hence,
 Thou fellow !

390

Sos. Now I view him well, by heav'ns
 I see my very figure, such as I
 Have often seen it in a glaſs.—'Tis certain, 395
 He's very like me.—The same hat, same coat—
 He is as like me as I'm like myself.—
 The shanks, feet, stature, shorn pate, eyes, nose, teeth,
 Lips, cheeks, chin, beard, neck—'tis myself all over !
 Need I say more to't ?—If his back be scar'd, 400
 There's nothing can be liker than this likeness.
 —Yet surely, when I think on't, I'm the same

V. 393. *Thou fellow !] Ignobilis.*

V. 396.] “He's damnably like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*,
 “there's a patch upon my nose, with a pox to him.—*Item*, a
 “very foolish face with a long chin at end on't.—*Item*, one pair
 “of shambling legs, with two splay feet belonging to them.
 “And—*summa totalis*, from head to foot all my bodily apparel.”

DRYDEN's *Amphitryon*.

It is left to the reader's determination, whether the simple and
 concise enumeration of particulars in the original has not more

I ever was : I know my master, know
 Our house : and verily I have not lost
 My wits nor senses.—I'll not heed this fellow, 405
 Say what he will, but knock here at the door.

MERC. Whither so fast ?

Sos. Why, home.

MERC. Tho' thou wer't now
 To mount the car of *Jove*, and fly from hence,
 Scarce should'st thou 'scape destruction.

Sos. May I not
 Deliver master's message to my mistress ? 410

MERC. To thine deliver what thou wilt, I care
 not :

But I'll not suffer thee t' approach our lady.—
 And now, if once thou dost provoke me, fellow,
 Depart thou shalt not without broken bones.

Sos. I'll be gone rather.—Heav'ns have mercy
 on me ! 415

Where did I lose myself ? where was I chang'd ?

Why did I lose my form ? or was I haply
 So thoughtless as to leave myself behind here ?

For certainly this fellow is possest
 Of my whole image, which was mine before.— 420
 [My statue is erected in my stead :]

real humour in it. The circumstance at the end—“if his back
 “be scar'd”—is highly in character for a slave. *Moliere* has
 omitted the whole passage here, and made a different use of it in
 Act II. Scene I. of this play.

V. 421.] This line, inclosed in crotchetts, is conformable to
 the interpretation, which *Douza* gives of this passage. See more
 of this in a Note to the *Mostellaria* of our Author, Act II. Scene I.

What

What never will be done when I am dead,
 Is done, while now I'm living.---I'll return,
 Back to the port, and tell this to my master.---
 But if he likewise know me not!---O Jupiter, 425
 Grant that he may not:---so shall I directly
 Cover my shorn crown with the cap of freedom.

[Exit SOSIA.]

S C E N E . II.

MERCURY *alone.*

Well!---our affair goes prosperously on.
 I have remov'd the greatest obstacle;
 So that my father may indulge his love
 Securely with *Alcmena*.---Now this fellow,
 Soon as he sees *Ampbitryon*, will tell him,
 That *Sofia* drove him *Sofia* from the door. 5
 What must his master think, but that he lies?
 He'll not believe it, that his slave has been
 Here, as he had commanded. Thus shall both,
 And all *Ampbitryon's* family, be fill'd 10
 With error and distraction, till my father
 Has full enjoyment had of her he loves

V. 427.] When a slave was made free, he had after his manumission his head shaved, and a cap put on it, in the Temple of *Feronia*, who was the Goddess of Freedmen.

Cooke from Servius.

SCENE II.] This is palpably nothing more than a kind of continuation of the Prologue, as it is formally addressed to the Spectators, in order to acquaint them with particulars, which, according to modern notions, it were better that they should not be informed of before-hand.

Ev'n

E'en to satiety.—Then all will know
 What has been done: my father in the end
 Will reconcile *Alcmena* to her husband,
 Holding their ancient concord : for *Ampbitryon*
 Will make an heavy bustle with his wife,
 Accusing her of foul incontinence.—

This strife my father will appease.—And now
 As for *Alcmena*, (for of her as yet 20
 I've said but little,) she'll to-day bring forth
 Twin-sons ; one born ten months from his conception,
 The other sev'n : the one *Ampbitryon's* is,
 The other *Jupiter's* : The younger owns
 The greater fire, the elder the inferior.— 25
 D'y'e comprehend the mystery ?—Yet more,—
 So tender is he of *Alcmena's* honour,
 My father has provided these shall both
 Be born together, that one painful labour
 May serve for both, and that she might not fall 30
 Under suspicion of unchastity,

V. 23.] It can hardly be conceived, that any critic, however nice and refined, should fall into so gross a mistake as to imagine, that the duration of the time of this piece must be seven months; because, according to the ancient story, *Jupiter* was three nights, or rather one night as long as three with *Alcmena*, in consequence of which *Hercules* was born seven months after. Yet *Heinsius* and *Vossius* (as *Marolles* observes) both maintain this opinion. Their mistake palpably arose from not considering, that *Plautus* made use of the commonly received notion no farther than to accommodate it to the subject of his piece, by supposing the same circumstance to have been repeated on the night before the birth of *Hercules*.

V. 24. *The younger.*] This is *Hercules*. The other of these twins was called *Ippiclus*.

But

But their clandestine loves remain conceal'd.
 Though as I said, *Amphitryon* shall know all :—
 What then ?—There's no one will impute it surely
 As scandal to *Alcmena* : for it would not 35]
 Be acting like a God to let the blame .
 Of his offences light upon a mortal.—
 I must stop here,—the door creeks,—and here comes
 The counterfeit *Amphitryon* with his wife
 That he has borrow'd. (*Retires from the door.*)

S C E N E III.

Enter JUPITER and ALCMENA.

JUP. Farewell; my *Alcmena* :
 Take care of that, in which we both have interest ;
 And O ! be sparing of yourself, I pray you :
 You've gone, you know the full time of your
 reckoning.—

I must away hence of necessity :—

Whatever child is born, you'll bring it up.

ALC. My lord, what business can it be, that you

V. 6. *Bring it up.*] The Latin word is *tollito*,—take it *up*. This is agreeable to a custom among the ancients. As soon as a child was born, it was laid upon the ground, and if not *taken up* by the father, it was disowned, and exposed. So in the *Andrian* of Terence, *Davus* expresses his admiration, upon *Glycerium*'s being with child by *Pamphilus*, that

Quicquid peperisset, decreverunt tollere.

Whate'er she shall bring forth, they have resolv'd

To educate.

COLMAN.

Should

Should quit your home so sudden ?

JUP. By my faith

It is not that I'm wearied or of you,

Or of my home : But when the chifff commander 10
Is absent from his army, 'tis more likely

Things will be done, which help not, than which
ought.

MERC. A crafty counterfeit, this fire of mine !

Mind ye—how sweetly does he smooth her o'er !

ALC. Ah ! I do find indeed now by experience, 15
How much you prize your wife !

JUP. Is't not enough,

I love her more than any of her sex ?

MERC. Faith ; if your wife but know your tricks,
I warrant

You'd rather be *Amphitryon* than high *Jove*.

ALC. 'Twould please me more to find it than be
told so. 20

You leave me ere the bed, in which you lay,
Could well grow warm : you came at midnight to me,
And now you're gone again.—Say, is this kind ?

MERC. I will approach and speak to her, and
second

My father in his wheedling. (*To Alcmena.*) Never
sure

Did mortal man so doat upon a wife !

He loves you to distraction.

V. 18. *Your wife.*] The original word is *illa*, which some understand as a relative to *Alcmena*; but I am rather inclined to think with others, that it alludes to *Jove's* celestial consort *Juno*, as the sense is plainer, and the humour not unnatural for the character of *Mercury*.

JUP. Rogue ! I know you :—
 Out of my sight.—What busines is't of your's ?
 Hang-dog !—how dare you chatter ?—If I take
 A stick in hand—

ALC. O don't be in a rage. 39

JUP. Do, mutter, sirrah.

MERC. (*Aside.*) This my first attempt
 At wheedling has, I find, but ill succeeded.

JUP. Sweet wife, you ought not to be angry with me
 For that which you complain of.—I withdrew
 In secret from the army, stole this interview, 35
 That you might be the first to learn from me,
 How I succeeded.—I have told you all.—
 This, if I had not lov'd you to th' extreme,
 I had not done.

MERC. (*Aside.*) So.—is't not as I said ?
 See, how this stroking cheers her !

JUP. I must now 40
 Return from hence in secret, lest the troops
 Should scent my absence, when they'll say, that I
 Prefer'd my wife before the public good.

ALC. I cannot chuse but weep for your departure.

JUP. Come, come, no more bewailings : do not
 spoil 45

Those pretty eyes : I shortly shall return.

ALC. Ah me ! that shortly will be all too long,

JUP. 'Tis with reluctance I must leave you here,

V. 30. *Don't be in a rage.*] Alcmena only says *noli—don't* : but it is reasonable to suppose, that *irasci—be angry*—may be understood.

V. 40.] *Timidam palpo percutit.*

And

And part thus from you.

ALC. Ay, I do perceive it :
For on the very night you came to me, 50
On that same you depart. (*Hangs about Jupiter.*)

JUP. Why do you hold me ?
'Tis time ; and I would leave the city ere
It waxes light.---*Alcmena*, with this cup
I now present you, giv'n me for my valour;
The same king *Pterelas* drank from, whom I slew 55
With my own hand.

ALC. (*Taking the cup.*) Done like your other actions !
As you are always won't to do.---By heavens
A noble gift, and worthy him that gave it !

MERC. A noble gift indeed, and worthy her
To whom 'tis giv'n !

JUP. You rascal ! what again ? 60
Why don't I put an end to you at once,
And your impertinence ?

ALC. Nay prithee, love,
Do not be angry with him for my sake.

JUP. Sweet, you shall be obey'd.

MERC. (*Afside.*) How plaguy cross
His wenching makes him !

V. 56.] *Alcmena's* satisfaction on receiving the present of a gold cup, may perhaps be understood as an oblique censure upon the ladies. Be this as it will, the character of *Alcmena* is truly amiable. She is represented as a most affectionate wife, full of innocence and simplicity ; and her distress, on being suspected by the real *Amphytrion*, is highly interesting. There is a great similarity of manners between her and *Desdemona*, labouring under the same circumstances, in *Shakespeare's Othello*.

JUP.

JUP. (*Going.*) Would you ought else? 65

ALC. This--that you'd love me, though I am away,
Me that am your's still, though you're absent from me.

MERC. 'Tis almost day, Sir : come, Sir, let's be
going.

JUP. Go you before : I'll follow you this instant.

[*Exit MERCURY.*

Would you ought else?

ALC. Yes, one thing---that you would 70
Return, and presently.

V. 65. *Would you ought else?*] *Numquid vis?* It may be proper to observe once for all, that this was a common mode of expression upon taking leave or going away.

V. 66-67.] *Ut, quom absim, me ames, me tuam; te absente tamen.*
“The common reading (says Cooke) is *me tuam absentem tamen*,
“but *te absente* is in the first printed copy ;” and I can but agree with him, that it is “more emphatical.” This sentiment is finely amplified in Terence’s *Eunuch*, towards the end of Act I. where *Pbaedria* takes leave of his mistress *Thais*, who by his consent was to entertain his rival *Tbrafo*.

THAIS. *Numquid vis aliud?*

PHÆDRIA. *Egone quid velim?*

Cum milite isto praesens absens ut fies :
Dies noctesque me ames : me desideres :
Me somnies : me expectes : de me cogites :
Me speres : me te oblectes : tecum tota fis :
Meus fac sis postremò animus, quando ego sum tuus.

THAIS. Would you ought else with me?

PBAEDRIA. Ought else, my THAIS!

Be with yon soldier present, as if absent :
All night and day love me : still long for me :
Dream, ponder still of me : wish, hope for me :
Delight in me : be all in all with me :
Give your whole heart, for mine’s all your’s, to me.”

COLMAN

VOL. I.

E

JUP.

JUP. It shall be so :

My presence shall forerun your expectation.

Be of good heart, my love*. [Exit ALCMENA.]

S C E N E IV.

JUPITER alone.

Now, gentle Night,

Who long for me hast tarried, I dismiss thee ;
 Yield thee to Day, that he at length may break
 On mortals with a clear unclouded light :
 And in proportion, Night, as thou wast lengthen'd 5
 Beyond thy next career, by so much Day
 Shall shorten his, that the disparity
 Betwixt you may be squar'd, and Day to Night
 Duly succeed.—I'll go, and follow Mercury.

[Exit JUPITER.]

* The impatience of *Jupiter* (the false *Amphitryon*) to be gone, and the reluctance of the fond, simple, unsuspecting *Alcmena*, at parting from him, is finely marked in this scene. It is worthy observation, that our Author has hardly dropt an expression throughout their dialogue, which can be wrested into indelicacy. *Prius abis, quam lexi, ubi cubuiisti, concaluit locus,* has indeed furnished *Dryden* with an opportunity of giving scope to his imagination in the person of *Alcmena*, whose character he has made the direct reverse of that drawn by our Author. *Moliere* too is not satisfied in this scene with the simplicity of *Plautus*; for he makes *Jupiter*, in his double character, equivocate with *Alcmena*, in a dialogue about the difference of a *lover* and an *husband*. With all the delicacy of the writers of his country, he is at least sentimentally gross: but *Dryden*, who copies the *Frenchman's* idea, rapturously explains it, without any scruple, in the expression of it.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

Enter AMPHITRYON and SOSIA, at the further End of the Stage.

A M P H I T R Y O N.

C O M E, follow me.

Sos. I do, I'm after you,
Close at your heels.

AMPH. Thou art the veriest rogue,---

Sos. For why?

AMPH. Because you tell me what is not,
Nor was, nor will be.

Sos. Look ye now,---'tis like you---
You ne'er believe your servants.

AMPH. What! ---how's that? 5
By heav'ns, thou villain, I'll at once cut out
That villainous tongue of thine.

Sos. I'm your's, and you.

V 6.] *Herclè ego tibi iſtam*

Scelastam, scelus, linguaṁ abſcindam.

Our Author frequently indulges himself in this kind of jingle, without respect to character: yet we should not hastily condemn him for it, as perhaps it might possibly have been *idiomatic* in his time, however disagreeable it may found to the modern ear. So in this scene, v. 43, *Sofia* says,

Of all grievances

This is most grievous.

Miserissima bæc æf miseræ.

May use me as you please, and as it suits you ;
But as I've told you the plain fact, you cannot
Make me recant my story.

AMPH. Why, you villain,--- 10
Dare you affirm, that you are now at home,
And here too, at this very time ?

Sos. 'Tis true though.

AMPH. A plague confound you !---which the Gods
will order,

And so will I.

Sos. I'm your's, and in your power.

AMPH. Slave ! dare you put your tricks upon your
master ? 15

Dare you affirm, what man yet never saw ?---
What never can be ?---that the self-same person
Should at one time be in two different places ?

Sos. Indeed, 'tis fact I tell you.

AMPH. *Fove* confound you !

Sos. In what have I deserv'd ill at your hands ? 20

AMPH. Villain, d'ye ask, who make me thus your
sport ?

Sos. With reason you might curse me, wer't not so :
I do not lye, but tell you the plain fact.

AMPH. The fellow's drunk, I think.

Sos. I would I were !

AMPH. You have your wish already.

Sos. I ?

AMPH. Yes, you.---

Say, where have you been drinking ?

Sos. No where truly.

AMPH. What sort of fellow is it ?

Sos.

A C T III. S C E N E I. 53

Sos. I have told you
Ten times already.—I'm at home, I say ;
And I,—d'ye mark me ? I, that self-same *Sofia*,
Am here with you.—What think you? do I speak 30
Plain enough now, and to the purpose ?

AMPH. Hence,
Avaunt,—go, get thee from me.

Sos. What's the matter ?

AMPH. The plague has seiz'd you.

Sos. Why d'ye say so ?—Faith
I feel, Sir, very well.

AMPH. But I shall make you
Feel very ill, and very miserable, 35
As you deserve, when I get home.—Come, follow me,
You, who abuse your master's easy nature
With vain and frantic stories ; who, because.
You have neglected to perform his orders,
Come to deride him.—You relate such gross 40
Impossibilities, such as before
Were never heard of—Knave !—But ev'ry lye
Your back shall answer.

Sos. Of all grievances
This is most grievous to a trusty servant ;
That, though he tell his master truth, the truth 45
He is beat out of by authority.

AMPH. How can this be, convince me, thou vile
plague,
With arguments.—I fain would have explain'd,
How you can be at home, and yet be here.

Sos. Troth I'm both here and there.—Well may
one wonder ! 50

Nor can it seem more strange to you than me.

AMPH. As how?

Sos. I say, it cannot seem more strange
To you than me ; nor, as I hope for mercy,
Did I at first believe Me-Myself *Sofia*,
Till *Sofia*, t'other I-myself, convinc'd me. 55
He told distinctly ev'ry thing that past
During our sojourn with the enemy :---
Then he has robb'd me of my very figure
Together with my name.---One drop of milk
Is not more like another than that I 60
Is like to Me : for when you sent me home,
Before 'twas day-break, from the port---

AMPH. What then?

Sos. I at the door was standing long before
I came there.

AMPH. Plague ! what trifling stuff is this ?
Have you your senses ?

Sos. I am as you see me. 65

AMPH. Sure, since he left me, he has been bewitch'd,
And work'd on by ill hands.

Sos. Ill hands, I own ;
For he has maul'd me with his fists most sadly.

V. 67.—*Work'd on by ill bands.* Sos. *Ill bands, I own.]*

Huic homini nescio quid est mali malā obiectum manu.

Sos. *Fateor ; nam sum obtusus pugnis pessimè.*

Mala manus, in the original, alludes to Sorcery, which gives a fair opportunity for *Sofia* to pun upon it. *Turnebus*, as quoted by *Cooke*, finds out a particular beauty in it ; for he supposes, that the particular Sorcery is *designed*, which was practised by herbs, in which *manual* operation is more required than in charms by the incantation of verse. Agreeable to this refinement on our Author, we must suppose that *obtusus pugnis* signifies *pounded* : but this

AMPH. Who beat you?

Sos. I-Myself beat Me-myself,
I that am now at home.

AMPH. Be sure you answer 70
Nothing but what I ask you.—First of all,
I willingly would learn, who is that *Sofia*?

this expression is used by him generally, where no particular allusion can be supposed.

V. 69. *I-myself, beat Me-myself.*] The English idiom exactly answers to the *Latinis* in this particular expression of *Egome* and *Memet*; and I cannot help thinking it more forcible in either language than the plain pronoun *I* or *Ego*. It is remarkable, that throughout this scene we find it frequently used in this manner. *Dryden* was not aware of this, who makes *Sofia* say, “*I beat Me.*” But indeed in this, and throughout the whole scene, he only translates *Moliere* almost literally.

It is but too common, in all imitations, where the circumstance is of itself comic, to endeavour to heighten it by throwing in unnecessary additions in the expression. The simplicity of *Plautus* is, in this scene particularly, frittered away by *Moliere*; and *Dryden* followed him so closely, that he forgot himself. He has even copied from the *Frenchman* the description which *Sofia* gives of his person, as he saw it in *Mercury*, though directly the opposite of what our countryman had given us of it from himself, as may be seen in the Note on V. 405. of Act I. Scene I. of this play. “*I viewed myself, as in a mirror, from head to foot. He was handsome, of a noble air, loose and free in all his motions.*” *Dryden.*

*Des pieds jusq' à la tête; il est comme moi fait;
Beau, l'air noble, bien pris, les manières charmantes.*

MOLIERE.

Compare this with the quotation from *Dryden*, in the above-mentioned Note.

If our Author is to be blamed for some wretched puns, what must we think of the following in *Dryden*? He makes *Sofia* say, —“*That there was two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this head of mine.*”

Sos. Your servant.

AMPH. In good sooth I have one more
By you, than I could wish; nor ever had I,
Since I was born, another servant *Sofia* 75
Besides yourself.

Sos. But I do tell you now,
You'll find, when you go home, another *Sofia*
Besides myself; the son of *Davus*; sprung
From the same father as myself; in form,
And age, the same too with myself. In short, 89
You've here a double *Sofia*.

AMPH. Your account
Is wondrous strange!—But have you seen my wife?

Sos. He would not let me come within the door.

AMPH. Who hinder'd you?

Sos. That *Sofia*, He I spoke of,
Who maul'd me with his fists.

AMPH. Who is that *Sofia*? 85
Sos. Myself, I say:—how often must I tell you?

AMPH. But what is't you are talking?—Have you
not

Been sleeping all the while?

Sos. No, not the least.

AMPH. Haply you saw, if any such you saw,
That *Sofia* in a dream.

Sos. I am not wont 90
To dream o'er your commands.—Awake I saw him;
Awake I see you now; awake I'm talking;
And with his fists just now did *He* awake
Maul *Me* awake.

AMPH. What *He*?

Sos.

Sos. I tell you, *Sofia*,

That *I-He*—Prithee, don't you understand ?

AMPH. How is it possible, that any one
Should understand such jargon as you jabber ?

Sos. But you will know him quickly.—

AMPH. Who?

Sos. You'll know

That other *Sofia*.

AMPH. Follow me.—'Tis needful,
I should first sift this matter.—See that all things too
Be brought from ship-board, as I order'd.

Sos. I am
Mindful and diligent t' obey your orders.
I have not drank up your authority
Together with my wine,

AMPH. Now would to heav'n,
The fact may turn out different from your story ! 105
[They keep aloof.]

S C E N E II.

Enter ALCMENA attended by THESSALA,

ALC. How scanty are the pleasures in life's course,
If plac'd in opposition to it's troubles !
For in the life of man to ev'ry one
'Tis thus allotted, thus it pleases heaven,

V. 105. The direction [They keep aloof] is inserted agreeable to the modern practice, the utility of which is sufficiently shewn by Mr. Colman in his first Note to his translation of the *Andrian* of Terence. Notwithstanding these directions, it is necessary that the reader should keep in mind the prodigious extent and breadth of the Roman Stage, (which according to Echard) was not less than

That Sorrow, her companion, still should tread 5
 Upon the heels of Pleasure ; and if ought
 Of good befall us, forthwith there should follow
 Of ill a larger portion.—This I feel,
 And know it of myself now, unto whom
 A little spice of pleasure was imparted, 10
 In that it was permitted me to see
 My husband but one night :—he left me, and
 Departed on a sudden, ere 'twas day.—
 Here seem I now deserted and forlorn,
 Since he I doat on, prizing above all, 15

than 180 feet in the front. This will account for many things in the representation, which would be impracticable on the modern narrow stage.

V. 9.] The sentiment expressed in the foregoing lines is not only beautiful, but admirably applied to the situation of *Alcmena*. I am induced to imagine, that *Ecbard* has paid a compliment to *Dryden* which he by no means deserves, in saying that this is better'd by our *English* Poet, in the following rant :

Ye niggard Gods ! you make our lives too long :
 And fill them with diseases, wants, and woes,
 And only dish them with a little love,
 Sprinkled by fits, and with a sparing hand.
 Count all our joys, from childhood ev'n to age,
 They would but make a day of ev'ry year.
 Take back your seventy years, (the stint of life)
 Or else be kind, and cram the quintessence
 Of seventy years into sweet seventy days ;
 For all the rest is flat, insipid being.

Be this as it may, *Dryden* puts this reflection into *Alcmena's* mouth at the time she is parting from *Jupiter*, the false *Amphytryon*, and the reflection on this occasion favours rather of indelicacy, especially as it almost immediately follows a speech from her, which is not at all in character for *Alcmena*, as drawn by our Author.

Is absent from me.—I have ta'en of grief
 From the departure of my husband more
 Than I receiv'd of pleasure from his coming.
 In this, however, am I blest at least,
 That he has conquer'd, and is home return'd 20
 With honour's heap'd upon him :—that's a comfort.
 Let him be absent ; so that he return
 Crown'd with the acquisition of bright fame,
 I'll bear it, his departure, with a mind
 Resolv'd and stedfast :—If this recompense 25
 Be giv'n me, that my husband shall be stiled
 A conqueror in battle, I shall think
 I have enough.—Valour's the best reward :

V. 28. *Va'our.*] *Virtus* in the original, it has been well observed by the commentators, signifies (as I have translated it) *Valour*; and they properly remark, that this encomium on that favourite *Virtue* (if I may so call it) must have been particularly agreeable to a *Roman* ear. We may add, that it is also quite in character for a Soldier's wife. I make no question, but that it would equally be applauded on the *English* Stage : *Moliere*, however, gives it another turn, which indeed is very tender, but I doubt whether it is more natural. It will be sufficient to quote *Dryden*, who takes the *Frenchman's* thought, though he does not directly copy his expression. It ought to be observed, that *Alcmena*, (in our *English* Author,) utters these tender thoughts, before she sees her supposed husband in the person of *Jupiter*.

—I fear for my *Amphitryon's* life :—

* * * * *

Sustaining all his care, pierc'd with his wounds :

And if he fall (which O ye Gods avert !)

I'm in *Amphitryon* slain, &c.

So different indeed is *Dryden's Alcmena* from our Author's, that she says to *Jupiter*, her supposed husband, on their parting,

Curse on this honour, and this public fame :

Would you had less of both, and more of love !

'Tis

'Tis Valour, that surpasses all things else ;
 Our liberty, our safety, life, estate,
 Our parents, children, country are by this
 Preserv'd, protected : Valour ev'ry thing
 Comprises in itself ; and ev'ry good
 Awaits the man, who is posses'd of Valour.

AMPH. I am persuaded, that my coming home 35
 Most eagerly is wish'd for by my wife,
 Who loves me, and by me no less is lov'd ;---
 But more especially, seeing success
 Has crown'd our enterprise, the enemy
 Subdued, by all men deem'd invincible :--- 40
 (Them by my conduct and command we vanquish'd
 In the first battle.) Of a truth I know,
 She much expects, and longs for my return.

Sos. And don't you think my Dear expects me too ?

[AMPHITRYON *advances, with SOSIA.*]

ALC. Sure 'tis my husband.

AMPH. Follow me this way. 45

ALC. Wherefore returns he, when he said just now

V. 44. *My dear expects me too.*] From this expression *Moliere* has very happily struck out an additional improvement of our Author's plan, in the character of *Sofia's Wife*, whom he calls *Cleanthes*. It may easily be supposed, that, as *Mercury* bears the resemblance of *Sofia*, many natural embarrassments must arise. *Dryden* has also a wife to *Sofia*, whom he calls *Bromia*; but he has likewise added an attendant, or waiting-maid, to *Alcmena*, by the name of *Phædra*. In this latter instance I cannot help thinking, that *Mercury* (under the disguise of *Sofia*) betrays his godship beyond all the rules of probability; and in the former, there is surely too much of the *vulgar*.

He

He was in hurry to be gone?—And is it
 His purpose then to try me?—Would he prove,
 How I affect his parting?—By my faith
 To me he's always welcome.

Sos. We had best

50

On board again, Sir,

AMTH. Wherefore?

Sos. Nobody

Will give us here a dinner.

AMPH. How came that

Into your mind?

Sos. Because we're come too late.

AMPH. How so?

Sos. See there before our house *Alcmena*
 Stands with her belly full.

AMPH. At my departure

55

I left her big with child.

Sos. Alas, poor me!

AMPH. Why? What's the matter?

Sos. O I am come home

Just in the nick of time to fetch her water:

For she is gone, according to your reckoning,
 Ten months.

AMPH. Have a good heart.

Sos. Nay, do you know

60

What a good heart I have? If I but take
 The bucket once in hand, now never trust me
 From this day forward, if I do not draw

V. 55. *Her belly full.*] *Ante ædes stare saturam intelligo.*

V. 58. *Fetch her water.*] The commentators have shewn, that
 bathing was used among the ancients upon child-delivery.

The

The well's heart's-blood up, when I set about it.

AMPH. Follow me.--Never fear: I will appoint 65
Another to that business.

ALC. (*advancing*) I shall shew
My duty more, if I approach and meet him.

[AMPHITRYON and ALCMENA meet.]

AMPH. With joy *Ampbitryon* greets his wish'd-for
spouse,

Whom he accounts the best of all in *Thebes*,
Whom all our *Thebans* so extol for virtue ! 70
How have you far'd this age since?—Did you long
For my return?

Sos. (*ironically*) O yes, extremely long'd—
One could not take less notice of a dog.

AMPH. It joys me that I see you burthen'd thus,
Bearing your load so well.

ALC. Prithee, my lord, 75
Why do you thus salute me in the way
Of mockery? why address me all so strange,
As though you had not seen me very lately,
As though it were the first time you return'd
Home hither from the conquest of your foes ? 80
Why, why do you accost me now, as though
You had not seen me for a long time past?

AMPH. By all that's sacred, never till this hour
Have I beheld you.

ALC. Why will you deny it?

V. 64. *The well's heart's-blood.*] *Puteo animam.* The English
is *Echard's*; and conveys, I think, the sense of the original. The
learned *Camerarius*, as *Cooke* informs us, gravely says, that “ wa-
“ ter is to a well, what the life, or *soul*, is to animals.”

AMPH.

AMPH. Because that I have learnt to speak the truth.

A L C. He who unlearns what he has learnt, does wrong.—

You'd try my disposition!—But what makes you
Return so soon?—Has any ominous thing
Retarded, or the weather kept you back?—
How comes it to the army you're not gone,
As lately you declar'd that you was going? 90
A L C. Lately! how lately was it?

A L C. Do you try me?—

A while ago, just now, this very instant.

AMPH. How can that be, I pray you, as you say,—
A while ago, just now?

A L C. And can you think 95

I'd play the fool as you do, who maintain
This is your first arrival, when e'en now
You parted hence?

AMPH. How wild she talks!

Sos. Have patience,

Till she has slept out this one dream.

AMPH. She dreams

With her eyes open.

A L C. No, I do not dream; 100
But am awake, and waking I relate
That which is true: for now ere break of day
I saw both him and you.

AMPH. Where? in what place?

A L C. Here, in your own house.

AMPH. No, it could not be.

Sos. Hold, Sir.—Who knows but that the vessel
brought us 105

From

From the port hither, while we were asleep ?

AMPH. Will you too join in her extravagance ?

Sos. What would you have me do, Sir ? Don't
you know,

If you oppose a *Bacchant* in her rage, 109

You'll make her desperate ; she'll strike the oft'ner ;
But if you humour her, one stroke contents her.

AMPH. By heav'n's but I'm resolv'd to rate her, since
She will not welcome me.

Sos. Do, thrust your hand
Into an hornet's nest.

AMPH. Hold your tongue, sirrah,---
Alcmena, I would ask one question.

ALC. Ask, 115

And welcome.

AMPH. Is it phrenzy, or is't pride,
Which thus possesses you ?

ALC. My lord !---How came it
Into your thoughts to ask so strange a question ?

AMPH. You were wont hitherto to welcome me
On my return, and greet me in such terms, 120
As virtuous wives use to their husbands.---Now
I've found your practice other.

ALC. By my faith,
My lord, most certainly on yesternight
I welcom'd you as soon as you arriv'd,

V. 109. This is explained by a religious custom among the *Romans* ; when women, in honour of *bacchus*, used, at the festival appropriated for that purpose, to strike every one, that came in their way, with a *Thyrsis*, a wand so called. It is humour in *Sofia* to suppose, that *Alcmena* is a *Bacchant*, or (in other words) *frantic*.

And

And ask'd you at the same time of your health, 125
And took you by the hand, and gave a kiss.

Sos. How ! yesternight you welcom'd him ?

Alc. I did ;—

And you too, *Sofia*.

Sos. Sir ! I was in hopes,
She'd bring you forth a boy ; but now, believe me,
She is not gone with child.

AMPH. How do you mean ? 130

Sos. Far gone with madness.

Alc. No, I am not mad,
And pray to heav'n to speed me in my labour :
But if your master treat you as he ought,
You'll be rewarded for your ominous words.—
'Twill hap ill to you.

Sos. It should be to you : 135

An *apple's* proper for a pregnant woman,
That she may have something to chew upon,

V. 126.] We may hence learn the particular mode of salutation or reception practised by the ancients.

V. 130—31. *Gone with cbild—far gone with madness.*]

Non est puer gravida—insania.

This is a joke, which I have endeavoured to express in the best manner I could. But I own, I was extremely puzzled to preserve the least trace of that which follows.

V. 136. *'Twill hap ill to you.] Tu magnum Malum habebis.*

Sos. *Enim vero pregnanti oportet Malum dari.*

Malum, in the original, has the double meaning of an *Ill* and an *Apple*. The commentators who have explained this passage, have yet left us in the dark about the reason, why an apple (or any fruit) should be given to a pregnant woman. Poor as this pun seems to be, it is repeated in Act IV. Scene III. v. 16. of this play.

VOL. I.

F

If

If she begin to faint.

AMPH. You saw me here
Last night?

ALC. I did, I say :—must I repeat it
Ever so often?

AMPH. In a dream perhaps.

140

ALC. No, we were both awake.

AMPH. Alas ! alas !

SOS. What ails you, Sir ?

AMPH. My wife is gone distractèd.

SOS. She's troubled with black bile, and nothing
sooner

Works men to madness.

AMPH. (to ALC.) When did you perceive
Yourself first feiz'd ?

ALC. By heav'n there's nothing ails me.

145 AMPH. Why then d'ye say you saw me, when we
came

But last night into port ; and there I supp'd,
There rested the whole night on board the ship ;
Nor have I set my foot here in the house,

Since with the army I march'd hence against
Our foes the Teleboans, and o'ercame them.

150 ALC. With me you supp'd, with me you pass'd
the night.

AMPH. How's that ?

ALC. I speak the truth.

AMPH. No, not in this,
Howe'er in other matters.

V. 143. *Black bile.*] *Atrâ Bili percita est.* Madness by the
ancients was attributed to the Bile.

ALC.

ALC. You departed
Back to the army at the dawn of day. 155

AMPH. How could that be ?

SOS. She's very right : she's telling you
Her dream, while now 'tis fresh upon her memory.
Indeed, good dreaming Madam, when you wak'd,
You should have offer'd a salt cake of frankincense
To Jove, disposer of strange prodigies. 160

ALC. A mischief on your head !

SOS. On your's, unless
You have a care.

ALC. This fellow dares again
Speak rudely to me with impunity.

AMPH. (to Sofia.) Hold your tongue, sirrah. (to Alc.)
Tell me, did I leave you
At break of day this morning ?

ALC. Who but you 165
Recounted to me, how the battle went ?

AMPH. And know you that too ?

ALC. Surely,---since from you
I heard it ; how you took their capital city,
And slew king Pterelas yourself.

AMPH. Did I,
I tell you this ?

ALC. Yes, you ;---and Sofia here 170
Was by too.

AMPH. (to Sofia.) Did you hear me tell her this ?

SOS. Where should I hear you ?

AMPH. Ask herself.

V. 159.] A custom among the ancients.

Sos. In troth
No, never in my presence, that I know of.

Alc. Ay to be sure,---he'll contradict you doubtless!

AMPH. Come hither, sirrah :—look me in the face.

Sos. I do, Sir.

175

AMPH. I would have you speak the truth
Without or favour or affection to me.—
Say, did you hear me give her such account
As she affirms ?

Sos. Prithee art thou too mad.
To ask me such a question ?—when it is 180
The first time I have seen you here together.

AMPH. Now, Madam !—do you hear ?

Alc. I hear him utter
That which is false.

AMPH. So—then you won't believe
Or him, or me your husband ?

Alc. I believe
Myself,—and know what I have said is true. 185

AMPH. Will you affirm I came here yesterday ?

Alc. Will you deny you went from hence to-day ?

AMPH. I do ;—and do affirm, that this is now
My first arrival.

Alc. And will you deny too,
That you presented me with a gold cup, 190
You told me had been giv'n to you ?

AMPH. By heav'n
I neither gave it you, nor told you of it ;—
Though I was so dispos'd, and am so now,
That cup to give you.—But who told you of it ?

Alc.

ALC. I heard it from yourself,—from your own hands 195

Receiv'd the cup.

AMPH. Hold, hold, I do beseech you.—
Sofia, I marvel much how she should know
 I was presented with a golden cup ;—
 Unless yourself have lately been with her,
 And told her all.

SOS. Not I ;—I never told her, 200
 Nor saw her, till with you, now.

ALC. What a knave !—
 Would you that I produce the cup ?

AMPH. Produce it.

ALC. It shall be done.—Go, *Theffala*, and bring
 The cup here, which my husband this day gave me.

[*THESSALA* goes in, and *AMPHITRYON* and *SOSIA*
 walk on one side.]

AMPH. Step hither, *Sofia*.—Of all wonders I 205
 Should wonder most, if she should have the cup.

SOS. Can you suppose that possible, when here
 It's in the casket, (*shewing it*) seal'd with your own
 seal ?

AMPH. Is the seal whole ?

SOS. Look at it.

AMPH. 'Tis secure,—

V. 201. *What a knave !] Quid hoc sit hominis !* There is a dispute among the commentators about the meaning of this sentence, and by whom it should be spoken. I may perhaps be wrong in giving it to *Alcmena*; but I cannot persuade myself, that it will come with more propriety from any other person.

V. 205.] *Præter alia mira miror maxime.*

70 A M P H I T R Y O N.

Just as I seal'd it.

Sos. Should she not be treated 210
Like a mad person?

AMPH. On my troth there's need on't;
For sure she is possess'd,

[*Thessala returns with a Gold Cup.*]

ALC. Need there more words?
See, here's the cup,

AMPH. O give it to me.

ALC. There,—
Look at it well, you that deny your deeds:
But this will openly convince you.—Say, 215
Is't not the same, with which you was presented?

AMPH. O Jupiter! what do I see?—It is
The very cup.—*Sofia*, undone for ever!

Sos. Sure she's the greatest juggler that'er breath'd,
Or else the cup must be in here.

AMPH. Dispatch,— 220
Open the casket,—quick.

Sos. Why need I open it?
'Tis seal'd securely:—so far all is well.—
You have brought forth, Sir, an *Ampbitryon*; I
A *Sofia*:—If the cup bring forth a cup,
Then shall we all have doubled one another. 225

AMPH. I am resolv'd to open, and inspect,

Sos. Look if the seal be right,—that afterwards

V. 210, &c.] The Latin' words are *Cerrita*,—*Larvarum plena*.
By this is meant, “ tormented in mind by the anger of Ceres, or
the possession of Spirits,” according to *Nomius*, as translated by
Cooke.

You

A C T II. S C E N E II.

71

You may not lay the blame on me,

AMPH. Come open it

This instant; for she means to drive us mad.

ALC. Whence could I have this present but from
you?

230

AMPH. That must I find.

SOS. (*Opening the casket.*) O Jupiter! O Jupiter!

AMPH. What ails you?

SOS. There's no cup here in the casket!

AMPH. What do I hear?

SOS. The truth.

AMPH. Sad truth for you,
Unless the cup appear.

ALC. (*Shewing it.*) It doth appear.

AMPH. Who gave it to you?

ALC. He that asks the question.

235

SOS. You're on the catch, good master! --- You
have stolē

Some other way in private from the ship
Before me, took the cup out, giv'n it her,
And seal'd the casket up again.

AMPH. Ah me!

You help her frenzy too.—(*To Alc.*) You say we
came

240

Last night here?

ALC. So I say, and on your coming
Strait you saluted me, as I did you,
And met you with a kiss.

AMPH. (*aside*) I do not like
That kiss in the beginning. --- Well---go on!

ALC. You bath'd.

AMPH. What after bathing?

1

Alc.

To table.

SOS. Bravo! excellent! examine her.

AMPH. (*to Sof.*) Don't interrupt.—(*to ALC.*) Proceed you in your story.

ALC. The supper being serv'd, we supp'd together,
I sat me down—

AMPH. On the same couch?

ALC. The same.

SOS. So then!—methinks this banquet is not relish'd!

250

AMPH. (*to Sof.*) Let her go on.—(*to ALC.*) What after we had supp'd?

ALC. You said you found yourself inclin'd to sleep:
The table was remov'd: we went to bed.

AMPH. Where did you lye?

ALC. With you in the same chamber,
In the same bed.

AMPH. You've utterly destroy'd me!

255

SOS. What ails you?

AMPH. She has giv'n me my death's wound!

ALC. What have I done, I pray?

V. 249. *On the same couch?*] *In eodem lecto?* This is agreeable to the custom of the ancients, who, at their repasts were placed upon couches in a reclining posture.

V. 258. *What ails you?*] *Quid tibi est?* “*Amphitryon having a little before said—quid tibi est?*”—to *Sofia*, when he seemed astonished at opening the casket, and finding the cup gone, the poet makes *Sofia* retort the question upon his master with some humour here.” This is an observation of *Cooke*, but perhaps it may seem too refined, as this is a common expression frequently used without any particular allusion.

AMPH.

AMPH. O a lost, lost wretch !

Since foul dishonour, while I was away,
Has stain'd her chastity.

ALC. My Lord !—I pray you,
Why do I hear such language from your tongue ? 260

AMPH. Am I your Lord ?—Thou false one !—do
not call me

By that false name.

SOS. A pretty business truly,
If she has chang'd him now from Lord to Lady !

ALC. What have I done, that you should talk to
me

In terms like these ?

AMPH. When you yourself proclaim 365
What you have done, why ask of me in what
You have offended ?

ALC. Is my being with you,
Who are my husband, an offence to you ?

AMPH. With me ? was you with me ?—O impu-
dence
Unparallel'd !—If you are void of shame, 270
You might at least have borrow'd the appearance.

ALC. The crime, with which you charge me, ne'er
disgrac'd

V. 263.] If she has chang'd him now from Lord to Lady.] The
original is,

ALC. Cur istuc, mi Vir, ex te audio ?

AMPH. Vir ego tuus sum ? Ne me appella, falsa, salso nomine.

SOS. Haeret haec res, siquidem haec jam mulier facta est ex viro.

The ambiguity of *Sofia's* pun in this place depends on the dou-
ble signification of *Vir*, which means a *Man* and an *Husband*.
Poor as it is, it answers very well in the English Word *Lord*, which
I found in *Eckard's* translation,

Our

Our family ; and though you mean to fix
The imputation on me of incontinence,
You cannot trap me.

AMPH. O immortal Gods !-- 275
At least you know me, *Sofia* ?

Sos. Pretty well.

AMPH. Did I not sup last night on board our ship
In the *Eubocean* port ?

ALC. I have at hand
Witnesses likewise, ready to confirm
All that I say.

AMPH. How ! witnesses ?

ALC. Yes, witnesses. 280

AMPH. You produce witnesses ?

ALC. Yet one's sufficient :

For nobody was by besides ourselves,
But *Sofia*.

Sos. Troth I know not what to say
In this affair.--Haply there is some other
Ambitryon, who takes care, Sir, of your business, 285
And does your office here, while you're away.
'Tis very wonderful that other *Sofia*,--
But this *Ambitryon* is a greater wonder !

ALC. Now by the kingdom of the Pow'r Supreme,
By *Juno*, Matron Goddess, whom to fear. 290
And reverence is most fitting, here I swear,
That never mortal man, save you alone,

V. 293. *Mortal man.*] *Mortalis nemo.* I have hitherto had sufficient occasion to take notice of the refinements of the critics in finding out beauties never thought of by the Author. *Boxhorn*, from this common expression, meaning no man or no person in general, and often used as such by our Author and others, has discovered

Has had my love,—none wooed me to dishonour.

AMPH. Would this were true !

ALC. I speak the very truth ;
But all in vain, since you will not believe. 295

AMPH. You are a woman, and can boldly swear.

ALC. Bold may she be, who no offence has wrought,
And with a confident and haughty spirit
Plead her own cause.

AMPH. You're bold enough.

ALC. No more
Than does become a modest and a virtuous. 300

AMPH. As far as words can make you, you are
honest.

ALC. I hold not that my portion, which is call'd so,
But honour, modesty, subdued desires,
Fear of the gods, affection for my parents,
And friendship with my kindred,—that to you 305
I am obedient, bounteous to the good,
And ever ready to assist the virtuous.

SOS. Now by my soul, if what she says is true,
She is the very model of perfection. 309

AMPH. I scarce know who I am, I'm so bewilder'd.

covered a *salvo* for *Alcmena* in this declaration, with respect to her telling truth, because, says he, it was *Jupiter* (a God) whom she took for *Ampitryon*.

V. 303.] I have followed the correction made by Gruterus—*Verbis proba's*—(that is, *probæ es*—) as I think it conveys a more forcible meaning with it than the common reading, *Verbis, probas*.

V. 308.] This speech is very natural for *Alcmena*, and serves to illustrate the excellence of her character. See the following note, on v. 329.

SOS.

Sos. You are *Ampbitryon* doubtless: but beware,
You do not lose yourself: for men, you find,
Are strangely metamorphos'd since our coming.

AMPH. I am resolv'd to search into this matter.

ALC. With all my heart.

AMPH. How say you?—answer me. 315
What if I bring your kinsman *Naucrates*,
Who in the same ship bore me company:
If he deny all you assert for fact,
What treatment is your due?—Can you shew cause,
Why you should not be punish'd with divorce? 320

ALC. Prove me delinquent, then there is no cause.

AMPH. Agreed.—You, *Sofia*, lead these *captives*
in.—

I'll find out *Naucrates*, and bring him hither.

[Exit AMPHITRYON.]

Sos. (To Alc.) Now there is no one here besides
ourselves,

V. 320. *Punish'd with divorce.*] *Muldere matrimonio*, in the original, is explained by the commentators to mean, “fined or mulled in the dowry.” We learn, that among the ancients, when a wife was convicted of adultery, the husband not only put her away, but he had a power also to retain her marriage portion. This will throw an additional lustre on *Alcmena*'s speech just before, beginning v. 302, wherein she professes to prize the virtues becoming her character as her real dowry.

*Non ego illam mibi Dotem duco esse, quæ Dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam, &c.*

I hold not that my portion, which is called so,
But honour, &c.

V. 323.] *These captives.*] We have nothing in the original to direct us to the precise meaning of the relative *bos*. The commentators agree in supposing it to relate to the *captives*, which *Ampbitryon* had brought with him.

Tell

A C T II. S C E N E II.

77

Tell me in sober sadness, is there not

325

Within another *Sofia*, like to me ?

Alc. Go, fellow—a fit slave for such a master!

Sos. I will be gone for good, if you command.

[*Exit SOSIA.*]

ALCMENA alone.

'Tis wondrous strange, my husband should be pleas'd
Thus to accuse me of so foul a crime, 330
So wrongfully.—But I shall learn it soon,
Whate'er the cause be, from my kinsman *Naucrates*.

ALCMENA goes in.

V. 329. *Gone for good.*] This is a joke in the original, which I have endeavoured to preserve, in the best manner I could, in the translation. The word—*ABI*—was used at the manumission, or freeing of a slave; whence *Sofia* takes occasion to say,—*ABE,* *si jubes*,—in reply to *Alcmena's ABI.*

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

JUPITER addresses himself to the Spectators.

I 'M that *Ampbitryon*, whose slave is *Sofia* :
 The same is *Mercury*, when there's occasion :
 My dwelling's in the highest loft ; and I
 Am also *Jupiter*, whene'er I please :
 But now that I descend, I shift my garb,
 And strait I am *Ampbitryon*. For your sakes
 I now come hither, that I might not leave
 This play imperfect. I am come besides
 To bring the innocent *Alcmena* aid,

5

V. 1.] This again is another Prologue, as it were, in the character of *Jupiter*, for which indeed there appears to be no kind of necessity or reason : It contains no information to the spectators, but what had been given them before by *Mercury*, Act I. Scene II. and nearly in the same terms.

V. 3. *My dwelling's in the highest loft.*] *In superiore habite cænaculo*—is explained by all the commentators, as conveying a double sense, signifying in the first place the habitation of the heavenly *Jove*, and in the second, the humble lodging of the poor actor, who plays the character, which from his mean condition, it is taken for granted, is in the upper loft or garret. There is undoubtedly in this scene the same jumble as in the Prologue by *Mercury*, concerning the character of *Jupiter* as a deity, and as an actor in his own person. There does not, however, appear any necessity, as it seems to me, for understanding this passage in any other sense than the plain and obvious one, as meaning the celestial habitation of *Jupiter*, especially as *Ennius* uses the very same expression—*cænacula maxima cœli*—the highest lofts of heav'n.

Whose

A C T III. S C E N E II. 79

Whose husband has accus'd her of dishonour :— 10
 The crime myself contriv'd, to let it fall
 Upon her guiltless head, were baseness in me.
 Now will I feign me, as I did before,
 To be *Amphitryon*, and confound the house ;
 The mystery I'll afterwards disclose. 15
 I will afford *Alcmena* timely aid ;
 And at the self-same birth the child by me,
 And that with which she's pregnant by her husband,
 I'll cause her to bring forth without a pang.—
 I order'd *Mercury* to follow me 20
 Forthwith, if haply I should want his service.—
 But see, *Alcmena* comes—I must accost her.

JUPITER retires back.

S C E N E II.

Enter ALCMENA.

I cannot bear to stay here in the house.—
 O that my husband should accuse me thus
 Of wanton prostitution and dishonour !

Enter ALCMENA.] The reason given by *Alcmena* for coming out of the house, when her presence was absolutely necessary for carrying on of the plot, has been admired as a most ingenious contrivance in our Author. It is, indeed, at once natural and affecting. No pretext, however, was thought of for *Alcmena*'s appearance in the second scene of the second act, when she comes out without any cause assigned, or any apparent motive. It is true, that the practice of adhering strictly to the *unity of place* has produced many absurdities ; and incidents, which naturally should have happened within doors, or in a chamber, have been represented as transacted in a street. In consequence of this, the conduct of this very play before us, must appear to the moderns

Facts he avers on facts, and loudly clamours,
 Whilst to my charge he lays things never done, 5
 Never by me admitted, or allow'd.
 He thinks too I shall bear it with indifference :
 No, by the Gods, I will not : I'll not suffer
 The imputation of dishonesty
 To lay against me without cause ; for I 10
 Will either leave him, or from him receive
 Due satisfaction : further, he shall swear,

in many instances as forced and improbable. It can scarcely be believed, that any one should continue so bigoted to antiquity, as not to think the shifting of the scenes, as practised on our stage, a natural as well as a necessary improvement ; though perhaps it should be used by us with more propriety and moderation. The drama among the ancients was one continued representation : but as the modern practice has divided it into so many breaks or acts, when the spectator's attention is entirely interrupted, what reason can be given why he may not be presented with a new scene, when the drama is resumed ? Perhaps indeed it may not appear quite so natural to change the scene during the act : but even this, supposing it a defect, is surely much preferable to a defect in the conduct of the piece itself, merely to preserve the *unity of place*. Much has been said in the defence of the ancient practice in this particular : but after all, may it not be reasonably conjectured, that one principal motive was perhaps their ignorance in scenical machinery ?

Moliere, and *Dryden* after him, make *Alcmena* come out to go to the Temple, to thank the Gods for *Ampbitryon's* success ; but this is cold and uninteresting.

V. 7. *Bear it with indifference.] Sus deque habituram.* This is the construction put upon these words by *A. Gellius*.

V. 12. *He shall swear.]* It was reckoned a sufficient atonement among the ancients, if the accuser took an oath, that he had accused any person wrongfully, which wiped off the infamy. See the form of the oath, v. 66. of this scene.

That

That he repents him it had e'er been said,
What he alledg'd aganst me innocent.

JUP. I must consent to do what she requires, 15
If I would meet reception as a lover.
And since it is imputed to *Ampb:tryon*
What I have acted, and my love for her
Has wrought her trouble although innocent,
I that am innocent must feel th' effects 20
Of his reproaches and resentment t'wards her.

ALC. But lo! behold him here,---see, see the man,
That charges me, unhappy as I am,
With shamelesfs prostitution and dishonour.

JUP. (*Advancing.*) Wife, I would hold discourse
with you.---Ah why, 25.

Why do you turn away your face thus from me?

ALC. It is my nature.---I have always loath'd
To look upon my foes.

JUP. Your foes!

ALC. So is it,--

I speak the truth,---although you will pretend,
This too is false.

JUP. (*Offering to embrace her,*) Nay, now you are
too angry. 30

ALC. Keep your hands off:---for sure, if you are
wife,

Or in your senses, you would never hold
Parley with her, in earnest or in mirth,
Whom you imagine and pronounce a strumpet?

V. 28. *My foes.*] *Inimicos.* Gronovius informs us, from *Scipio Gentilis*, that *inimicus* was a term in law, by which the husband was denoted after divorce. But perhaps this construction may appear unnecessary.

No no,---unless of all the fools that are
You are the veriest dolt.

33

JUP. It does not make you
Awhit the more so, for that I have said it :---
Nor do I think you such : and therefore am I
Hither return'd, to clear myself before you.
For nothing ever did I lay to heart
So sore as the report of your displeasure.
Why did you mention it ? Yourself shall say,
I can acquit me of design.---By heav'n
I did not think that you was false : 'twas only
To try your temper, see what you would do, 45
And with what ease you would be brought to bear it.
All that I said indeed was said in mirth,
Only for sport : do but ask *Sofia* else.

40

A LC. But why not bring my kinsman *Naurates*,
To testify you was not here before ? 50

JUP. It is not fair to turn to earnest what
Was only spoke in jest.

A LC. But yet I know,
And feel, how much it pains me to the heart !

JUP. By this right hand, *Alcmena*, I intreat,
(taking her hand.)
Implore, beseech, you'd grant me this request :--- 55
Forgive me, and be angry now no longer.

A LC. I by thy virtue render your reproaches
Vain, and of no effect ; and though you now
Acquit me of dishonour, I'd avoid
The very imputation.---Fare you well; 60

V. 61. *Fare you well,*

Keep your own things, and give me mine.]

Valeas, tibi habeas res tuas, reddas meas.

This was the formulary used in divorce.

Keep your own things, and give me mine. You'll suffer
My women to attend me ?

JUP. Are you mad ?

ALC. Or if you will not, I will go without them.
Bearing my virtue with me for companion. (*going.*)

JUP. Stay :---I submit this oath to your discretion.
"I do believe my wife is truly virtuous :" 66
If I deceive in this, then, highest *Jove*,
I do beseech you, let your anger fall
With unremitting vengeance on *Amphitryon.*

ALC. Ah ! may he rather be propitious to him ! 70

JUP. Trust that he will : The oath that I have
taken,

Is a sincere and true one.---Now, I hope
You're no more angry.

ALC. I am not.

JUP. 'Tis well.

For in the life of men full many a chance

V. 62. *My women to attend me.*] It was accounted, among the ancients, indecent for any woman of rank and character to appear abroad without her female attendants. This consideration gives an additional elegance to what *Alcmena* says afterwards.

*Or, if you will not, I will go alone,
Bearing my Virtue with me for companion*

V. 66. *My wife is truly virtuous.*] Madam Dacier, in my opinion, is justly ridiculed by M. Gusseville for supposing that *Jupiter* here means to equivocate with *Alcmena*, and by a kind of mental reservation designs in the expression of— *my wife is truly virtuous*—his celestial consort *Juno*. Such a refinement appears wholly unnecessary and improbable.

If we consider the strict regard that was paid to Oaths among the ancients, we may easily conceive, that nothing could be so satisfactory to *Alcmena*, or more thoroughly produce a reconciliation, than this Oath.

Befalls them in this wise : and now they take 75
 Their fill of pleasure, then again of misery :
 Now quarrels intervene, and now again
 They're reconcil'd :---but when these kind of quarrels
 Happly arise betwixt two loving souls,
 When reconciliation's made again, 80
 Their friendship doubles that they held before.

ALC. You ought not to have said what late you did:
 But, as you clear yourself, I am content.

JUP. See that the sacred vessels be prepar'd,
 To pay the vows I promis'd to perform, 85
 If I return'd in safety.

ALC. I'll take care.

JUP. Call *Sofia* hither. He shall go to *Blepbaro*,

V. 81. This reflection is a very just one, and suitable to the circumstances of *Alcmena*'s quarrel with the supposed *Amphytrion*. The character of *Alcmena* is finely supported. She is in the utmost rage and indignation at having been suspected ; but as soon as she is satisfied that her husband is not jealous of her, her love for him makes her readily reconciled. *Moliere* and *Dryden* make *Jupiter* (the false *Amphytrion*) threaten to kill himself, which I cannot but think a poor artifice to enforce a reconciliation, and fitter for Prince *Prettyman* in the *Rebearfal*.

—If once more you can but say, I hate you,
 My sword shall do you justice.

ALC. Then—I hate you.

JUP. Then you pronounce the sentence of my death.

ALC. I hate you much ; but yet —— I love you more.

Several pretty *antitheses* of the same kind follow ; and *Alcmena* at her departure says, like a true coquet,

—Let me go,
 Where I may blush alone ; — but come not you,
 Left I should spoil you with excess of fondness,
 And let you love again.

The

The master of our vessel, and invite him
 To come and dine with us.---As for himself, (*aside*)
 He shall be fool'd so as to lose his dinner; 90
 And when unwittingly *Amphitryon* comes,
 I'll drag him by the throat from hence.

ALC. I wonder
 What he is talking to himself about !
 But the door opens---Oh, 'tis *Sofia* comes.

S C E N E III,

Enter SOSIA.

I'm here.---Command me, if you want my service ;
 I will obey your orders.

JUP. You are come
 Most opportunely.

SOS. Is it peace betwixt ye ?
 For I am glad, and 'tis a pleasure to me,
 To see ye in good humour. It becomes 5
 A trusty servant still to fashion him
 So as to be himself as is his master,
 To set his face by his face, to be grave
 If he is grave, and merry if he's merry.---
 But come now, tell me, are you reconcil'd ? 10

V. 89. *As for himself, &c.]* There does not appear to be an absolute necessity for supposing with the commentators, that this speech (which I have marked—*aside*) was addressed to the spectators ; but, as *Eckard* has very properly observed, it serves to raise their expectation, and prepare them for the incidents that are to follow.

V. 9.] This portrait of a servant suiting himself to his master's humour, may be compared with that of an obsequious parasite,

JUP. You jeer me sure,—as if you did not know,
That what I said before was but in jest.

SOS. In jest you said it? By my troth I thought
You spoke it seriously in sober sadness.

JUP. I've clear'd myself: we've made peace.

SOS. Best of all. 15

JUP. I have a solemn busines to transact:
Within, which I have vow'd.

SOS. Ay, I suppose so.

JUP. Go to the vessel, in my name invite
The master, *Blepharo*, to dine with me
After the sacrifice. 20

SOS. I shall be here,
Ere you can think me there.

JUP. Return with speed.

[Exit SOSIA.

as drawn by Terence in the character of *Gnatbo* in the *Eunuch*,
Act II. Scene 11.

Est genus hominum, qui esse primos se omnium rerum volunt;
Nec sunt. Hos consecer: hisce ego non paro me, ut rideant,
Sed bi ultrò arrideo, et eo. utm ingenia admiror simul.
Quicquid dicunt, laudo: id reusum si negant, laudo id quoque:
Negat quis? nego: Ait? aio: postremò imperavi egomet mibi,
Omnia adsentari.

There are

A kind of men, who wish to be the head
Of ev'ry thing, but are not. These I follow;
Not for their sport and laughter, but for gain,
To laugh with them, and wonder at their parts:
Whate'er they say, I praise it; if again
They contradict, I praise that too: Does any
Deny? I too deny: Affirm? I too
Affirm: and in a word I've brought myself
To say, unsay, swear, and unswear at pleasure.

COLMAN.

ALC.

A C T III. S C E N E III. 87

Alc. Would you ought else? or shall I now go in,
That what is needful be prepar'd?

Jup. Pray go,
And to your best see ev'ry thing be ready.

Alc. Come in, what time you will : I'll take due
care, 25
That nothing shall be wanting.

Jup. 'Tis well spoken :
Like an observant wife.

[ALCMENA goes in.

S C E N E IV.

JUPITER alone.

So---both of these
The servant and the mistrefs, are deceiv'd,
In thinking me *Ampbitryon* : much they err.
Now, thou immortal *Sofia*, be at hand :---
(You hear me, though not present :)---You must bar
Ampbitryon's entrance, and contrive to fool him,
While I indulge me with this borrow'd wife. 5
Look to't,---you know my pleasure,---and assist me,
While to myself I offer sacrifice.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T

A C T IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MERCURY running, at the farther End of the Stage.

S TAND by, make room, all clear the way before me,

Nor any be so bold to stop my speed.

[*To the Spectators.*]

Why may not I, who am a deity,

Have the same licence as a slave in comedies,

SCENE I.] *Echard* has very judiciously remarked, that there is “a manifest Cessation of Action upon the Stage” at the departure of *Jupiter* in the last Scene. He therefore makes this begin the Fourth Act instead of concluding the Third, as it does in all the Editions of our Author. The propriety of this alteration will appear still plainer, if it be considered, that *Mercury*, at the end of his speech in this scene, mentions the approach of *Amphytrion*, who advances forward, and a dialogue soon after ensues betwixt them. The ancient drama, being one continued representation, was not originally marked out into separate acts like the modern; but the divisions were afterwards settled by the several intervals: It is no wonder, therefore, that some mistakes may have happened. A similar change has been made in the *Captives*, in this Volume, with respect to the beginning of Act V. for an account of which, see the Note upon the passage.

This Scene is a kind of continuation of the Prologue, and *Mercury* addresses himself to the Spectators, as he has done in Act I. Scene II.

V. 4. *As a slave in comedies.*] It is remarkable, that this circumstance, which appears to be here ridiculed, is introduced in

on

With threats to bid the people clear the way ? 5
 He comes to tell th' arrival of a ship,
 Or the approach of an enrag'd old man :
 I am *Jove's messenger*, and hither now
 Have hied me at his bidding : therefore is it
 More fitting, they should clear the way for me. 10
 My father calls, I follow him, and pay
 Attention to his orders : I'm to him,
 Such as a good son shou'd be to his father.
 I second his amours, encourage him,
 Assist him, counsel him, rejoice with him : 15
 If any thing's a pleasure to my father,
 The pleasure is to me the greater far.
 He loves, and he is wise ; and he does right,
 When he perfues the bent of his desire ;
 Which all men should, in a legitimate way.--- 20
 Now would he have *Ambitryon* play'd upon :---
 I'll do it rarely,---here before your eyes,

no less than three of our Author's plays. In the *Merchant*, for example, *Acanthio* runs to his master *Charinus*, to tell him that his mistress *Paficompsa* had been sent in the ship by his father *Demipho*: In the *Stichus*, *Dinacium*, a slave, informs his mistress *Panegyris*, that her husband was put into port on his return from *Asia*; and in the *Mofstellaria*, (or the *Apparitions*). *Tranio* brings information of the unexpected coming of *Theuropides*, an old gentleman. *Terence* has censured the like practice in a play-wright of his time, in the Prologue to the *Self.Tormentor*.

*Qui nuper fecit servo currenti in viâ
Decesse populum.*

Who lately introduced a breathless slave,
Making the croud give way.

COLMAN.

V. 20. *In a legitimate way.] Dum id modo fiat bono.* This is understood by the commentators to mean; *dum ne quid fiat contra leges,—so that nothing be done contrary to law.*

E'en

E'en now---I'll place a chaplet on my head,
 And sham the drunkard, get me up above,
 And drive him hence, this husband, with a vengeance.
 As soon as he approaches, from above 26
 I'll give him such a fllicing, he shall say,
 He's sober, yet *in liquor*. *Sofia* then
 Will suffer for't accus'd of having done
 What I shall do---But what is that to me ? 30
 It is my duty to obey my father,
 And be subservient to his will and pleasure---
 But lo ! *Amphitryon* comes---Now, if you'll lend
 Attention, ye shall see him bravely fool'd---
 I'll in, and strait equip me for my part, 35
 Then to the house-top and thence drive him off.

[MERCURY goes in.]

S C E N E II.

Enter AMPHITRYON.

This *Nancrates*, whom I did wish to meet,
 Was not on board ; nor found I any one,
 At home, or in the city, that had seen him.
 I've crawl'd through ev'ry street, been at the riding-
 house

V. 23. *A chaplet.*] It was a custom among the ancients to wear a chaplet at their carousals.

V. 28. *He's sober, yet in liquor.*] *Faciam ut sit madidus sobrius.* I have endeavoured to preserve the pun of the original, poor as it is, in the best manner I could think of. *Madidus* signifies *wet*, as well as *drunk*.

V. 35. *Equip me.*] *Ornatum sumam*—the chaplet he had spoken of.

At

At the perfumers, the exchange, the market,
 The wrestling ring, the forum, at the barbers,
 Th' apothecaries shops, at all the temples.---
 I'm tir'd with searching ;---no where can I find him.--
 I'll now go home, and of my wife proceed
 To make enquiry,---who 'twas, for whose sake 10
 She gave her body up to prostitution ;
 For it were better I were dead, than leave
 This search unfinish'd.

(Going to the door, finds it shut.) They have barr'd
 the door !

'Tis very fine !---just like their other doings !---
 But I'll make bold to knock, and soundly too. (knocks)
 Open the door---Hola there ! Who's within ? 16
 Open the door, I say---Will no one open ?

V. 8. *No where can I find him.*] In this little scene there is a great deal of art of the poet, by making *Amphitryon* so particularly tell the several places he had been at, to look for *Naocrates*: for if it had been otherwise, the spectators might all have wondered, that *Sofia* did not meet him, since he was gone but a little before to the same place. *Echard.*

Demea's speech in *Terence's Brothers*, after having been put on a wrong scent by *Syrus*, is somewhat similar to this in our Author.

*Defessus sum ambulando. Ut, Syre, te cum tuā
 Monstratione magnus perdat Jnpiter !
 Perreptavi usque omne oppidum : ad portum, ad lacum ;
 Quò non ? neque illic fabrica ulla erat, neque fratrem homo
 Vidisse se aiebat quisquam.*

I'm tired

With walking.—Now great *Jove* confound you, *Syrus*,
 You and your blind directions ! I have crawl'd
 All the town over ; to the gate, the pond ;
 Where not ? No sign of any shop was there,
 Nor any person who had seen my brother.

COLMAN.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

MERCURY appears above, with a Caplet on his Head, pretending to be drunk.

MERC. Who's at the door?

AMPH. 'Tis I.

MERC. I? who is I?

AMPH. 'Tis I, I tell you.

MERC. *Jove* and all the Gods
Owe you a spite, you bang so at the door.

AMPH. How?

MERC. How?—that you may live a wretch forever.

AMPH. *Sofia*.

MERC. Ay, I am *Sofia* :—you don't think 5
That I've forgot my name?—What is't you want?

AMPH. Ask what I want, you villain?

MERC. Yes, you fool!
You've almost tore our door here off it's hinges:
Think you we're furnish'd at the public charge
With doors? You numscull! why do you stare so at me?
What would you have?—Who are you? II

AMPH. You whipt knave,
D'ye ask me who I am?—You hell of elm-rods!
I'll make you burn with smart beneath the scourge

V. 12. *Hel. of Elm-rods.*] *Ulmorum Abernus.* That is, according to *Taubman*, whose back devours as many elm-rods as *Asherion* does souls. So in the *Captives* of our Author,

Væ illis virgis miseris, quæ bodie in tergo morientur meo.

Woe to the hapless twigs
Will dye upon my back!

For

For these affronts.

MERC. Why sure you must have been
A spendthrift in your youth.

AMPH. For why?

MERC. Because 15

In your old age you beg a *choke-pear* of me,

AMPH. Slave! I will have you ~~tortur'd~~ for this
language.

MERC. I sacrifice to you.

AMPH. How?—what d'ye mean?

MERC. I offer a libation of ill luck.

(*Throwing water.*)

[What follows is supplied by another hand, the original
being lost.]

AMPH. Is this your off'ring, rascal? If the Gods 20

V. 15. *Beg a choke-pear of me.*] *Mendicus Malum.* This is the second time in this play, that our Author has pun'd upon the word *Malum*, which happens to signify an *Ill* and an *Apple*. See the Note on A& II. Scene III. v. 136. I have given it the best turn I could think of in our language.

V. 19. *Libation of ill luck.*] The Latin is, *te macto infortunio.—I sacrifice ill luck to you.* As the original is lost, it is impossible to determine, whether *Mercury* was to throw water upon *Amphytrion* at this place or not; but as I make no doubt but that he was to do it somewhere, as he said he would; I have supposed it to be at this passage.

Echard has observed with respect to the Supplement, which is very antient, “that the Plot and Incidents are as well carried on “in it as *Plautus* himself could have done; and that those persons, “who would prove it not his by the difference in stile, would be “less able to do it by the difference in spirit and genius.” It must be owned indeed, notwithstanding the affected contempt of some critics, that the imitation very nearly resembles the original.

Prseverve

Preserve me what I am, your back shall bend
 With many a leathern thong, laid heavy on it ;
 Victim of *Saturn* !—Yes—I'll sacrifice you—
 With torture on the gallows.—Come you out,
 You hang-dog.—

MERC. Apparition !—What, you think 25
 To fright me with your threats ?—But if you don't
 Take to your heels, if you dare knock, or touch
 Our door here even with your little finger,
 I'll beat about your pate so with this tile,
 You'll sputter tongue and teeth out all together. 30

AMPH. You rascal ! wo'n't you suffer me to come
 Into my own house ?—knock at my own door ?—
 I'll pluck it off the hinges. (Beating vehemently.)

MERC. You persist ?

AMPH. I do.

MERC. Take this then. (Throwing a tile.)

AMPH. Villain ! at your master ?
 If I but catch you, to such misery 35
 I will reduce you, you shall live a wretch
 For evermore.

MERC. You've play'd the *Bacchanalian*,
 Old grey-beard.

V. 23. *Victim of Saturn.*] *Saturni hostia.* Taubman remarks, that this is in allusion to those Slaves, which the *Carthaginians* used to buy, in order to sacrifice them in lieu of their own children to *Saturn*.

V. 25. *Apparition.*] *Larva umbratilis.*

V. 37. *Play'd the Bacchanalian.*] *Bacchanal exercisse* The feasts of *Bacchus* were celebrated with much riot and intemperance : whence a *Bacchanalian* and a *madman* were synonymous terms. So again, v. 64. *Mercury* tells *Amphitryon*, that he is *Bacchus* himself.

AMPH. Why ?

MERC. To think I am your slave !

AMPH. Not think it ?

MERC. Plague confound you ! for I own
No master but *Amphitryon*.

AMPH. Have I lost 40
My form ?—'Tis strange that *Sofia* should not know
me !

I'll make a farther tryal.—*Hola* ! tell me,
Whom do I seem ? is't plain I am *Amphitryon* ?

MERC. *Amphitryon* ?---Are you mad ?—I told you,
dotard,
That you had play'd the *Bacchanalian*, 45
To ask another, who you are !—But go,
Go, I advise you, and make no disturbance :
Amphitryon is return'd, and is at rest
A-bed now with his wife.

AMPH. What wife ?

MERC. *Alcmena*.

AMPH. Who is ?

MERC. How often would you have me tell you ? 50
Amphitryon my master.—Don't be troublesome.

AMPH. Who is he with ?

MERC. Beware you do not seek
Your own mischance in trifling with me thus.

AMPH. Nay prithee tell me, my good *Sofia*, do.

MERC. Now you bespeak me fairly!—with *Alcmena*.

AMPH. In the same chamber ? 56

MERC. The same chamber,—yes,
And the same bed too.

AMPH. O I am most wretched !

MERC.

MERC. (*aside.*) What he counts loss, is gain.—To
lend one's wife,
Is to let out a barren land for ploughing.

AMPH. *Sofia!*

MERC. Well—what a plague now would you have
With *Sofia*,—*Sofia*? 61

AMPH. Don't you know me, sirrah?

MERC. I know you for a wrangling saucy fellow.

AMPH. Yet once more,—tell me,—am I not *Ampbitryon*,
Your master?

MERC. You are *Bacchus*,—not *Ampbitryon*.
How often would you have me tell it you?— 65
Must I repeat it?—Our *Ampbitryon*'s here,
And hugging his sweet spouse.—If you persist,
I'll bring him hither,—to your cost I warrant you.

AMPH. I would that you would call him here.—

Pray heav'n, (*aside.*)
I may not lose thus my good services 70
My country, house, wife, family, Myself!

MERC. I'll call him!—But mean while get from
the door.—
The sacrifice is ended, I suppose,
And now to dinner.—Prithee don't disturb us,—
Or I will make a sacrifice of you. 75

[MERCURY withdraws.]

V. 64. *You are Bacchus, not Amphitryon.*] *Bacchus es, bau'd*
Amphitryo. The meaning is, that you are not only frantic like
a *Bacchanalian*, but to the highest degree, even to resemble *Bacchus* himself.

See the Note on v. 37. of this Scene.

AMPH.

AMPH. Ye Gods ! what madness has possess'd our house !

75

What wonders have I seen since my arrival !---
Now do I hold those fabulous tales for true,
Which I have heard of old, that *Attic* men
Were in *Arcadia* turn'd to savage beasts,
So that their friends could never know them after. 80

S C E N E IV.

Enter BLEPHARO and SOSIA at a Distance.

BLEPH. How, *Sofia* !---'Tis most strange what you relate.

You found at home another *Sofia*, say you,
Resembling you ?

V. 79. *Turn'd to savage beasts.*] The commentators explain this as alluding to certain people in *Arcadia*, whom the fables of antiquity called *Lycantropi*, that is, *Wolf-Men*, who, it was pretended, quitted their human shapes, and assumed that of wolves for a certain time. There is a pleasant passage to this purpose in *Pliny's Natural History*, book viii. chapter 22: " *Euanthes*, says he, a writer of no small credit among the Greeks, relates, that the people of *Arcadia* have written, that a man of the race of one *Anteus*, being brought to a pond in the country, after having hung his cloaths upon an oak, and swam across the pond, retired into the desarts, was changed into a wolf, and herded with the animals of that species for nine years, during which time he never did any mischief to man. After this he repassed the same pond, and resumed his former shape, being restored to the same condition he was in before, except that he was nine years older." — What a pity it is, that the good *Euanthes* has not informed us, whether that *Wolf-Man* found his cloaths still hanging upon the oak, and in good condition, except that they were nine years older !

Sos. I did, I say.—But hearkye,
Since I myself have spawn'd another *Sofia*,
Amphitryon an Amphitryon, how d'ye know,
But you too peradventure may engender
Another *Bleptaro*? Would to heav'n, that you
Were thump'd and bruis'd, your teeth knock'd out,
and kept

Without a dinner; then you might believe me:
For I, that other *Sofia*, who am yonder,
Maul'd me most grievously.

BLEPH. 'Tis wondrous strange!
But we must mend our pace? for, as I fee,
Amphitryon's waiting, and my empty guts
Begin to grumble.

AMPH. (*To himself.*) Wherefore should I talk
Of foreign legends, when they tales recount
More wondrous of the Founder of our *Thebes*?
This mighty searchier of *Europa* lost,
Having subdued the Mars-engender'd beast,
Rais'd on the spot a troop of armed men

V. 16. *Founder of our Thebes.*] This whole passage relates to the story of Cadmus, who was said to have built the city of Thebes in *Burk*.

V. 17. *Searcher of Europa lost.*] Cadmus, as the story goes, was sent by his father Agenor out of *Hisia* into *Greece* in search of his sister *Europa*, whom Jupiter had carried off in the shape of a Bull. Those, who endeavour to investigate Truth in the dark disguise of Fable, have ingeniously enough imagined, that the *Ship*, in which Jupiter conveyed *Europa* to the island of *Crete*, was probably called the *Bull*.

V. 18. *Mars-engender'd stuff.*] *Morniglowe bullion.* The serpent which we are told Cleopatra slew, and was supposed to have been sent by *Mars*.

By

A C T I V . S C E N E IV . 99

By sowing of the serpent's teeth :---these parted,
And 'twixt the two bands a dread fight ensued? 20
With spear and helmet brother press'd on brother.
Nor is this all. *Epirus* has beheld
The author of our race, together with
His spouse *Hermione*, fair *Venus'* daughter, 25
Creep in the form of serpents. *Fate* supreme
Did thus ordain from high, thus will'd the Fates.
All, all the noblest chieftains of our house
Have for their bright achievements been pursued
With dire afflictions? and the same sad fate 30
Now presses me :---yet could I stand it's force,
And suffer miseries scarce to be endur'd,
Were but *Alcmena* honest.

Sos. *Blepbara!*

BLEPH. What?

V. 26. *Creep in the form of serpents.*] It is related that *Cadmus* and his wife were both turned into serpents.

V. 33. *Were but Alcmena honest.*] *De L'Oeuvre* (the *Delphin* Editor of our Author under the Latinized name of *Operarius*) supposes this sentiment understood, though it is not directly expressed in the context. He therefore adds in his *Latin Interpretation*, —*Si pudor conjugis affect satanas.* I have followed him, as it seems a very forcible and affecting conclusion.

The critics have cavilled at the beginning of this speech in asking, what has the sowing of the serpent's teeth to do with the situation of *Ambitryon*? He is reflecting on the distresses in which his progenitors had been involved, and very naturally begins with the author of his race.

Though it may seem a foreign quotation, I am tempted to transcribe part of *Othello's* speech, when worked up to jealousy, as an admirable comment on this reflection of *Ambitryon*.

Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had it rain'd

Sos. I fear there's some mischance or other.

BLEPH. Why ?

Sos. Look you.—our door is shut, and there's my master

35

Sauntering before it, like an humble courtier

Waiting to bid good-morrow,

BLEPH. Poh ! that's nothing :—

He's walking only for an appetite.

Sos. A curious thought indeed !—to shut the door,
Lest it should come too early.

BLEPH. Cease your yelping, 40

You puppy you.

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes ;

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience. But alas ! to make me

A fixed figure for the hand of Scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at —

Yet I could bear that too, well, very well :

*But there, where I have garner'd up my heart, &c.

Eckard remarks upon this soliloquy of *Amphitryon*, that it is of a right tragic strain ; the passion truly just and natural ; and the thought as ingenious and moral. It seems (he says) to be writ exactly with the same spirit as *Alcmena's* speech in the beginning of Scene II. Act II.

V. 36. — — — Like an humble courtier,

Waiting to bid good morrow.] This is comprised in the original in one word, *Salutator*, which cannot so readily be expressed in our language. It was the custom among the ancients for the friends and dependants of great people to attend them in the morning to pay their respects to them, as soon as they were risen. Hence the modern phrase *Levée*, which is borrowed from the French, and signifies *risen*, or *got up*.

Sos.

Sos. I neither yelp nor bark.
 If you'll be rul'd by me, pray let's obïerve him :
 Something he's musing on, I know not what :
 He's reckoning some account methinks : I here
 Can ever-hear him.--Don't be in an hurry. 45

AMPH. O how I fear me, lest the Gods should raze
 The glory I have gain'd in vanquishing
 Our foes the *Teleboans* ! All our family
 I find in strange confusion and disorder :
 My wife too !---O she kills me, she's so full 50
 Of stain, of prostitution, and dishonour.--
 But I do marvel much about the cup ?
 For yet the seal was whole.--What shall I say ?
 She told me the particulars of the fight,
 And how king *Pterelas* I bravely slew 55
 With my own hand.--Oh, now I know the trick !
 'Tis *Sofia*'s doing, who has had the impudence
 To get before me here.

Sos. He talks of me,
 And little to my liking.--I beseech you,
 Don't let us face him, till he has discover'd 60
 What 'tis broils in his stomach.

BLEPH. As you will.

AMPH. If I But lay hold on him,---a whipt slave !
 I'll teach him what it is with tricks and threats.

V. 41. *I neither yelp nor bark.*] *Nec gannio, nec latro.* *Gannio*, signifies properly to cry like a fox.

V. 44. *Reckoning some account.*] *Rationes colligit.* This is an expression often used by our author, denoting any person to be wrapt in profound thought. See the Note on the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. in this Volume,

V. 61. *Broils in his stomach.*] *Donec stomachum detexerit.*

To put upon a master.

Sos. Do you hear him?

BLEPH. Yes, very plain.

Sos. The burthen an't will light 65
Upon my shoulders.—Prithee let's accost him.—
Do you not know the saying?—

BLEPH. Troth I know not
What you'll be saying, but I shrewdly guess
What you'll be suffering.—

Sos. An old proverb—“ Hunger
“ And a slack guest breeds anger.”

BLEPH. By my faith 70
A true one. Let's accost him then directly.—
Ampbitryon!

AMPH. Sure 'tis *Blephero*'s voice I hear.
I wonder wherefore he should come to me!
He comes though opportunely to assist
In proving my wife's baseness.—*Blephero!* 75
What brings you hither?

BLEPH. How! have you forgot
So soon your sending *Sofia* to the ship
This morning, to invite me here to dianer?

AMPH. I never did. But where's the villain?

BLEPH. Who?

AMPH. *Sofia*.

BLEPH. Behold him.

AMPH. Where?

BLEPH. Before your eyes. 80
These—don't you see?

V. 69. Hunger—And a slack guest breeds anger.] *Fames et mora
bilm in nosum concidunt,*

AMPH.

AMPH. I can scarce see for anger.
The rascal has distracted me.—(to Sosia.) Don't think
Thou shalt escape—I'll sacrifice thee,—villain !

(Offering to strike Sosia, BLEPHARO holds him.)
Suffer me, Blepharo.

BLEPH. Hear me, I beseech you.

AMPH. What is it ? Speak, I hear you.—There—
take that: (to Sosia, striking him.) 85
Sos. And wherefore do you strike me ? Am I not
Come time enough ? I could not have gone quicker,
If I had borne me on the wings of *Dædalus*.

(AMPHITRYON offers to strike SOSIA again.)

BLEPH. Hold, I beseech you. 'Twas not in our
power
To come a quicker pace, believe me.

AMPH. Whether 90
He strode on stilts, or crept with tortoise speed,
I am resolv'd to be his death,—a villain !

(Striking him at every sentence.)
This for the tiles !—this for the house-top !—this
For barring of the door !—this for your making
Sport of your master !—this for your foul language !

BLEPH. What harm pray has he done you ? 96

AMPH. Done, d'ye ask ?
He shut the door against me, from the house-top

V. 88. *Wings of Dædalus.*] The original is, *Dædaleis remigii*.
The story of *Dædalus* making wings for himself and his son
Icarus is well known. *Virgil* has the same expression—*Remigii
alarum*.

V. 91. *Strode on stilts, or crept with tortoise speed.*] *Sive gral'a-*
statius, sive testudineus fuerit gradus. *Grat'a* signifies a Stilt.

Pelted

Pelted and drove me off with tiles.

Sos. What, I?

AMPH. What did you threaten you would do, if I
But touch'd the door?—Can you deny it, villain? 100

Sos. Why not? Here's ample witness, he I'm come,
with,

Whom I was sent with speed t' invite to dinner.

AMPH. Who sent you, rascal?

Sos. He that asks the question,

AMPH. Ha! when?

Sos. Just now,—lately,—a moment since,—
When you was reconcil'd here with your lady. 105

AMPH. *Bacchus* has turn'd your head.

Sos. May I not see
Bacchus to-day, nor *Ceres*?—You gave orders
The vessels should be clean'd, that you might make
A sacrifice, and sent me to invite
Him here to dinner.

AMPH. *Blepharo*, let me dye, 110
If I have been within yet, or e'er sent him.—
Where did you leave me? Speak.

Sos. At your own house,

V. 106. *Bacchus* has turn'd your head.

Sos. May I not see
Bacchus to-day, nor *Ceres*!]

Bacchus te irritaffit.

Sos. *Nec Bacchum salutem hodie, nec Cererem.*

I have already taken notice, that it was usually said of frantic persons, that they were *Bacchanalians*, or that *Bacchus* had possessed them. *Sofia* wishes to see neither *Bacchus* nor *Ceres*, because it was the ancient opinion, that whoever saw either of those deities ran a risk of being mad.

And

And with my lady,--when I parted from you,
 Flew to the port, and in your name invited
Blepharo here to dinner.—We are come,--- 115
 I never saw you after till this instant.

AMPH. How ! villain, with my wife ?—You shall
 not hence

Without a drubbing. (Strikes him.)

Sos. *Blepharo* !

BLEPH. (interfering) Good *Ampbitryon*,
 Let him alone now for my sake, and hear me,

AMPH. Well---speak your pleasure.

BLEPH. He has lately told me 120
 Of things most strange.—Some juggler peradventure
 Or sorcerer has enchanted all your family.
 Enquire into it, see what it can be,
 And do not torture this poor wretch, until
 You've learn'd the truth.

AMPH. You counsel me aright : 125
 Let's in : I'd have you for an advocate
 Against my wife. [They move towards the door.

S C E N E V.

Enter J U P I T E R.

JUP. Who is it with such vast
 And vehement bangs hath almost shook our door
 From off its hinges ? Who is it hath rais'd

V. 126.] *An advocate.*] *Advocatus.* It is proper to observe, that this general term does not imply a pleader merely, but any friend or person, who supported by his presence, or assisted with his advice, or was a witness, or any other way interested for another in a cause.

Such

Such foul disturbance for so long a time
 Before the house ? Whom if I once can find, 5
 By Jove I'll sacrifice him to the souls
 Of slaughter'd *Tebans*.—Nothing now
 Speeds, as they say, right with me. I left *Blepharo*
 And *Sofia* to go seek my kinsman *Naurates* :
 Them I have lost, and him I have not found. 10

Sos. *Blepharo* ! That's my master just come out ;
 But This here is the sorcerer,

BLEPH. O Jupiter !

What do I see ? This is not, but That is
Ambitryon ; or if This be he, That cannot ;
 Except indeed he's double.

JUP. See---here's *Sofia* 15
 And *Blepharo* with him : I'll accost them first.
 So, are you come at last ?—I dye with hunger.

Sos. Did not I say, this other was the sorcerer ?

(Pointing to AMPHITRYON.)

AMPH. That is the sorcerer, my fellow *Tebans*,
 Who has seduc'd my wife, and stor'd my house 20
 With shame and prostitution.

V. 7—10.] Many have mistaken the design of this place, and have thought it was spoken by *Ambitryon*, or that something had been left out ; whereas *Jupiter* speaks this only to puzzle and confound *Ambitryon*, *Blepharo*, and *Sofia*, and so carry on his design the better.

ECHARP.

There follows a verse in the original, which Madam *Dacier* has omitted in her translation, and I have copied her example, as it is palpably wrong placed where it stands, and foretells what *Jupiter* says afterwards with propriety.

V. 40. *Stor'd my house.*] *Per quæ sene thesaurum stupri.* The ancients used the word *thesauri*, or *treasure*, to signify a quantity or abundance of any thing.

I

Sos.

Sos. (To Jup.) My good master,
You may be hungry, for my part I've had
My belly-full of cuffs.

AMPH. Still prating, rascal?

Sos. Hie thee to *Acheron*, thou damned sorcerer!

AMPH. Ha!—dost thou call me sorcerer?—Then
have at thee. (Strikes him.) 25

JUP. Stranger! what wild distemperature is this,
That you should strike my servant?

AMPH. Thine?

JUP. Yes, mine.

AMPH. Thou liest.

JUP. *Sofia*, go in, and see the dinner
Got ready, whilst I sacrifice this fellow.

Sos. I'll go.—*Amphitryon* will, as I suppose, 30
Receive *Amphitryon* with like courtesy
As I, the other *Sofia*, did receive
Me *Sofia*.—In the mean time, while they're squab-
bling,
I'll to the kitchen, there lick all the platters,
And empty all the cups.

[Exit SOSIA.

S C E N E VI.

Remain JUPITER, AMPHITRYON,
and BLEPHARO.

JUP. Say'st thou, I lie?

AMPH. Thou liest, I say,—corrupter of my family!

N. B. [Kitchen.] The Latin word is *pocula*, which commonly
signifies a public-house; but as *Sofia* goes in, *kitchen* seems to be
the more proper term.

JUP.

JUP. Now for these scurvy terms I'll throttle thee.

(Takes him by the collar.)

AMPH. Oh, Oh !

JUP. You should have look'd to this before.

AMPH. Help, Blepharo !

BLEPH. They are both so like each other, 5
I know not which to side with ; but I'll try
To finish their contention, if I can.

Amphitryon, do not kill *Amphitryon* : pray
Let go his collar.

JUP. Call'st thou him *Amphitryon* ?

BLEPH. Why not ? He was but one, but now he's
double. 10

What though you say you are, the other too
Is still *Amphitryon* in his form. Then pray
Let go his collar.

JUP. Well ;—but tell me truly,
Does he appear to you to be *Amphitryon* ?

BLEPH. Both verily.

AMPH. O highest *Jupiter* ! 15

V. 3. *I'll throttle thee.*] Echard takes notice, that it may seem very indecent for Jupiter and Amphitryon to scuffle at this rate, and not rather to have drawn their swords. The plea he makes for it is, " that it agrees exactly with that character which Mercury in the Prologue gives of this play, when he calls it *Tragi-Comedy*. " Besides, (he very gravely adds,) drawing of swords might have proved too *tragedy*." His first reason appears to me to be no reason at all, and his last is too ridiculous to be treated seriously. The antient manners are not to be measured by the practice of modern ones ; and though *Moliere* and *Dryden* may perhaps think it necessary to make *Amphitryon* draw his sword like a man of honour and a gentleman, yet the times of *Plautus* might not have required such nice punctilioes. It is certain, that the modern notions of duelling were not prevalent among the antients.

When

When did you take away this form of mine?—
But I'll examine him.—Art thou *Ampbitryon*?

JUP. Dost thou deny it?

AMPH. Surely: since there is
No other of that name in *Thebes* but I:

JUP. No, none but I:—then, *Blepharo*, be thou
judge 20

Betwixt us.

BLEPH. I will make this matter clear
By tokens, if I can. (*To Amph.*) You answer first.

AMPH. Most willingly.

BLEPH. What orders did you give me,
Ere you began the battle with the *Taphians*?

AMPH. To hold the ship in readiness, and stick 25
Close to the rudder.

JUP. That in case our troops
Were routed, I might find a safe retreat.

AMPH. And for another reason:—to secure
The bag, well loaded with a store of treasure.

JUP. What money was there?

BLEPH. Hold, you:—'tis for me 30
To put the question. (*To Jupiter*) Do you know
the sum?

V. 27. *A safe retreat.*] This circumstance is truly comic in itself, without considering it, (as Madam *Dacier* and other penetrating critics have done,) as a satire highly to be relished by a *Roman* audience in particular, who (according to this learned lady) were not used to see generals careful in providing for their own security in flight, and abandoning their soldiers. It is strange, that these Refiners could not also find out a like beauty in what *Jupiter* says afterwards, about securing the money-bag.

BLEPH.

110 A M P H I T R Y O N.

JUP. Yes, fifty *Attic talents*.

BLEPH. To a jot.

And you—(*to Ampb.*) how many *Pbilippeans* were there?

AMPH. Two thousand.—

JUP. And of *Oboli* twice as many.

BLEPH. Both hit the mark so truly, one of them 35
Must needs have hid him in the bag.

JUP. Attend.

With this right arm, (as you are not to learn,)
I slew king *Pterelas*; seized on the spoils,
And in a casket brought the golden cup,
Which he was wont to drink from: This I gave 40
A present to my wife, with whom to-day
I bath'd, I sacrific'd, I lay.

AMPH. Ah me!

What do I hear?—I scarcely am myself!
Awake I sleep; awake I dream; alive,

V. 32-34. *Attic talents—Pbilippeans—Oboli.*] For the value of these coins, see Cooke's table, prefixed to this Volume.

An *Anachronism* in this place has been pointed out by the commentators in the mentioning of *Pbilippeans*, which were coined by *Philip* king of *Macedon*, the father of *Alexander the Great*, long after the time in which the incidents in this play were supposed to have happened. But I hardly can imagine, that these kind of *anachronisms* have arisen either from the ignorance or inattention of our author. They were rather considered, I suppose, of so very little consequence, that it is scarce worth while to put in a plea of privilege from poetical licence in their defence: However, as I profess merely a translation of my author, I have not thought it proper to modernize even the appellations of the coins; though *Echard* and *Dryden* talk without scruple of *Attic*, *Talents*, *Half-pence*, and *Farthings*, in the same breath.

In

A C T I V . S C E N E IV.

111

In health, and in my perfect mind, I perish. 45
 I am *Ampbitryon*, nephew of *Gorgophone*,
 Commander of the *Thebans*, favourite
 Of *Creon*, conqueror of the *Teleboans*,
 Who vanquish'd with his might the *Acarnanians*,
 And *Taphians*, by his warlike prowess slew 50
 Their monarch, and appointed *Cephalus*
 Their governor, son of *Dëioneus*.

JUP. I by my bravery in the battle crush'd
 Those hostile ravagers, that had destroy'd
Electryon, and the brothers of our wife. 55
 These wand'ring through th' *Ionian*, the *Aegean*,
 And *Cretan* seas, with pow'r piratical
 Laid waste *Achaia*, *Pbocis*, and *Aetolia*.

AMPH. O ye immortal Gods ! I scarce can have
 Faith in myself, so just is his relation.— 60
 What say you, *Blepharo* ?

BLEPH. One thing yet remains :
 If that appear, be double,—both *Ampbitryons*.

JUP. I know what you would say ; that scar you
 mean

Upon my right arm from the wound by *Pterelas*

V. 47. *Favourite.*] The Latin word is *Uetus*, which is often used by *Plautus* to signify *Friend* or *Darling*.

V. 54.] *Ravagers.*) *Latrones.* The ancients, we are told, used to call foreign soldiers by this name.

V. 70. *A scar.*] This artful circumstance, which is in particular well calculated for representation, is omitted by *Moliere*, as indeed is the whole examination of the two *Ampbitryons*. It is impossible to guess at the reason, which induced this excellent judge of humour to pass it over, as it is certainly natural as well as highly comic. He indeed introduces *Jupiter* and *Ampbitryon* both together in the presence of two *Thebans*, and after some unintertaking

112 A M P H I T R Y O N.

Deeply intrench'd.

BLEPH. The same..

AMPH. Well thought on.

JUP. See you ? 65

Lo ! look !

BLEPH. Uncover, and I'll look.

JUP. We have

Uncover'd : look !

BLEPH. O Jupiter supreme !

(They both shew their arms.)

What do I see ?—On both of you most plainly,

Upon the right arm, in the self-same place,

The self-same token does appear,—a scar,

70

New closing, of a reddish, wannish hue !

All reasoning fails, and judgment is struck dumb.

I know not what to do.

[Here ends the supposititious part.]

Between yourselves

You must decide it : I must hence away ;

I've business calls me.—Never did I see

75

Such wonders !

AMPH. I beseech you, Blepharo, stay,

And be my advocate ; pray do not go.

BLEPH. Farewell.—An advocate how can I be,

Who know not which to side with ?

JUP. I'll go in :

Alcmena is in labour.

[BLEPHARO goes off, and JUPITER goes into

AMPHITRYON's house.

uninteresting debate, Jupiter gives a distant hint of his intentions to discover himself. Dryden, who in general closely follows his French original, has however introduced the circumstances of this Latin Scene into his play.

S C E N E VII

A M P H I T R Y O N *alone.*

Woe is me !

What shall I do, abandon'd by my friends,
 And now without an advocate to help me ?---
 Yet shall he ne'er abuse me unrevenge'd;
 Whoe'er he is.---I'll strait unto the king, 5
 And lay the whole before him.---I'll have vengeance
 On this damn'd sorcerer, who has strangely turn'd
 The minds of all our family.---But where is he ?---
 I doubt not, but he's gone in to my wife.---
 Lives there in *Thebes* a greater wretch than I ?--- 10
 What shall I do now, since all men deny me,
 And fool me at their pleasure ?---Tis resolv'd :
 I'll burst into the house, and whomsoe'er
 I set my eyes on, servant male or female,
 Wife or gallant, father or grandfather, 15
 I'll cut them into pieces :---Nor shall *Jove*,
 Nor all the Gods prevent it, if they would,
 But I will do what I've resolv'd.---I'll in.

[As he advances towards the door, it thunder'd,
 and he falls down.]

Thunder and Lightning.

* * * The conclusion of this act is at once grand and affecting. *Amphitryon* having been worked up to the highest pitch of rage and despair, resolves to wreak his vengeance on the whole family; and is provoked even to utter blasphemies, and set the Gods at defiance;—when in an instant he is struck down by a terrible storm of thunder and lightning ! This could not fail of having a fine effect in the representation.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

Enter BROMIA, AMPHITRYON continuing in a swoon.

BROM. I have no means of safety left ? my hopes
 Lye in my breast extinct and buried ? I
 Have lost all confidence of heart and spirit ?
 Since all things seem combin'd, sea, earth, and heav'n,
 T'oppress and to destroy me---I am wretched !---
 I know not what to do, prodigies
 Have been display'd within !---Ah, woe is me !
 I'm sick at heart now,---would I had some water,---
 I faint, my head aches.--I don't hear, nor see
 Well with my eyes---Ah me ! no woman sure
 Was e'er so wretched, an event so strange
 Has happen'd to my mistress !---When she found
 Herself in labour, she invok'd the Gods :---
 Then what a rumbling, grumbling, flashing, clashing,

Enter BROMIA.] The poet had a particular occasion for *Bromia's* appearing at this time : therefore he has found a very fair pretext for bringing her out, [as there was a necessity of preserving the *unity of place*,] to wit, the great fright she was in within doors, which reason she more particularly alledges hereafter.

Eckard.

V. 14. *Rumbling, grumbling, flashing, clashing.*] *Strepitus, crepitus, sonitus, tonitus.* As these words professedly echoe one another in their sound, I have adopted Cooke's translation of them. *Eckard* translates them in this manner.—“What voices and
 “noises,

Straitway ensued ! suddenly, how quick,
 How terribly it thunder'd ! All that stood
 Fell flat down at the noise : and then we heard
 Some one, I know not who, with mighty voice
 Cry out, “ *Alcmena*, succour is at hand :
 “ Be not dismay'd : the heav'n's high ruler comes 20
 “ To you propitious and to yours. Arise,
 “ (Says he,) ye who have fallen through the terror
 “ And dread of me.”---I rose from where I lay,
 And such a brightness stream'd through all the house,
 Methought it was in flames. Then presently 25
Alcmena call'd, and this afflicted me
 With horror ? for I fear'd much more for her
 Than for myself : I ran to her in haste,
 To know what she might want, and (blest my eyes)
 Saw she had been deliver'd of two boys 30
 Nor any of us knew, or did suspect,
 When she was thus deliver'd.---But what's this ?

“ noises, what flashes and clashes !” It has been remarked, that whenever *Jupiter* is represented as appearing like a God, he is always accompanied with thunder and lightning.

V. 30. *Two boys.*] *Filios pueros.*—The redundancy of expression in the original has misled *Cooke* into a refinement on our Author, by supposing that *pueros* means larger boys than ordinary, and accordingly he translates the passage,—I found her delivered of two sons, and jolly boys they were. It is a common case with critics, when they fancy they have made some notable discovery, to fit down contented without enquiring whether there is any foundation for it or not. *Cooke* should have considered, that at least only one of *Alcmena*'s two sons differed from common children. Besides the word *puero* is used in this very play for a child in general :—*Non est puer gravida.*—She is not gone with child. Act II. Scene III.

Who is this old man, stretch'd before our house ?

Has he been thunder-stricken ? I believe so :

For he is laid out as if dead : I'll go,

35

And learn who 'tis.—(*Advancing to Amph.*) 'Tis
certainly *Amphitryon*,

My master.—Ho, *Amphitryon* !

AMPH. I am dead.

BROM. Come, rise, Sir.

AMPH. I'm quite dead.

BROM. Give me your hand.

AMPH. (*recovering.*) Who is it holds me ?

BROM. I, your maid, Sir, *Bromia*.

AMPH. I tremble every joint, with such amaze 40

Has *Jupiter* appall'd me ! and I seem,

As though I were just risen from the dead.

But wherefore came you forth ?

BROM. The same dread fear
Fill'd us poor souls with horror. I have seen,
Ah me ! such wond'rous prodigies within, 45
I scarce am in my senses.

AMPH. Prithee tell me,
D'ye know me for your master, for *Amphitryon* ?

BROM. Yes, surely.

AMPH. Look again now.

BROM. I well know you.

AMPH. She is the only person of our family,
That is not mad.

BROM. Nay verily they all

50

V. 42. *Risen from the dead.*] The original is—*ab Acheronte
veniam. Come from Acheron, one of the rivers of the infernal
regions.*

Are in their perfect senses.

AMPH. But my wife
By her foul deeds has driv'n me to distraction.

BROM. But I shall make you change your language,
Sir,

And own your wife a chaste one ? on which point
I will convince you in few words. Know first, 55
Alcmena is deliver'd of two boys.

AMPH. How say you, two ?

BROM. Yes, two.

AMPH. The Gods preserve me !

BROM. Permit me to go on, that you may know,
How all the Gods to you are most propitious
And to your wife.

AMPH. Speak.

BROM. When your spouse began 60
To be in labour, and the wonted pangs
Of child-birth came upon her, she invok'd
Th' immortal gods to aid her, with wash'd hands,
And cover'd head ? then presently it thunder'd,
And with a crack so loud, we thought at first 65
The house itself was tumbling, and it shone
As bright throughout, as if it were of gold.

AMPH. Pritho! relieve me quickly, since you have
Perplex'd me full enough.—What follow'd after ?

BROM. Mean time, while this was done, not one
of us 70
Or heard your wife once groan, or once complain ?
She was deliver'd ev'en without a pang.

V. 63. *With wash'd hands,—And cover'd head.*] Agreeable to
the religious ceremonies of the ancients.

AMPH. That joys me, I confess, however little
She merits at my hands.

BROM. Leave that, and hear
What more I have to say. After delivery 75
She bade us wash the boys : we set about it :
But he that I wash'd, O how sturdy is he !
So strong and stout withal, not one of us
Could bind him in his swadling-cloaths.

AMPH. 'Tis wondrous
What you relate : if your account be true, 80
I doubt not but *Alcmena* has been favour'd
With large assistance and support from heaven.

BROM. You'll say what follows is more wondrous
still.

After the boy was in his cradle laid,
To monstrous serpents with high-lifted crests 85
Slid down the sky-light : in an instant both
Rear'd up their heads.

AMPH. Ah me !

BROM. Be not dismay'd.
The serpents cast their eyes around on all,
And, after they had spied the children out,
With quickest motion made towards the cradle. 95
I, fearing for the boys, and for myself,
Drew back the cradle, stir'd it to and fro,
Backwards and forwards, on one side and t'other :
The more I work'd it by so much the more
These serpents fierce pursued. That other boy, 100
Soon as he spied the monsters, in an instant
Leaps him from out the cradle, strait darts at them,
And suddenly he seizes upon both,

In each hand grasping one.

AMPH. The tale you tell
Is fraught with many wonders, and the deed 95
That you relate is all too terrible ;
For horror at your words creeps thro' my limbs.---
What happen'd next ? Proceed now in your story.

BROM. The child kill'd both the serpents. During
this

A loud voice calls upon your wife---

AMPH. Who calls ? 100

BROM. Jove, supreme sovereign of Gods and men,
He own'd that he had secretly enjoy'd
Alcmena, that the boy, who slew the serpents,
Was his, the other he declar'd was your's.

AMPH. I now repent me, an' it pleases him, 105
To share a part with Jove in any good.
Go home, and see the vessels be prepar'd
For sacrifice forthwith, that I may make
My peace with Jove, by offering many victims.

BROMIA goes in.

I'll to the soothsayer *Tiresias*, and 100

V. 94. This description of the serpents, and the manner of their being attacked and killed by the infant *Hercules*, is very excellent, as well for its exactness and perspicuity, as for the elegance and purity of the stile. The account which *Bromia* gives of her moving the cradle to and fro, is highly natural and picturesque. In short, her whole narrative is admirable, and is drawn up in the same spirit with *Sofia's* narrative of the battle in Act I. Scene I.

V. 100. *Tiresias*.] Our author has been accused of an *Anachronism*, or violation of *Chronology*, in mentioning *Tiresias*, who did not live till long after the time of this play : but others tell us, that he uses this name only to signify any Soothsayer.

Consult

Consult with him what's fitteſt to be done :
 I'll tell him what has happen'd .---But what's this ?---
 How dreadfully it thunders !---Mercy on us !

S C E N E II.

JUPITER appears above.

[Thunder and Lightning.]

Be of good cheer, Amphitryon ; I am come
 To comfort and assist you and your family.
 Nothing you have to fear ; then let alone

JUPITER appears above,] The remark is obvious, that Jupiter, appears here as a God in conformity to Horace's rule,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
 Inciderit.*

Never presume to make a God appear,
 But for a business worthy of a God. Roscommon.

His presence was absolutely necessary, for the vindication of Alcmena's honour, which naturally brings the play to a conclusion.

There is no doubt, but that this rule respected Tragedy alone, as it can hardly be conceived, that the presence of a Deity could be ever requisite for bringing on the end or catastrophe of a Comedy. I mention this in order to shew, that by the word *Tragico-Comedia*,—*Tragi-Comedy*, used by Mercury in the Prologue to this Play, our Author really meant, that it consisted of serious and tragic, as well as humourous and comic parts, in some measure agreeably to the modern acceptation of the phrase. The characters of Amphitryon and Alcmena,—*spirant tragicum satis*—and are undoubtedly of the grave and tragic kind throughout. There is frequently an elevation in the sentiments and diction in these characters, which would appear exalted enough in a professed tragedy, and I am greatly mistaken, if there is not likewise the true tragical *pathos* in them, at least with respect to the circumstances of their situation. Upon the whole, I cannot but consider this play as being of the same cast with those of our old

English

All soothsayers and diviners : I'll inform you
 Of what is past, and what is yet to come, 5
 Much better than they can, since I am *Jove*.
 Know first of all, I have enjoy'd *Alcmena*,
 Whence she was pregnant by me with a son :
 You likewise left her pregnant, when you went
 To th' army. At one birth two boys together 10
 She has brought forth : the one, sprung from my loins,
 Shall gain immortal glory by his deeds.
 Restore *Alcmena* to your ancient love :
 In nothing does she merit your reproaches :
 She was compell'd by my resistless power, 15
 To what she did.—I now return to heav'n.

JUPITER *ascends.*

S C E N E *the Last.*

A M P H I T R Y O N *alone.*

I'll do, as you command ; and I beseech you,
 That you would keep your promises.—I'll in

English Dramatic Writers, in which there is an agreeable mixture of the *serious* as well as *comic* ;—a composition, that perhaps is as easily reconcileable to nature, as the nicer productions of modern art, which has drawn a line between the two branches of dramatic writing, and would ever place them at a forced distance from each other.

V. 12.] *Suis factis se immortali afficit gloriā.* *Te* is in all the copies which I have seen ; but surely it could never come from *Plautus*. How could the actions of *Hercules* bring immortal glory on *Amphitryon*? *Jupiter* is foretelling the greatness of *Hercules* himself : *se* therefore must be the word. *Cooke*.

The passage may be understood as meaning, that the actions of *Hercules* will reflect glory on *Amphitryon's* house : but I think *Cooke's* emendation preferable.

Unto

Unto my wife, and think no more of old
Tiresias.—Now, Spectators, for the sake
 Of highest Jove give us your loud applause.

5

V. 4. *For the sake—Of highest Jove.*] The Romans believed, that this play made much for the honour of Jupiter; therefore, afterwards, it was commonly acted in times of public troubles and calamities, to appease his anger. *Eckard from Dacier.*

There is no doubt, but that this play ends happily and seriously in our Author, with the vindication of Alcmena's honour entirely to the satisfaction of *Amphitryon*. *Moliere*, to accommodate his piece more to the modern taste, humorously enough makes *Sofia* conclude it with saying, (when the company present were for congratulating *Amphitryon* upon the honour done him by Jupiter.)

*Sur telles affaires toujours
 Le meilleur est de ne rien dire.*

Dryden copies him exactly in this speech; but he gives it, (though not nearly so much in character,) to *Mercury*, who had already declared his Godship.

" ALL. We all congratulate *Amphitryon*.

" MERC. Keep your congratulations to yourselves, Gentlemen. 'Tis a nice point, let me tell you that; and the less " that is said of it the better."

After this, the *Sofia* of our English Author, instead of concluding with a distant hint, as in the decent *Frenchman*, ends the play in a manner which the libertine taste of his age must, I make no doubt, have highly applauded.

Having had occasion to point out the deficiencies, (when compared with our Author,) in both *Moliere* and *Dryden*, it is a justice required of me to acknowledge, that there are many excellent additions in both his imitators, which were absolutely necessary for the modern taste. *Moliere's Amphitryon* deserves ever to be admired on the French Stage; and *Dryden's*, since it has been purged of its licentiousness by Dr. Hawkesworth, can never fail of meeting with approbation from an English audience,

The End of AMPHITRYON.

THE
BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

THE

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

PYRGOPOLINICES, *the Braggard Captain.*
ARTOTROGUS, *a Parasite.*
PERIPECTOMINES, *an old Gentleman.*
PLEUSIDES, *a young Athenian.*
PALÆSTRIO, *formerly Servant to Pleusides,
but now to the Braggard Captain.*
SCELEDRUS, *Servant to the Braggard Captain.*
LUCRIO, *a Lad, the same.*
CARIO, *Cook to Peripectomines.*
A LAD, *belonging to the same.*

PHILOCOMASIUM, *Mistress of the Braggard
Captain, beloved by Pleusides.*
ACROTELEUTIUM, *a Courtesan.*
MILPHIDIPPA, *her Maid.*

S C E N E, E P H E S U S,

*Before the Houses of Peripectomines and the
Braggard Captain.*

THE
BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

*Enter PYRGOPOLINICES, ARTOTROGUS,
and Soldiers.*

P Y R G O P O L I N I C E S .

SE E that the splendour of my shield outshine
The sun's bright radiance, when the heav'ns are
fair :
That, when we join in battle, it may dazzle

The BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.] It is remarkable, that the Prologue to this play is at the opening of the Second Act ; and indeed the whole First Act is merely *episodical*, and might have been spared, as it is void of all incident, has nothing at all to do with the main plot, and only serves to acquaint us with the character of the *Braggard Captain* ; for which purpose only the character of a *Parasite* is introduced; who appears no more than in this First Scene. No comparison can therefore properly be drawn between the *Parasite* of our Author and the *Gnatho* of Terence, in his play of the *Eunuch*, that character being intended (as Mr. Colman has judiciously remarked) "as a new sort of *Parasite*,
" never

126 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

The enemies eyes throughout their thickest ranks.
Fain would I comfort this good sword of mine, 5
Lest he despont in spirit, or lament,

" never seen on the stage before ; the master of a more delicate manner of adulation than ordinary flatterers." Neither indeed will the character of our Author's *Braggard Captain*, and that of *Tbraso* in the *Eunuch*, bear any just degree of comparison with each other. *Tbraso* sets himself up for a wit, and prides himself in saying what he imagines good things ; whereas the *Braggard* of our Author is vain-glorious only of his valour and person. It must be confessed, that this character in the first particular is drawn beyond all degrees of probability, and is most extravagantly farcical ; but this is in a great measure dropt in the progress of the play, and his vanity on account of his self-opinion of the beauty of his person is made productive of very natural comic incidents.

The *Braggards* of our modern writers have been constantly represented as rank Cowards ; such as the *Parolles* of *Shakespeare*, the *Beffus* of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, and the *Babadil* of *Johnson*. In this indeed they differ, (or at least it is not so particularly pointed out,) from those of our Author and of *Terence*. Cowardice, though by induction it may fairly be supposed an ingredient in their composition, is not however made a principal object of ridicule, as with the moderns. There is indeed one stroke of this kind, which is truly comic, in the *Tbraso* of *Terence*, who, after marshalling his ragamuffins in order to make an attempt upon *Thais*'s house, says,

Ergo ero post principia.—I'll bring up the rear. Upon which *Gnaeus* makes the archly remarks,

Illuc est sapere !—ut hōscē instruoxit, ipsius sibi caruit loco.

What wisdom is !

Now he has drawn up these in rank and file,

His post behind secures him a retreat. CECILIAN.

V. 4. *The enemies eyes.] Oculorum praefingat, aciem in acie.* This is a jingle in the original, of which I could not preserve the least similitude in the translation ; nor indeed does it seem to deserve any attention to it.

For that I wear him unemploy'd, who longs
To make a carbonado of the foes.
But where is *Artotrogus*?

ART. He is here,
Close by an hero brave and fortunate,
And of a princely form,—a warrior! such
As Mars himself would not have dar'd to bring
His prowess in compare with your's.

PYRG. Who was it
In the *Gurgufidonian* plains I spar'd,
Where *Bombomachides Cluninſtaridyſarcbides*
Great *Neptune*'s grandson, bore the chief command?

ART. Oh, I remember---doubtless it is he
You mean to speak of, with the golden armour;---
Whose legions with your breath you puff'd away
Like the light leaves, or chaff before the wind.

PYRG. O! that indeed! that on my troth was
nothing.

ART. Nothing, 'tis true, compar'd with other feats,

V. 14. *Gurgufidonian*,—*Bombomachides*, &c.] These are words coined by our author in the stile and taste of our modern *Cbronobatontbulagos*. [However farcical and ridiculous this kind of humour may appear to be, it is certainly unnatural and improper, wherever probability is required. The same humour is indulged, with respect to the invention of a ridiculous name, in a grave scene of the *Capitius* in this Volume, A& II. Scene II. v. 52. on which see the Note. I hardly think it worth while to explain the constituent parts of these fanciful appellations.

V.-5. *Chaff.*] The original is, *peniculum tectorium*, or (according to others) *paniculam tectorium*. By either of these expressions is meant something light; and therefore I have substituted the word *chaff*.

That

That I could mention, (*aside*) which you ne'er perform'd.—

Shew me whoever can a greater lyar,
One fuller of vain boasting than this fellow 25
And he shall have me, I'll resign me up
To be his slave, though, when I'm mad with hunger,
He should allow me nothing else to eat
But whey and butter-milk.

PYRG. Where art thou?

ART. Here.—

How, in the name of wonder, was't you broke 30
In India with your fist an elephant's arm?

PYRG. How! arm?

ART. His thigh, I meant.

PYRG. I was but playing.

ART. Had you put forth your strength, you would
have driv'n

Your arm quite through his hide, bones, guts, and all.

PYRG. I would not talk of these things now.

ART. Indeed 35

You would but spend your breath in vain to tell
Your valorous feats to me, who know your prowes.

(*Aside*) My appetite creates me all this plague ;
My ears must hear him, or my teeth want work ;
And I must swear to every lie he utters. 40

PYRG. Hold,—what was I about to say?

ART. I know

V. 39. *Teeth want work.*] *Dentes dentiant*; this is explained to mean the shooting of the tooth at the time of infants cutting them. The *Parasite* would therefore imply by this expression, that his teeth would grow for want of grinding down by exercise.

What

What you design'd to say?---a gallant action!---
I well remember---

PYRG. What?

ART. Whate'er it be.

PYRG. Hast thou got tablets?

ART. Yes, I have---d'ye want them?---

A pencil too.

PYRG. How rarely thou dost suit

45

Thy mind to mine!

ART. 'Tis fit that I should study
Your inclinations, and my care should be
Ev'n to forerun your wishes.

PYRG. What remember'st?

ART. I do remember---let me see---an hundred
Sycophantidans---and thirty *Sardians*.
And threescore *Macedonians*,---that's the number
Of persons, whom you slaughter'd in one day.

50

PYRG. What's the sum total of these men?

ART. Sev'n thousand.

V. 54. *Seven thousand.*] This is so far removed from the appearance of any thing like delicate flattery, that nothing can be more gross and inartificial. It is not to be conceived, that any one could swallow such palpable impossibilities by way of praise, as that he should take to himself the glory of having broke the thigh of an elephant with his single fist,—of having slaughtered seven thousand men in one day,—and (still more) his having been able to have cut off five hundred men at one stroke, the remains of a routed army, if his sword had not been blunt. These are extravagances to be conceived only of a *Garagautua*, as drawn by *Rabelais*, and are stretched far beyond the bounds of probability, which are requisite in legitimate comedy. What follows, respecting our *Braggard's* vain conceit of his person, is truly humourous and natural.

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PYRG. So much it should be---thou'rt a right
accompanist. 55

ART. I have it not in writing, but remember.

PYRG. Thou hast an admirable memory.

ART. 'Tis sharpen'd by my stomach.

PYRG. Bear thyself
As thou hast hitherto, and thou shalt eat
Eternally,---for ever shalt thou be 60
Partaker of my table.

ART. Then again
What feats did you perform in *Cappadocia* !
Where at one single stroke you had cut off
Five hundred men together, if your sword
Had not been blunt, and these but the remains 65
Of th' infantry, which you before had routed,---
(*Afide*) If ever there were any such in being.
Why should I tell you, what all mortals know ?
That *Pyrgopolinices* stands alone,
The only one on earth fam'd above men 70
For beauty, valour, and renown'd exploits.
The ladies are enamour'd of you all,
Nor without reason,---since you are so handsome ;
Witness the gay young damsels yesterday,
That pluck'd me by the cloak.---

PYRG. (*Smiling*) What said they to you ? 75

ART. They question'd me about you.---Is not that,
Says one of them, *Achilles* ?---Troth, said I,
It is his brother.---Why indeed forsooth
He's wondrous handsome, quoth another :---how
His hair becomes him !---O what happiness 80
Those ladies do enjoy, who share his favours !

PYRG.

PYRG. Did she indeed say so ?

ART. Two in particular
Beg'd of me I would bring you by their way,
That they might see you march.

PYRG. What plague it is
To be too handsome !

ART. They are so importunate, 85
They're ever begging for a sight of you ?
They send for me so often to come to them,
I scarce have leisure to attend your business.

PYRG. 'Tis time methinks to go unto the *Forum*,
And pay those soldiers I enlisted yesterday : 90
For king *Selucus* pray'd me with much suit
To raise him some recruits.—I have resolv'd
To dedicate this day unto his service.

ART. Come, let's be going then.

PYRG. Guards, follow me. [*Exeunt.*

V. 84. *That they might see you march.] Quasi ad pompam.*

V. 90, *Soldiers*] *Latrones*. See the note to *Amphytrion*, Act IV.
Scene VI. v. 54. The etymology of this word, as given us by
Varro in his Sixth Book on the *Latin Tongue*, is so very curious,
that I am tempted to transcribe it. “ *Latrones dicti ab latere,*
“ *quia circum latera erant regi, ATQUE AD LATERA HABEBANT*
“ *FERRUM.*” To make this in any sort intelligible to the mere
English reader, I must translate it with some little latitude,
“ Guards, says this grave Author, were called (as it were) *Sides-*
“ *men*, from the word *side*, because they are stationed at the *Side*
“ *of their prince*, and *BECAUSE THEY WEAR A SWORD BY THEIR*
“ *SIDES.*” What wonderful erudition ! May we not with equal
reason take it for granted, that our *English* word *Soldier* comes
from *Shoulder*, *BECAUSE*, (like *Patrick Fleming* in the old Song,)
HE CARRIES HIS MUSKET UPON HIS SHOULDER ?

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

Enter PALÆSTRIO.

TO tell the argument of this our play
 I have the courtesy, if ye will have
 The kindness but to ^ahere it. Whoso will not,
 Let him get up, go out, and to another
 Resign his seat, that would be glad to hear. 5
 I'll tell you now the name and argument
 Of this fame play we are about to act,
 For which ye are feated in this mirthful place.
 In *Greek* the comedy 'tis stil'd *Alazon*, 9
 Which, render'd in our tongue, we call *The BRAGGARD*.

SCENE I.] This is the Prologue to the Piece, which to a modern must undoubtedly seem misplaced; but indeed (as I observed before) the play in fact begins properly at this act, the preceding one being in a manner superfluous and unnecessary.

V. 9. *Alazon.*] Αλαζων, *Iactator*, *Braggard*. It does not appear, who was the *Greek* Author, from which *Plautus* took his play. From the Prologue to the *Eunuch* we learn, that *Terence* had been accused of having stolen his characters of the *Soldier* and *Parasite* from the *Colax* of our Author and of *Nævius*, originally borrowed from a *Greek* play of *Menander* under that title, Κολαξ signifying a *Flatterer*. There is indeed one single line among the Fragments of our Author, quoted by *Nomius* as from the *Colax*; but as the above charge is flatly denied by *Terence*, who asserts, that no such play had been produced either by our Author, or by *Nævius* to his knowledge, we should be candid enough to think, that *Terence* had no other pattern to go by than the original of *Menander*, to which he confesses his obligations.

This

This town is *Ephesus*. The Captain, he
That went hence to the *Forum*, is my master,
An impudent, vain-glorious, dunghill-fellow,
As full of lies as of debauchery.

He makes his brag forsooth, that he is follow'd 15
By all the women ; though he is the jest
Of all, where'er he goes. Our very harlots,
That woee him to their lips, make wry mouths at
him.

It is not long, since I have been his slave ;
And I should tell you how, into his service 20
I chanc'd to come from him I serv'd before.

Attend : the argument I now begin.
I had a master, 'twas the best of youths,
At *Atbens* : he upon a damsel doated,
(Herself too an *Atbenian*,) she on him ;--- 25
And sweet the cultivation of such love !
My master on a publick embassie
Went to *Naupactum*, on account and part
Of our most high republic : in the interim
This captain, who by chance to *Atbens* came 30
Influentes himself into her company,
My master's love ; sets him about to coax
And wheedle the good mother with his presents
Of gewgaw ornaments, his precious wines,
And costly banquets, so that he becomes 35
An intimate familiar with the bawd.
Soon as occasion did present, he trick'd
This bawd her mother, and without her knowledge
Seiz'd on the girl, clap'd her on board a ship,

And carried her against her will to *Epesus*. 40
 Soon as I learn'd, that she was borne away
 From *Atbens*, I, with all the speed I could,
 Got me a vessel, and embark'd, to bear
 The tidings to my master at *Naupactum*.
 When we were out at sea, the pirates took 45
 The vessel I was in, a prize to them
 Most grateful; and I found myself undone,
 Ere I could reach the place where I was going.
 The rogue, that took us, gave me to this captain :
 When he had brought me home unto his house, 50
 Whom should I see there but this very damsel,
 Her whom my master lov'd, who was at *Atbens*!
 She saw me on her side, and with her eyes
 Gave me a sign not to take notice of her,
 Nor call her by her name. After a while, 55
 When she had opportunity, the damsel
 Plain'd to me of her fortunes,---said, she long'd
 To fly from hence to *Atbens*, that she lov'd
 My master the *Atbenian*, hated no one
 Worse than this captain. Soon as I had learnt 60
 The damsel's sentiments, I took a tablet,
 Seal'd it in private, gave it to a merchant
 To carry to my master, the girl's lover,
 That hither he might haste. He slighted not
 The message,---for he's come, and now he lodges 65
 In the next house here with his father's friend,
 Who seconds his fond guest in his amour,
 And aid us both in counsel and in deed.
 A grand contrivance have I therefore form'd, 70
 That they may meet together, these two lovers :

For in the chamber, giv'n her by the captain
 For no one to fet foot in but herself,
 I've dug an opening through into this house,
 With the consent of our old neighbour,—nay
 Himself advis'd it.— Now my fellow-servant, 75
 Appointed by the captain for her keeper,
 Is a dull rascal, and of little worth :
 With pleasant stratagems and quaint devices
 We'll cast so thick a film athwart his eyes,
 Shall make him not to see what he shall see. 80
 But I should tell you, to prevent mistakes,
 The damsel will perform a double part,
 And bear the form and image of two persons,
 Now here, now there ; but she will be the same,
 Though she will counterfeit herself another : 85
 So shall her keeper be most rarely gull'd.—
 I hear a noise here at our neighbour's door :
 'Tis he himself comes out. This, this is he,
 The pleasant brisk old fellow, that I spoke of.

V. 79. *A film.*] The original is *glaucomam ob oculos objiciemus.*
Glaucoma is properly a disease in the chrystalline humour of the eye.

V. 84. *Now here, now there.*] That is, by means of the secret communication, sometimes in one house, sometimes in the other.

V. 87. *Fores concrepuerunt.*] It may be proper to take notice, that the doors of the ancients were constructed to open outwards into the street, and not (like the fashion of the moderns) within. For this reason, when any one was coming out, it was customary to give warning by making a noise on the inside.

SCENE II.

Enter PERIPECTOMINES, speaking to his Servants witbin.

If ye don't break his legs, whatever stranger
 Ye shall hereafter see upon the tiles,
 Your fides shall suffer for't.—Why now forsooth,
 My neighbours, they are witnesses of all
 That passes in my house, when thus they look 5
 Down through the sky-light.—I command you all,
 Whomever ye shall see upon the tiles
 Belonging to this captain here, except
Palæstrio only, push him headlong down
 Into the street, though he pretends forsooth 10
 That he is only looking for an hen,
 A pigeon, or a monkey : Woe be to you,
 If you don't beat the rascal e'en to death.

PAL. Something is done amiss, I know not what,
 To the old fellow by our family, 15
 As far as I can hear, since he has ordered

V. 3. *Your fides shall suffer for't.]* The original is *vestra faciam latera lora*, which signifies, *I will make over your fides to the laſh*, or (as others interpret it) *I will cut the ſkin of your fides into thongs*.

V. 13.] There follow two lines in the originl, which I have been obliged to paſs over in the translation, as it was impoſſible to preſerve the allufion.

Atque adeò, ut ne legi fraudem faciam Talaria,
Accuratote, ut fine talis domi agitent convivium.

The ſense of this paſſage depends upon the equivocal meaning of the word *talus*, which signifies an *ankle-bone* and a *dye* to play with, which was the cuſtom among the antients in their enter-tainments.

That

That they should break my fellow servant's legs :
 But me he has excepted : nothing care I,
 How he shall serve the rest. I'll make up to him.
 Is he not coming tow'rds me ? Sure he is.--- 20
Peripletomines ! your servant, Sir.

PER. Oh,—if I were to wish, there are not many
 I'd rather see and talk with than yourself.

PAL. Why ? wherefore ? what's the matter ?

PER. All's discover'd !

PAL. What all's discovered ?

PER. From our tiles e'en now 25

One of your family, I know not who,
 Saw through the sky-light all that past within ;
Philocomafium and my guest he saw
 Exchanging kisses.

PAL. Ha—who saw them ?

PER. 'Twas

Your fellow-servant.

PAL. Which ?

PER. I know not that, 30

So suddenly he took himself away.

PAL. My ruin I suspect.

PER. As he went off,

“ Hoa there, cried I, what do you on our tiles ?”
 The runaway replied, he had been seeking
 A monkey that had stray'd.

PAL. Ah me ! that I

Should suffer for a beast so little worth.---

But is the lady with you still ?

PER. She was,

When I came out.

PAL. Then, soon as e'er she can,

138 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Bid her return to us, that our domestics
 May see she is at home, unless she wills, 40
 That we poor servants should be put to torture
 By reason of her love.

PER. I bade her do it :
 Would you ought else ?

PAL. I would. Pray tell her this ;
 She must use cunning, prove her an apt scholar,
 And hold unchang'd her colour.

PER. Wherefore ? how ? 45
 PAL. That he, who saw her, may be wrought upon
 To think he saw her not : nay, though he saw her
 An hundred times, she must deny it still.
 She has a lying tongue, a wit that's ripe
 For mischief, an assurance so undaunted, 50
 Nothing can shake it ; whosoe'er accuse her,
 She would not stick at perjury to refute him.
 She has at home, within herself, a mind
 Fraught with false words, false actions, and false
 oaths,
 Tricks, stratagems, devices, and intrigues. 55
 Nor need a woman, that is bent on ill,
 Seek from abroad the means, who is herself
 All plot.

V. 58. *All plot.*] I have been inclined to give this passage a different turn from the original.

Nam mulier olitori nunquam supplicat, si qua est mala :
Domi babet hortum et condimenta ad omnes mores maleficos.

The meaning of this is—*A woman need not go to a gardener's, who has a garden of her own with a plentiful growth of tricking arts, &c.*

PER.

A C T II. S C E N E II. 139

PER. I'll tell her this, if she's within here.
But what is it, *Palestrio*, in your mind
You're with yourself revolving ?

PAL. Peace awhile,— 60

While that I call a council in my breast,
Consulting how to act, what craft t' oppose
Against my crafty fellow-servant, he
Who saw the lovers billing,—so that what
Was seen may not be seen.

PER. I prithee, seek it: 65

Mean time I'll get me at a distance from you.—

(Retires.

Look!—how he stands apart, with brow severe,
As wrapt in thought, and full of cares :—His hand
Knocks at his breast;—I fancy, he's about
To call his heart out. See, he shifts his posture, 70
And leaning his left elbow on his thigh
The fingers of his right hand he employs,
As it should seem, in reckoning some account;
And his right thigh he smites so vehemently,
As speaks him with his thoughts dissatisfied : 75
And now he snaps his fingers: how he's worked!
And ever and anon he shifts his place:
See, see, he nods his head: he likes it not,
What he has hit upon; for nothing crude
Will he at length bring forth, but well digested. 80
But see, he builds his head up, and his arm

V. 73. *Reckoning some account.*] This passage alludes to the manner of computation in use among the Ancients. Our Author frequently makes use of this allusion, when he is speaking of any person employed in meditation.

V. 81. *Builds his head up.*] *Ædificat, columnam mento suffulcit suo.*
Serves

140 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Serves as a pillar to support his chin.
 Fye, fy'e,—in troth I do not like this building ;
 For I have heard a certain poet us'd
 To lean his head upon his elbow thus, 85
 And in close custody he liv'd confin'd.
 Bravo ! O brave ! how well he plays his part !
 Ne'er will he rest, till he has perfected
 What he's in search of.—Oh, he has it sure.—
 Come—to the busines—mind what you're about : 90
 Awake, and do not sleep ; unless you chuse
 To have your back chequer'd with stripes : Awake,
 I tell you : don't be idle : Hoa, 'tis I
 That speak to you, *Palæstrio* : Wake, I say ;
 Why wake, I say : 'tis day-light, man.

PAL. I hear you. 95

PER. Do you not see your foes are coming on you ?
 Do you not know they'll lay siege to your back ?
 Consult on measures then ; procure assistance :
 Do it with speed ; no sluggishness is fitting :
 Get of your foes the start ; draw forth your army ; 100
 Besiege them first ; and for yourself provide
 A safe-guard and defence ; cut off their convoys ;
 Secure yourself a passage, that provisions

V. 84. *A certain poet.*] We are told by the commentators, that by this is meant *Nævius*, who (they say) used to study in this posture. We are further inform'd by them, that the satire in one of his comedies having offended the *Metellus* family, which was very powerful, he was put into prison, and closely confined. *Nævius* is called in the original *barbarus poeta*, because all authors, except the Greeks, were called *barbarous*. So *Plautus*, in the Prologue to his *Trinummus*, v. 19. speaking of his having translated a Greek Play, says *vertit barbarè*.

May.

A C T II. S C E N E II.

141

May unmolested reach you and your troops.

Look to the busineſs : the affair is ſudden :

105

Invent, contrive, find ſome expedient ſtraiſt,

Some counſel on the ſpot, that what was feen

May ſeem not feen, what done not done at all.

Grand is the enterprize : yet ſay the word,

That you will take it on yourſelf alone,

110

My heart is conſident that we ſhall rout them.

PAL. I ſay it then,—I take it on myſelf.

PER. And I, whatever you require, will grant.

PAL. Heav'n's bleſs you !

PER. But, good friend, impart to me
What is it you've deuiſ'd.

PAL. Then lift in ſilence, 115
While I admit you to the muſteries
Of all my cuſting : you ſhall know my counſels
Ev'n as myſelf.

PER. What you entrust me with
You ſhall have back entire upon demand.

PAL. My master's thicker than the elephant's hide,
Has no more wiſdom than a ſtone. 120

PER. I know it.

PAL. Now this is my deuiſe : I will pretend
That a twinſiſter of *Pbilocomaſium*
(As like her as one drop of milk to another)
Is with a certain gallant come from *Atbens*, 125
And that they lodge with you.

PER.. O bravo ! bravo !
An exquifeite conceit ! I 'plauid your thought.

V. 120. *Thicker than the elephant's hide.*] The original is, *Elephanti corio circumiectus eſt, non ſuo.*

PER.

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PER. So if my fellow servant should accuse
Our lady to the captain, that he saw her
Careressing of another, on my part 130
I'll argue t'was her sister that he saw,
With her own lover kissing and embracing.

PER. Most excellent ! And I will say the same,
If that the captain should enquire of me.

PAL. Be sure you say, they are most like each other :
The lady too must be instructed, lest 136
He catch her tripping, should he question her.

PER. Most artful the contrivance !—But suppose
That he should want to see them both together
In the same place :—What then is to be done ? 140

PAL. That's easy : you may find enough excuses :
She's not at home, she is gone out a walking,
She is asleep, she's dressing, she is bathing,
She's busy, she's at dinner, not at leisure,
She cannot come : as many as you will 145
Of these put-offs you'll readily think on, if
We can induce him to believe at once
Our first grand fib.

PER. It likes me what you say.

PAL. Then go you in, and if the lady's with you,
Bid her come home to us immediately. 150
Acquaint her with these matters, and instruct her,
That she may comprehend the plot, which now
We're entering on, concerning her twin-sister.

PER. I warrant, you shall find her aptly tutor'd.
Would you ought else ? (Going.)

PAL. No, go, Sir.

PER. I am gone. 155
[Exit PERIPLECTOMENES.

S C E N E III.

P A L A E S T R I O *alone.*

And I'll go home too, use my best endeavours
 To trace my man out : but I must dissemble,
 (A stranger to the matter I,) to learn
 Which of my fellow-servants 'twas, to-day
 That fought this monkey : for it cannot be, 5
 But he must prate to some one of our family
 About my master's lady, how he saw her
 Next door careffing of a stranger spark.
 I know their manners, and myself alone
 Of all our house have learn'd to hold my tongue. 10
 If I do find him, my whole armament
 I'll plant against him : all things are prepar'd ;
 And for a certainty my force must conquer him.
 If I don't find him, like an hound I'll go
 Smelling about, until I shall have traced 15
 My fox out by his track. But our door creaks :
 My voice I'll lower : here comes my fellow-servant,
 The guardian of *Pbilocomafum.*

V. 11. *My whole armament.]* The original is *vineas, pluteosque agam.* *Vinea* was a contrivance formerly used in war, made of timber covered with raw hides, to prevent it's being burnt, under which the assailants were sheltered in their attempts to scale the walls of a fortification. *Pluteus* was an engine of much the same kind and materials, and for the same use, in the form of a turret, and moving upon wheels. The allegory in the speech of *Periplectomenes*, in the preceding scene, is here continued.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter SCELLEDRUS.

If I have not been walking in my sleep
 Upon the tiles, I'm certain that I saw
 My master's lady in our neighbour's house ;
 And she has sought her out another lover.

PAL. As far as I can learn, 'twas he then saw her. 5

SCE. Who's that ?

PAL. Your fellow-servant.—So, *Sceledrus* !
 How fares it ?

SCE. O *Palæstrio* ! I am glad
 I've met you.

PAL. How now ? what's the matter ? Tell me.

SCE. I fear—

PAL. What fear you ?

SCE. That we all shall dance
 To the musick of a cudgel.

PAL. Nay, do you 10
 Dance by yourself : for me, I like it not,
 This jigging work, this capering up and down.

SCE. Haply you do not know, what new mischance
 Has just befall'n us.

V. 9. *We all shall dance, &c.*] I have taken the liberty of giving a somewhat different turn to the original, as it could not easily be expressed in our language.

Maximum in malum cruciatum infiliamus. PAL. *Tu sali*

Solus : nam ego istam insulturam et desulturam nihil bic moror.

Our Author plays upon the word *infiliamus*, alluding to the punishment inflicted upon slaves.

P.A.E.

A C T II. S C E N E V. 145

PAL. What mischance ?

SCE. A filthy. 15

PAL. Then keep it to yourself, don't tell it me,
I would not know it.

SCE. But you must---To day,
As I was looking for our monkey, here
Upon our neighbour's tiles---

PAL. One worthless beast
Was looking for another.

SCE. Plague confound you ! 20

PAL. You rather---But go on, as you've begun.

SCE. I haply chanc'd to peep down through the
sky-light

Into next house, and there did I espy
Our lady fondling with I know not whom,
Another spark.

PAL. What do I hear you say ? 25
A villainous scandal !---

SCE. By my troth I saw her.

PAL. What, you ?

SCE. Yes, I myself, with both these eyes.

PAL. Go, go, it is not likely what you say ;
Nor did you see her.

SCE. How ? do I appear,
As if my eye-light fail'd me ?

PAL. You had better 30
Ask a physician that---But as you wish
The Gods to love you, do not rashly foster
This idle story, or you will create

V. 32. *Do not rashly foster—This idle story.] Temero haud tollas fabulam.* As the word *tollas* is in allusion to the ancient custom

146 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

A *capital* mischief to your head, and heels too.

For if you do not stop your foolish chattering, 35

A two-fold ruin waits you.

SCE. But how two-fold?

PAL. I'll tell you. First, if falsely you accuse
Our lady, woe be to you; and again,
Suppose it be true, yet woe be to you,—you,
Her guardian.

SCE. What will me befall, I know not? 40
But I do know for certain, that I saw her.

PAL. Dost thou persist in't, thou unhappy wretch?

SCE. What would you have me say, but that I
saw her?

Moreover she's within here at this instant,
Here at next door.

PAL. How? is she not at home? 45

SCE. Go yourself in and see; for I will ask you
To credit me in nothing.

PAL. I will do it.

SCE. I'll wait you here. {PALÆSTRO goes in.
of parents taking up their children, which were laid upon the
ground as soon as they were born, to signify their intention of
bringing them up, [See the Note, A& I. Scene III. v. 6, of *Amphitryon*,] our English word *foster* in some measure preserves the
allusion.

V. 34. *A capital mischief to your head.*] *Capiti fraudem capitalem.* A very indifferent jingle, but scarce worse than the pun in *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, in the conversation between that Prince and Polonius. Act. III. Scene 5.

HAM. My Lord, you once played in the University, you say.

POL. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact *Julius Caesar*. I was killed in the *Capitol*. Brutus killed me.

HAM. It was a *Brute* part of him to kill so *Capital* a calf there.

S C E N E V.

S C E L E D R U S *alone.*

The same time will I watch,
 Till our stray'd heifer shall return from grazing
 To her old stable.—What now shall I do?—
 The captain gave me charge of her, and now
 If I impeach her, I'm undone;—again,
 If I am silent, and 'tis blaz'd abroad,
 I then to am undone.—What can be more
 Abandon'd, more audacious, that a woman?
 The while I was upon the tiles, this hussy
 Stole out o' doors.—A most audacious act!
 And should the captain know it, on my troth
 He'd pull the house down,—tuck me up directly.—
 No, no I'll hold my tongue, rather then end
 My days so scurvily.—I cannot guard
 One that will sell herself.

S C E N E VI.

Enter PALÆSTRIO.

Seeledrus! hoa!

SCE. Who is that calls so menacing and loud?

PAL. Lives there a falser knave, or any born
Under a planet more unlucky?V. 4. Under a planet more unlucky.] *Magis Diis iniuste natus
atque iratus.*

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SCE. Why ?

PAL. Prithee dig out those eyes, with which you
see

5

What never was.

SCE. What never was ?

PAL. I wouldn't

Give ev'en a rotten nut now for your life.

SCE. Why, what's the matter ?

PAL. Ask you what's the matter ?

SCE. Why not ?

PAL. Prithee cut out that tongue of thine,
Which prates so freely and at large.

SCE. For why ? 10

PAL. Lo ! she's at home, whom you affirm'd you
saw

Next door embracing of another spark.

SCE. I marvel you should chuse to feed on darnel,
When corn's so cheap

PAL. What do you mean ?

SCE. Because

You are dim-sighted.

PAL. Out, you rascal ! you 15
Are not indeed dim-sighted, but stark blind :
For she's at home, I tell you.

SCE. How ! at home ?

V. 13. Feed on darnel.] *Mirum est lolio vicitare te, tam vili tritico.* *Lolium* which signifies *Darnel* or *Cockle-Weed*, was reckoned prejudicial to the eye-fight, as may be learned from a line of *Ovid* in the first Book of his *Fasti*.

Et careant lolii oculos viciantibus agri.

And free

From darnel be the fields, which hurts the eyes.

PAL.

PAL. She's most assuredly at home.

SCE. Go, go,
You make an handle of me for your sport.

PAL. So,---then my hands are dirty.

SCE. Why?

PAL. Because 20
I've handled such a dirty thing.

SCE. A mischief
Light on your head!

PAL. It will on your's, I promise you,
If you don't change your language, and your eyes.
But our door creaks.

SCE. I watch it narrowly :
For she can pass no way but by the fore door. 25

PAL. I tell you, she's at home,---I know not what
Strange fancies you're posses'd with

SCE. For myself
I see, and for myself I think ; myself
I have most faith in ; nor shall any one
Persuade me, that she is not in this house. 30

(Pointing to PERIPLECTOMENES's house.)
Here then I'll plant me, that she maynt steel out
Without my knowledge.

PAL. (Aside) Oh,---the man's my own :---

V. 19. *An handle, &c.*] The original is,

SCE. *Abi ; ludis me, Palæstrio.*

PAL. *Tum mibi sunt manus inquinatæ.*

SCE. *Qui dum ?*

PAL. *Quia ludo huto.*

V. 25. *Fare-door.] Recto ostio*, that is, *Anticum* opposed to
Periticum.

150 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

I'll drive him from his strong hold. (*To Sce.*) Shall I
make you

Owne you are simple-sighted ?

SCE. Do.

PAL. And that
You neither think; nor see aright ?

SCE. I'd have you. 35

PAL. Do you not say the lady's here ?

SCE. I'll swear

I saw her here, caressing of another.

PAL. Do you not know, there's no communication
Betwixt our house and this ?

SCE. I know it.

PAL. Neither
Terrace, nor garden,---nothing but the sky-light. 40

SCE. I know it well.

PAL. Then, if she be at home,
And she come out before your eyes, you'll own
An hearty drubbing is your due.

SCE. My due.

PAL. Guard well that door then, lest she privily
Steal forth, and pass to us.

SCE. 'Tis my intent 45
To do so.

PAL. I will set her here before you.

SCE. Pray do.

[PALÆSTRIÖ goes in..

V. 40. *Terrace.*] *Solarium.* A place on the top of the house
every where open to the sun. For the better understanding many
passages in this play, it should be remembered, that the houses of
the ancients had flat and plain roofs, so that they might easily be
walked upon.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

S C E L E D R U S *alone.*

I would fain know, if I have seen
 What I have seen, or whether he can prove,
 That she's at home.-- I've eyes sure of my own,
 And needs not borrow others.--But this rogue,--
 He pays his court to her ; he's ever near her ; 5
 He's call'd to meals first, serv'd first with his mess.--
 'Tis now three years or thereabouts, since he
 Has liv'd with us, and no one of the family
 Fares better than his knayeship.--I must mind
 What I'm about though :--I must watch this door. 10
 Then here I'll plant myself.--No, no,--I warrant you
 They'll ne'er impose on me.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter PALÆSTRIO and PHILOCOMASIUM.

PAL. [Speaking to PHILOCOMASIUM entering.]

Be sure, that you
 Remember my instructions.

PHIL. It is strange,
 You should so oft remind me.

V. 6. *Serv'd first with his mess.*] *Primo pulmentum datur.* Pul-
 mentum was a kind of pottage, which was the common food of
 slaves.

PAL.

PAL. But I fear
You are not read enough in cunning.

PHIL. Prithee
I could school those who are themselves proficients. 5
I have known women, famous for their arts ;
But I alone surpass them-

PAL. Come then---Now,
Now put your tricks in force.---I'll get me from you.
(To Sce.) *Sceledrus!*---Why d'ye stand thus ?

SCE. I'm about
My busines :---I have ears ;---speak, what's your
pleasure ? 10

PAL. You'll shortly march, I fancy, in this posture
Without the *Metian* gate, bearing along
A gibbet with your hands spread out thus.

SCE. Why ?
PAL. Look there,---upon your left.---Who is that
woman ?

SCE. Immortal Gods ! 'tis she, our master's lady ! 15

PAL. And so I think indeed.---Do, prithee now---

SCE. Do what ?---

PAL. Go, hang yourself this instant.

PHIL. (Advancing.) Where

V. 12. *Without the Metian Gate*] *Extra portum*. This is explained by Commentators to mean the *Metian* Gate, through which the slaves passed, in the manner described by our Author, to the place for gibbeting, which in those times was not allowed to be inflicted within the city walls.

V. 13. *Hands spread out.*] *Dispedit manibus*. We must suppose *Sceledrus* to be standing by *Periplectomenes*'s door with his hands spread out, that he might readily lay hold on *Pbilocomafium*, as soon as she came out.

Is this good servant, who accus'd me wrongfully
Of indiscretions, me who am most innocent ?

SCE. See ! there he is.—He told me.—

PAL. I did tell you. 20

PHIL. Villain !—who was it, that you said you
saw me

Embracing at next door ?

PAL. A stranger spark,
He said.

SCE. I said so verily.

PHIL. You saw me ?

SCE. Yes, with these eyes.

PHIL. Those eyes you'll lose, I fancy,
Which see more than they see,

SCE. By heav'n I never 25
Can be convinc'd, but what I saw I saw.

PHIL. I am a fool, have too much lack of wit,
To parly with this madman,—whom I'll punish.

SCE. Pray spare your threats.—I know the gallows
waits me,

A sepulchre where all my ancestors 30
Have gone before me,—father, grandfather,
Great grand-father, and great great grandfather.—
Yet all your menaces can't dig my eyes out.—
A word with you, *Palestrio*.—Prithee now
Whence came she hither ?

PAL. Whence but from our house ? 35

V. 32. *Can't dig my eyes out*] That is, cannot make me blind,
cannot prevent my having seen what I saw, to wit, *Pbilocomasium*
at the next house.

SCE.

SCE. Our house?

PAL. And in your sight too.

SCE. True, I saw her.

(*Afide.*) Tis strange, how she got in ; for verily
Our house has neither terrace, garden, no
Nor window, but is grated.—(To PHIL.) I am sure
I saw you at next door.

PAL. What ! still perfist, 40
You rascal ! to accuse her ?

PHIL. In good sooth
The dream I dreamt last night now turns out true.

PAL. What did you dream ?

PHIL. I'll tell you : but I pray you,
Lend me your serious ear.—Last night methought
I saw my sister, my twin-sister, who 45
Was come from *Atbens* here to *Epbesus*
With a young spark, and that they lodg'd next door.

SCE. The dream she's telling is *Palæstrio*'s.

PAL. On pray.

PHIL. Methought it joy'd me much my sister's
coming,
But I lay under a most strong suspicion 50
On her account : for, as it seem'd, the slave
Appointed me, as is the case ev'n now,
Accused me of careffing a strange spark,
When 'twas my sister fondling with her lover.—
Thus did I dream, myself was falsely censured. 55

PAL. The like befalls you waking, which you say

V. 41. *The dream I dreamt last night.*] This is a very artful contrivance in our Author, of telling what it was necessary that *Scedrus* should be made to believe.

Your,

A C T II. S C E N E IX. 155

Your sleep presented.—See, how all things tally !
Go in now, and address the Gods.—I think,
You should acquaint the captain with this matter.

PHIL. I am resolv'd to do it :—I'll not suffer
My honour wrongfully to be impeach'd,
And let the insult pass unpunished. 60

(Goes into the CAPTAIN's house.)

S C E N E IX.

S C E L E D R U S, P A L A E S T R I O.

S C E L E D R U S.

I tremble for the consequence,—my back
Does tingle so all over !

PAL. Know you not,
That you are undone ?—She's now at home for certain.

SCE. Where'er she be, I'll watch our door for
certain.

(Places himself before the CAPTAIN's door.)

PAL. But pray, what think you of this dream she
dreamt ? 5

How like it was to what has past,—as how
You should suspect, you saw her with a lover ?

SCE. And do you think, I did not see her ?

PAL. Prithee

Repent thee.—Should this reach our master's ear,

V. 57. *Address the Gods.*] It was usual with the ancients to address the Gods after any ill-omen'd dream, especially *Jupiter*, who in our Author's *Amphitryon* is, on this occasion, called *Prodigialis*, Disposer of strange Prodigies. See the whole passage, ACT II. Scene II. v. 58.

You are undone for ever!

SCE. I am now

At length convinc'd, that I have had a mist
Before my eyes.

PAL. That long ago was plain :
For she has been at home here all the while.

SCE. I know not what to say : I did not see her,
Though I did see her.

PAL. Verily by your folly
You've near undone us : wishing to appear
True to your master, you have near been ruin'd.—
But hark—I hear a noise at the next door.—
I'll say no more.

S C E N E X.

*Enter PHILOCOMASIUM, from PERIPLECTON
MENES's House.*

(To a servant within.) Put fire upon the altar,
That when my bathing's ended, I may pour
My thanks and praises to *Ephesian Dian*,

Enter PHILOCOMASIUM. [*Sceledrus* having been prepared by the recital of a pretended dream, *Philocomastum* now makes her appearance as her twin-sister, who is supposed to have just come by sea from Athens to Ephesus, and consequently gives directions about her returning thanks for having escaped the dangers of her voyage. The business thickens here apace ; and the delusion is very artfully managed by our Author. As the circumstance of the private communication between the two houses is known to the spectators, and not in the least suspected by *Sceledrus*, his embarrassment on this occasion is highly diverting, and makes, what the French call, an excellent *Jeu de Theatre*.]

With

ACT II. SCENE XI. 157.

With fragrant incense of *Arabian* sweets :
 For she has sav'd me in the watry realms
 Of *Neptune*, in his boisterous temples, where
 With unrelenting billows I was tost,
 And sore dismay'd.

SCE. Discovering her.) *Palæstrio, O Palæstrio !*

PAL. *Sceledrus, O Sceledrus !*—Well, what would
 you ?

SCE. That lady,—see there,—who came out from
 hence 10

This instant,—say, is she *Philocomafium* ?

Or is she not ?

PAL. Truly I think it her.—
 But it is strange, how she could get there,—if
 Indeed she be the same.

SCE. And do you doubt,
 If it be she ?

PAL. Tis like her.—Let's approach, 15
 And speak to her.

SCL. *Philocomafium !—hoa !—*
 How's this ?—What business have you in that house ?
 Why are you silent ? 'Tis to you I speak.

V. 6. *Boisterous temples*] *Templis turbulentis.* In poetical language *Neptune*, and the inferior water-deities, are supposed to have Temples in the sea, rivers, and fountains. The diction is here elevated, to give a serious air (which makes it truly humorous) to what *Philocomafium* says in the character of her twin-sister.

V. 18. *To you I speak, &c.]* The joke is more perfect in the Latin Idiom.

SCE. *Tecum loquor.*

PAL. *Immò ædepol tute tecum.*

PAL.

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PAL. Nay verily you speak but to yourself;
For nothing does she answer.

SCE. Shameless woman! 20

To you I speak,—you that thus roam about
Among the neighbours!

PHIL. Whom d'ye speak to?

SCE. Whom,
But to yourself?

PHIL. Who are you? and what business
Have you with me?

SCE. Hey!—Ask you, who I am? 24

PHIL. And why not ask you, what I do not know?

PAL. Pray who am I then, if you know not him?

PHIL. One very troublesome, whoe'er you are,—
Both you and he.

SCE. What! don't you know us then?

PHIL. No,—neither.

SCE. I do greatly fear—

PAL. What fear you?

SCE. That we have lost ourselves somewhere or
other: 30

For she knows neither you, she says, nor me.

PAL. Let us examine, if we are ourselves,
Or else some other:—may be, they have chang'd us
Without our knowledge.

SCE. Surely I am I.

V. 21. *You that thus roam about.] Quæ circum vicinos, vagas et
vagæ, i. e. vagæ es.*

V. 30. *Lost ourselves.] The reader may remember much of
this humour, in the part of Sofia in our Author's Amphitryon.*

PAL.

PAL. And so am I. (*To Phil.*)—Lady; you seek
your ruin.— 35
Philocomafium! hoa!—to you I speak.

PHIL. What madness does possess you thus to call me
By a strange name?

PAL. Oh ho! how are you call'd then?

PHIL. My name is Glycere.

PAL. Eye now, this is wrong.—
You'd go by a false name.—'Tis not becoming, 40
And truly you do wrong my master by it.

PHIL. I?

PAL. You.

PHIL. I came but yesterday to *Ephesus*
From *Atbens*, with my young *Atbemian* lover.

PAL. Tell me, what business have you here at
Ephesus?

PHIL. I heard that my twin-sister sojourn'd here. 45
And came to seek her.

PAL. O thou art a sad one!

PHIL. I am a fool to hold discourse with you.—
I'll go.

SCE. (*Laying bold of her.*) But I'll not let you.

PHIL. Loose me.

SCE. No—

Tis plain!—I will not quit you.

PHIL. But I'll make
Your cheeks ring, if you don't let go.

SCE. *Palæstrio?*— 50

Plague!—why do you stand still?—why don't you
hold her.

On t' other side?

PAL.

PAL. I do not chuse to bring
A business on my back.—How do I know,
Whether she be *Pbilocomafum*, or
Some other, that is like her?

PHIL. Will you loose me; 55
Or will you not?

SCE. No.—I will drag you home
By force against your will, except you'll gently
Go of your own accord.

PHIL. (*Pointing to PERIPECTOMENES's house*)
My lodging's here,—
This door,—At *Athens* I've an home, and patron,—
Your home I reck not; neither do I know, 60
What men ye are.

SCE. Seek your redrefs by law.—
I'll never loose you, till you give your word,
That, if I do so, you will go in here. (*To the CAPTAIN's*)

PHIL. Me you by force compel, whoe'er you are.—
I promise, if you loose me, I will go 65
In there, where you command.

SCE. Then,—I do loose you.
PHIL. And I, as I am free, will go in here.

Runs into PERIPECTOMENES's house.)

V. 59. *At Athens Pve an home and patron.] Athenis domus atque berus.* This is read differently in different editions. *Limiers*, the French Translator of our Author, interprets *berus* in this place, to mean the person that takes a woman into keeping.

V. 61. *Seek your redrefs by law.] Lege agito.* This, the commentators tell us, was a formal expression in commencing a suit at law.

S C E N E

S C E N E XI.

SCELEDRUS, PALÆSTRIO.

SCE. Fool that I was, to trust a woman's honour !
 PAL. So,—you have let the prey slip through your hands,

Sceledrus !

SCE. It is her, as sure as can be,—
 My master's lady.

PAL. Will you act with spirit ?
 SCE. Act what ?

PAL. Bring me a cutlafs.

SCE. What to do ? 5
 PAL. I'll break into the house, and whomoe'er I see careffing *Philocamfum*, I'll kill him on the spot.

SCE. And do you think,
 'Twas her ?

PAL. O, plainly her.

SCE. But how the jade Dissembled !

PAL. Go, and bring a cutlafs hither. 10
 SCE. It shall be here directly.

[SCELEDRUS goes in.]

V. 6. *I'll break into the house.*] Different editions of our Author have given these speeches differently to *Palæstrio* and *Sceledrus*: but I cannot help thinking, that the mock rage of *Palæstrio* is most in character. It is observable, that nearly the same expressions are used by *Amphytrion*, at the end of Act IV. when he is worked up to the highest pitch of rage and desperation.

S C E N E XII.

P A L A E S T R I O *alone.*

Not a soldier,
 Of horse or foot, can prove himself so bold,
 As can a woman.—How she topt her part
 In both her characters ! how charmingly
 She gull'd my fellow-servant, her wife keeper ! 5
 That opening thro' her chamber-wall, how happy !

S C E N E XIII.

Enter S C E L E D R U S.

P a l æ s t r i o !—We have no need of the cutlass.

P A L. What then ?

S C E. Our master's lady is at home.

P A L. How ? What ! at home ?

S C E. She's lying in her bed.

P A L. You've brought yourself into an ugly scrape.

S C E. Why ?

P A L. That you've dar'd to touch this
 neighbour-lady. 5

V. 1. *Not a soldier, &c.]* It is remarkable, that allusions to military operations are frequently used, particularly by *Palæstrio* and *Periplectomenes*, throughout this Play. May we not suppose, it is on account of a principal character in it, from which the Play has its title ?

S C E.

SCE. I fear it much.—Now no one shall convince
me,

But that it must be her twin-sister.

PAL. True,—
'Twas her you saw caressing.—It is plain,—
It must be her,—e'en as you say.

SCE. How near
To ruin was I, had I told my master ! 10

PAL. Then, if you're wise, henceforth you'll hold
your tongue.—

A servant ought to know more than he speaks.—
I'll leave you to your thoughts alone ;—I'll now
Unto our neighbour's.—I don't like these turmoils :
My master if he comes and asks for me, 15
I will be here directly.—Call me hence.

(Goes into PERILECTOMENES's house.

S C E N E XIV.

S C E L E D R U S alone.

So—Is he gone ?—A pretty fellow this !—
He cares not for his master's business more
Than if he weren't his servant !—I am sure,
Our lady is within here ; for I found her
At home, and in her bed, this very instant. 5
But I'm resolv'd to be upon the watch.

(Places himself before the CAPTAIN's door.

SCENE XV.

Enter PERIPECTOMENES.

Why sure these fellows here, these varlet-knaves,
 These servants of our neighbour captain,—What?
 They take me for a woman, not a man;
 To make me thus their pastime! in the street
 T' assault and use such freedoms with my lodger, 5
 (Who with her lover is from *Abens* come,)—
 A modest, and a gentle.—

SCE. I am ruin'd.

He bears down strait upon me. I am afraid,
 This same affair will bring me to great trouble,
 As much as I have heard this old man talk. 10

PER. I'll up to him.—*Sceledrus!* was it you,
 A rascal as you are, that dar'd affront
 My lodger here just now before my door?

SCE. Good neighbour, I beseech you, hear.

PER. I hear you?

SCE. I would fain clear me.

PER. How! you clear you? You, 15
 Who've put such gross indignities upon me?—
 Because you serve a soldier, do you think,
 That you may do whate'er you list?—You rascal!

SCE. May I—

PER. But let the Gods ne'er prosper me,

V. 16. *Serve a Soldier.*] *Latrocinanimi.* See the Note at the end of the First Act of this Play.

If

If I don't have you punish'd with a whipping, 20
 A long and lasting one, from morn to even :
 First, that you broke my gutters and my tiles,
 In seeking for a monkey like yourself ;
 Next, that you peep'd down thence into my house,
 And saw my lodger fondling with his mistress ; 25
 Then, that you dar'd accuse your master's lady,
 (A modest,) of incontinence, and me
 Of a most heinous action ; further, that
 You dar'd assault my lodger at my door.
 And if you are not punish'd with due stripes, 30
 Your master I will load so with disgrace,
 He shall be fuller of it than the sea
 Of billows in a storm.

SCE. *Periplectomenes,*

I'm driven to such a strait, I know not whether
 'Twere fitter to dispute this matter with you, 35
 Or clear myself before you : for if she
 Be not the lady, then our lady is not ;
 Nor do I even know now what I've seen ;
 So very like your lady is to our's,
 If not the same.

PER. Go to my house, and see ; 40
 You soon will know.

SCE. Will you permit me ?

V. 26. *Of a most heinous action.] Summi flagitii.* This is explained lower down, in Scene XVII. v. 21.

To think that wittingly
 I e'er could suffer such an injury,
 So glaring, in my house, and to my neighbour.

Nay,

I do command :—examine at your leisure,

SCE. And so I will.

(SCELEDRUS goes into PERIPECTOMENES's house.)

S C E N E XVI.

PERIPECTOMENES *calling through the Window.*

Philocomasium, hoa,

Pas with what speed you can into our house ;
The affair is pressing : after, when *Sceledrus*
Shall have come out, return you with like speed
To your own house.—I fear, lest she mistake.
Should he not see her here, our trick's discover'd.

5.

S C E N E XVII.

S C E L E D R U S *entering.*

O heav'ns ! one woman sure more like another,
And if the same she be not, more the same
I do not thinks the Gods can make.

Calling through the window.] There is nothing in our Author to lead us to conjecture, by what means *Peripectomenes* addresses himself to *Philocomasium*, who is supposed to be in the *Captain's* house. The œconomy of the stage required, that it should not be without an actor upon it, and it was necessary to preserve the *Unity of Place*. For these reasons we may suppose the old gentleman to call through the window, where, it is natural to imagine, *Philocomasium* might be stationed within hearing, to observe all that passed,

PER.

PER. What now ?

SCE. I merit chastisement.

PER. So—Is it her ?

SCE. Though it be her, it is not.

PER. Have you seen her ? 5

SCE. I saw her, fondling with the youth your guest.

PER. And is it her ?

SCE. I know not.

PER. Would you know

For certain ?

SCE. I could wish it.

PER. Go you in

This instant to your own house, and see whether

Your lady be within.

SCE. I'll do so : rightly

You have advised me : I'll return forthwith.

(*He goes into the CAPTAIN's house.*)

PER. I never saw a man so sweetly fool'd,
And by such rare devices---But he's coming.

S C E N E XVIII.

Enter S C E L E D R U S.

Periplectomenes ! by Gods and men
By my own folly too, I do beseech you ;
By these your knees---

PER. What is it, you'd beseech me ?

SCE. Pardon my ignorance, my folly pardon,
Since now at length I know I am half-witted, 5
Blind, and unthinking ; for *Philocomaſium*,
Behold ! she is at home.

PER.

PER. Why, how now, hang-dog ?

Hast seen them both ?

SCE. I've seen them,

PER. Prithee send

Your master to me.

SCE. I indeed confess,
That I've deserv'd most ample chaitisement, 10
And done an injury to your fair lodger :
But I believ'd she was my master's lady,
Of whom I had the charge ; for never can there
From the same well be drawn one drop of water

V. 14. *From the same well.] Ex uno pluto.* Some Editions, and among them *Lambin's*, read *summo*, upon which this learned commentator takes occasion to remark, that our Author has properly added *summo* or the *top* of a well ; for (says he very gravely) the water, which is on the *top* of a well, is commonly different from that, which is at the *bottom*, which is foul and muddy ; whereas at the *top* it is pure and clear.—This wonderful erudition, respecting *well-water*, may be matched with that of the great *Camerarius*, of which notice has been taken in the Note to Act II. Scene II. v. 64. of *Amphytrion*.

This kind of similitude is used also in the *Amphytrion*, where *Sofia* says of *Mercury*,

Neque lac laeti magis est simile, quam ille ego similis est mei.

One drop of milk

Is not more like another than that I

Is like to Me.

So again in the *Menæchmi*, or *Twin Brothers*, of our Author, the Slave *Messenio* says to one of them,

—*Ego hominem homini similiorem nunquam vidi alterum.*

Neque aqua aquæ, neque lacte est laeti, crede mihi, usquam similius,
Quam bic tui est; tuque hujus.

I never saw one man more like another.

Water to water, milk to milk, believe me,

Is not more like, than he is like to you,

And you to him.

More

A C T II. S C E N E XVIII.

169

More like another, than our lady is 15
 To this your lodger :---And I do confess too,
 I look'd into your house down through the sky-light.

PER. Confess indeed ! what I myself did see.

SCE. I fancy'd, that I saw *Pbilocomafium*.

PER. And do you rate me at so small a price 20
 Of all mankind, to think that wittingly
 I e'er could suffer such an injury,
 So glaring, in my house, and to my neighbour ?

SCE. Now do I judge at last, that I have done
 Most foolishly, since now I know the truth :--- 25
 Yet with no ill intent.

PER. 'Twas wrongly done.

A servant should restrain his eyes, and hands,
 And speech too.

SCE.---I ?---If I but mutter ought
 From this day forward, ev'n of what I know
 Myself for certain, put me to the torture, 30
 I'll give me up to you. Now I beseech you /
 To pardon me this once.---

PER. I shall persuade me,
 'Twas with no ill intent : I pardon you.

SCE. May the Gods prosper you !

PER. And verily,
 If you would have them prosper you, your tongue 35
 Henceforward you'll restrain : what you shall know,
 You'll know not ; and not see, what you shall see.

SCE. you counsel me aright : I am resolv'd
 To do so.---But I hope, you are appeas'd.
 Would you ought else ?

PER. That you would know me not. 40

SCE. (*Aside*) He has cajol'd me.—How benignly he
 Vouchsafed his grace no longer to be angry !
 I know what he's about :—he means, the Captain
 Should catch me here at home, when he returns
 (As shortly I expect him) from the *Forum*.— 45
 He and *Palestrio* together hold me
 At their disposal :—but I've found it out,
 And some time have I known it.—Verily
 They shall not catch me nibbling at their bait :
 I'll now take to my heels, and for some days 50
 I'll hide me somewhere, till the storm is hush'd,
 And their resentment soften'd.—I have merited
 Enough, and more of chastisement—But yet,—
 What'er befall me,---I will e'en go home.

Exit.

S C E N E XIX.

P E R I P L E C T O M E N E S *alone.*

So,---he is gone then.---Well---the proof, they say,
 Is in the eating.---That he should be wrought on

V. 47. *Hold me—At their disposal.*] The original is, *Me habent venalem.* The French Idiom answers exactly to the *Latin*,—*me veulent vendre.*

V. 49. *Nibbling at their bait.*] The original is,
Nunquam berclè ex istâ nassâ ego bodiè escam petam.

Nassa properly signifies what is called in our language a *weel*, which is a kind of trap to catch fish, made of twigs, with a bait put into it, and of such a construction that the fish may readily have admittance, but cannot get out again. The allusion is obvious.

V. 1. *The proof, they say,—Is in the eating.*] It was impossible to preserve the exact sense of the original, with any grace.—

Scio,

To think he has not seen what he has seen !
 For now his eyes, his ears, his very thoughts
 Have as it were, deserted, and come o'er 5
 To us.---So---hitherto we've managed rarely:---
 The lady play'd her part most charmingly.
 I'll back unto our senate ; for *Palæstrio*
 Is in my house ; *Seledrus*,---he's away.---
 Now he may hold a full and frequent senate : 10
 I'll in then, lest they fine me for my absence.

[Goes in.]

Scio

Occisam s̄epe sapere plus multò suem,
Cùm manducatur.

The humour of this, such as it is, turns upon the double meaning of the word *sapere*. according to commentators. The allusion to a common English proverb, which I have here substituted, does not, I imagine, depart entirely from the sentiment of our Author.

V. 5. *Deserted.*] *Transfugēre ad nos.* An allusion to military affairs, which (as I before remarked) is frequent in this play.

V. 11. *Fine me.*] *Sortitò suam.* It is plain, that what *Periplectomenes* says here, is in allusion to the forms and practices of the Roman Senate. The commentators are full in their explanations of the meaning of *sortitò* : I have followed that which appears to me the least refined. We are told, that some MSS have *obſtitò*. The sense would be then, *left I should be an hindrance or obſtruction.*

* * As the character of the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN, in the first Act of this Play, was stretched beyond the bounds of probability, we may remark on the other hand, that no character can be supported with greater propriety, and more true humour than this of *Periplectomenes*, in the second ; who is, indeed, in all respects, by far the most principal one ; and perhaps he is hardly to be matched in ancient or modern Comedy. The Scene that follows, in the beginning of the third Act, displays him fully.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

PALÆSTRIO to PERIPECTOMENES and PLEU-
SIDES *in entering.*

ST A Y ye awhile within doors, let me first
 Look out, lest any where an ambuscade
 Be plac'd against the council we would hold :
 For now we need a safe and secret place,
 Where never enemy can win the spoils 5
 By intercepting of our private counsels,
 Where never enemy can win the spoils
 By over-hearing our deliberations :
 For what is well advis'd is ill advis'd,
 The foe if it advantage ; and 't can't be 10
 But, me it hurteth, if it profit him.
 Good counsels many a time are filch'd from us,
 If that the place for speaking be not chose
 With care and caution : for if once the enemy
 Learn your deliberation, they can'tye 15
 Your tongue, and bind your hands, with your own
 counsel,
 And do the same to you, you would to them.—
 But I will spy abroad, lest any one

V. 5. *Win the spoils.] Spolia capiat.* This speech is in allusion to military proceedings, with which allusions (as I have already observed) this play abounds.

To

To right or left should be upon the hunt
 To catch our counsels with his ears, like toils.--- 20
 The prospect through the street is desart quite,
 Ev'n to the farthest end.---I call them out.
Periplectomenes and Pleusides,
 Come forth.

S C E N E II.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENES and PLEUSIDES.

P E R I P L E C T O M E N E S.

Behold us here obedient to you.

PAL. The fway is easy o'er the just and good.---
 But I would know now, if we are to act
 According to the plah we form'd within.

PER. There's nothing our affair can profit more. 5

PAL. You, *Pleusides*, say, what is your opinion?

PLEU. Can it displease me, ought that pleases you?
 (to Per.) Who can I call my friend more than
 yourself?

PER. You say what is obliging.

PAL. So he should do.

V. 19. *Upon the bunt, &c.]*

Ne quis aut hinc a levâ aut a dextrâ

Nostrō consilio venator assit cum auritis plagis.

V. 2. *The fway is easy.] Facile est imperium in bonis.* We find another interpretation put upon this sentence by the commentators, besides that which I have followed, as it seems to me the most natural and obvious. Some explain it thus.—*It is easy to command people in matters which are to their advantage.*

PLEU.

PLEU. But, Sir, this hurts me,—to the very soul 10
Torments me.

PER. What is't, that torments you?—Tell me.

PLEU. To think I should engage you in an act
So young and puerile,---one of your years,---
So unbecoming of you and your virtue;---
That you should forward me with all your might 15
In my amour;---for you to do such things,
Which age like your's doth more avoid than follow!
It shames me, I should trouble thus your age.

PER. You are a lover, man, of a new mode,
That you can blush at any thing you do. 20
Go, go, you nothing love.—A lover? No,
The semblance you, and shadow of a lover.

PLEU. Can it be right in me, Sir, to employ
One of your age to second my amour?

PER. How say you? do I then appear to you 25
One o' th' next world already? do I seem
So near my grave, and to have liv'd so long?
Why troth I am not above fifty four:---
I have my eye-sight clear, and I can use
My hands, and walk well with my feet.

PAL. What though 30
His hair be grey, he is not old in mind:
The same ingenuous temper still is in him.

PLEU. True—*I have found it, as you say, Palæstrio:*

V. 26. *One o' th' next world already.] Acherunticus*,—Ripe (as we may say) for *Acheron*, or the next world. The same expression is used in a very humorous passage in *Mercator*, or the *Merchant*, of our Author, A& II. at the beginning of Scene II. See the passage in Vol. II. of this translation.

For

For he is kind and free as any youth.

PER. Good guest, the more you try, the more
you'll know 35

My courtesy towards you in your love.

PL EU. Needs he conviction, who's convinc'd already?

PER. Only that you may have sufficient proof
At home, so as abroad you need not seek it.—
He who has never been himself in love, 40
Can hardly see into a lover's mind :
For my part I have still some little spice
Of love and moisture in my frame ; nor am I
Dried up as yet, or dead to love and pleasure,
And I can crack my joke at merry meetings,
And be a boon companion : I ne'er thwart 45
Another in discourse, but bear in mind,
To give offence to no one : I can take
My part and due share in the conversation ;
But I am silent, when another's speak'ng :
No spitting, hawking, snivelling dotard I : 50
In fine, I'm right *Epheſian* born and bred,

V. 38. *That you may have, &c.]*

Ut apud te exemplum experiendi babeas, nè petas foris.

This phrase is frequently used by our Author.

V. 52. *Epheſian, &c.]*

Epheſi sum natus, non in Apulis, non in Umbriā.

Without a nice enquiry into the frame and make, and general disposition, of the people of one or the other country, we may take it for granted, that a sarcasm is here intended on the *Apu-lians* and the *Umbrians*. We read in the *Delphin Edition* of our Author,—that the *Umbrians* were broad-shouldered, large-footed, large-ear'd, a sign of strength, (we are there told) and want of capacity.—Be this as it will, it is certain, that *Plautus* was himself an *Umbrian* ; and what were his inducements to abuse his countrymen,

Not an *Apulian*, or an *Umbrian*.

PAL. What a facetious brave old gentleman,
If he possess the qualities he mentions ! 55
Sure he was brought up in the school of *Venus*.

PER. I'll give you proofs of my complacency,
More than I'll vaunt. At table I ne'er clamour
On state affairs, or prate about the laws :
Nor do I ever, in the social hour, 60
Once cast a lewd glance at another's mistress ;
Nor do I snatch the tid-bits to myself,
Or seize upon the cup before my turn :
Strife and dissention never do arise
From me through wine ;— if any one offend me, 65
I go me home, and break off further parley :
When in the ladies company, I then
Resign me up to sprightliness and love.

PLEU. Sir, your whole manners have a special grace :
Shew me but three men like you, and I'll forfeit 70
Their weight to you in gold.

PAL. You shall not find
Another of his age, that's more accomplish'd,
More thoroughly to his friend a friend.

PER. I'll make you
Own, in my manners I'm a very youngster ;

countrymen, may afford matter of conjecture to those, who chuse
to trouble their heads about it.

V. 56. *School of Venus.*]

Eductum in nutricatu Veneris.

V. 71. *Weight in Gold.*]

Cedò tres mibi homines aurichalco contrà.

Aurichalcum, or *Orichalcum*, was a metallic composition among
the Antients, of the highest estimation, as gold is with us.

I'll

I'll shew myself so ready to oblige. 75
 Need you an advocate t'inforce your suit,
 Rude, and of fiery temper ? I am he.
 Need you a mild and gentle ? You shall say,
 I'm gentler than the sea, when it is hush'd,
 And softer than the *Zephyr's* balmy breeze. 80
 A jovial buck am I, a first-rate wit,
 And best of caterers : then as for dancing,
 No finical slim fop can equal me.

PAL. (*To Pleu.*) Of all these excellent accomplishments, 84

Which would you chuse, were you to have the option ?
 PLEU. I would at least, my poor thanks could be equal

To his deserts, and your's ; for I have giv'n you
 A world of trouble---But it much concerns me,
 Th' expence I put you to. (To Per.)

PER. You are a fool ;---

Expence forsooth !---Upon an enemy, 90
 Or a bad wife, whatever you lay out,
 That is expence indeed ! But on a friend,
 Or a good guest, what you expend is gain :
 As also, what is cost in sacrifices,
 Is by the wise and virtuos counted profit.--- 95
 Blest be the Gods, that courtesy I have
 With hospitality to treat a stranger.
 Eat, drink, and take your pleasure with me ; load
 Yourself with merriment ; my house is free,
 I free, and I would have you use me freely. 100
 For, by the Gods kind favour I may say it,

V. 83. *Finical fop.] Cinædus malacus.*

VOL. I.

N

I from

I from my fortune might have ta'en a wife
 Of the best family, and portion'd too :
 But I don't chuse to bring into my house
 An everlasting barker.

PLEU. Why not marry?

105

'Tis sweet burthen to have children.

V. 5. *A barker.*] *Oblatratricem.*

V. 106. *To have children.*] There is a jingle in this passage in the original, which I found impossible to be preserved in the translation.

— *Procreare liberos tepidum est onus.*

— *Liberum esse, id mulè est lepidius.*

There is a passage in the *Brothers* of Terence, Act I. Scene I. which I cannot but think carries a greater force with it than is commonly understood, in the use of the word **LIBERI**; which is interpreted to mean nothing more than simply **CHILDREN**. It appears to me, from the whole context, to bear a much stronger sense, and to include both the senses of the word **LIBERI**—not **CHILDREN** merely, but **CHILDREN that are FREE**. The whole of *Mitio's reasoning*, seems to me to turn upon the method proper to be followed in *exercising rule over CHILDREN, who are FREE*, in opposition to **SLAVES**, that are under the same authority. The passage is as follows.

Pudore et LIBERALITATE LIBEROS

Retinere, satius esse credo quam metu.

He goes on afterwards — — —

Et errat longè, mā quidem sententiā,

Qui IMPERIUM credit gravius esse aut stabilius,

Vi quod sit, quam illud quod amicitiā adjungitur.

What confirms me in my opinion, is the conclusion drawn from his argument.

Hoc PATRIUM est, potius consuefacere filium

Suā sponte rectè facere quam aliena metu.

Hoc PATER ac DOMINUS interest. Hoc qui nequit,

Fateatur nefcine imperare LIBERIS.

There

P E R. Troth

"Tis sweeter far to have one's liberty.

P A L. Sir, you are able to direct yourself,
And give advice to others.

P E R. A good wife,---

If there was ever such an one on earth,--- 110

Where can I find her?---Shall I bring homie one,
That never will address me in this fashion?

" Buy me some wool, my dear, that I may make you

" A garment soft and warm, good winter cloathing,

" To keep your limbs from starving. " Not a word

Like this you'll ever hear come ffrom a wife:--- 116

But, ere the cock crow, from my sleep she'd rouze me,

Crying---" My dear, pray give me wherewithal

" I may present my mother in the *Calends*:---

There is a passage in *Pliny's Epistle to Maximus*, (B. VIII. Ep. XXIV.) on his entering on the government of *Achaia*, which is much to the same purpose. *Vides a medicis, quanquam in adversa valetudine nihil servi ac liberi differant, mollius tamen liberos clementiusque tractari.* " Physicians, you see, though with respect to " diseases, there is no difference between freedom and slavery, " yet treat persons of the former rank with more tenderness than " those of the latter." MELMOTH.

After all, I submit with all humility this conjecture to the learned, and hope to be excused, should they look upon it as a fanciful refinement.

V. 119. *Calends.*] *Calendis*, that is, the *Calends of Mars*, which with the *Romans* began the New Year, (as we learn from *Macrobius*) and were celebrated particularly by the *Matrons*, who offered sacrifices to *Juno*, to whom all the *Calends* were dedicated, as the *Ides* were to *Jupiter*. Hence these *Calends of Mars* were called *Festa Matronalia*, the *Matrons Festivals*. It was also a custom, as may be learned from *Juvenal*, at this time to make presents in the same manner as our New-Year's Gifts.

180 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

- “ Get me a cook ; and get me a confectioner :--- 120
“ Give something to bestow in the *Quinquatria*
“ On the diviner, on th’ enchantress, on
“ The soothsayer :---it were an heinous crime
“ To send them nothing ;---how they’d look upon
 me !---
- “ And then it can’t be, but I must present 130
“ The forcereſs with ſome kind and gentle token :---
“ The taper-bearer is already angry,
“ That ſhe has nothing had :---the midwife too
“ Upbraids me, that ſhe has ſo little ſent her :---
“ What !---won’t you then ſend ſomething to the
 nurse, 130

V. 121. *Quinquatria.*] *Quinquatribus Quinquatria or Quinquatrus,* were Festivals dedicated to *Minerva*, ſo called from *quinque*, because they lasted *five* days, as we are told by *Ovid*, who has given us the origin and the particular manner of celebrating these Festivals, in the third Book of his *Faſti*.

V. 121, &c. *Diviner—Enchantress—Soothsayer, — &c.] Pre-*
cantatrici, Conjeſtrici, Ariole, &c. We have no words, that will
answer exactly to these in the original, as they relate to the re-
ligious ceremonies and ſuperſtitiosities of the ancients ; and I ſhall
not trouble the reader with explaining them. As I profess to
give a *Translation* of my Author, I am not at liberty to ſubSTITUTE
modern customs in the place of ancient, though I cannot but agree
with the obſervation of a ſensible Critic in the *St. James’s Maga-*
zine for *January 1763*, on this very point. “ That agreeable
ſatire, ſays he, in the *BRAGGARD CAPTAIN*, upon the con-
tinual ſelfiſh importunity of women to their husbands, loses
all its effect on an *English* reader, ſo long as thoſe instances of
female coaxing in a morning relate only to a slave to cram the
ſowls, or for ſomething to give to her mother upon the *Calends*,
to the enchantress and ſoothſayer on the *Quinquatrice* ; but
when ſuch inſinuating caresses tend to procure a foot boy, or a
“ new

" That brings your slaves up, born beneath your roof?"

These, and a thousand other like expences,
Bróught on by women, fright me from a wife,
Who'd plague and teaze mé with the like discourses.

PAL. The Gods in troth befriend you ; for if once
You lose that liberty which now you hold, 136
You will not easily be re-instated.

PLEU. Yet 'tis a reputation for a man
Of noble family and ample state,
To breed up children, as a monument 140
Unto himself and race.

PER. Why need I children,
When that I have relations in abundance ?---
I now live well and happily,---as I like,
And to my heart's content.---Upon my death,
My fortune I'll bequeath to my relations, 145
Dividing it among them.---They eat with me,
Make me there care, see what I have to do,
Or What I want ; are with me before day,
To ask if I have slept well over-night :
They are to me as children : they are ever 150
Sending me presents : when they sacrifice,
I have a larger portion than themselves :

" new year's gift, or something handsome to give to servants,
" or to the wet-nurse, or methodist preacher, there is no mar-
" ried man whatever, but would enter directly into the spirit of
" such requests."

V. 131. *Slaves born beneath your roof.] Vernas.* The ancients made a difference between the slaves born in the family, which they called *Vernæ*, and those they purchased.

They take me to the entrails : they invite me
 To dine, to sup with them : he counts himself
 The most unfortunate, that sends me least : 155
 They vie with one another in their presents ;
 When to myself I whisper all the while,
 Aye, aye, it is my fortune they gape after,
 And therefore strive they in their gifts to me.

PAL. You see things with a clear discerning spirit.
 While you are well and hearty, we may say 161
 You've children thick and three-fold.

PER. Had I had,
 I should have had anxiety enough
 On their account : I think I should have died,
 If son of mine had had a fall in liquor, 165

V. 152.] *Entrails.*] *Exta*, called by *Virgil*, *Exta lustralia*. The ancients in their sacrifices, which were always accompanied with feasting, used to offer part of the entrails of the victims to the Gods ; the rest they afterwards eat themselves. Their relations, and most intimate friends, were invited to partake of the cheer, a portion of which was sent to those that could not attend.

—*Limiens from Turnebus and Casaubon.*

V. 164. *If son of mine, &c.*]

*Censerem emori, cecidissetne ebrius, aut de equo uspiam ;
 Motuerem, ne ibi defregisset crura aut cervices fibi.*

In the *Brothers of Terence*, *Mitio* expresses himself in so similar a manner, that it almost seems to have been copied from our Author.

*Ego, quia non reddit filius, que cogito !
 Et quibus nunc sollicitor rebus ! ne aut ille alserit,
 Aut uspiam ceciderit, aut præfrogerit
 Aliquid.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

And what a world of fears posseſſ me now !
 How anxious, that my son is not return'd ;
 Lest he take cold, or fall, or break a limb !

COLMAN.

Or

Or tumbled from his horse ; so great had been
 My dread, that he had broke a leg at least,
 If not his neck.---And then my apprehensions,
 Lest that my wife should bring a monstrous brood,
 Deform'd, and mark'd,---some bandy-leg'd, knock-
 knee'd,

170

Or shambling, squint-eyed, tusk tooth'd brat or other.

PAL. This gentleman deserves an ample fortune,
 And to have life continued to him long ;
 For why ? he keeps him within bounds, and yet
 Lives well, and is a pleasure to his friends. 175

PLEU. What a sweet fellow !---As I hope heav'n's
 love,
 'Twere fit the Gods should order and provide,
 That all men should not live alike,
 Squar'd by one rule : but as a price is fix'd
 On different wares, that so they may be sold 180
 According to their value ;---that the bad
 It's owner may impoverish by it's vileness ;---
 So it were just, the Gods in human life
 Should make distinction due, and disproportion ;
 That on the well-disposed they should bestow 185
 A long extent of years ; the reprobate
 And wicked they should soon deprive of life.
 Where this provided, bad men would be fewer,
 Lest hardly they'd act their wicked deeds.

V. 169. *Bandy-leg'd, &c.] Aut varum, aut vulgum. aut comprem-*
nem, aut broncum filium.

V. 181. *Its owner may impoverisb.] Dominum pauperet.*

Nor

184 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Nor would there be a dearth of honest men. 190

PER. Whoever blames the counsels of the Gods,
And finds fault with them, is a fool and ignorant.—
No more then of these matters.—I'll to market,
That I may entertain you as I ought.

V. 190. *Dearth of honest men.*] There is some little difficulty in determining the precise meaning of the original, which is as follows.

Qui probri effent homines; effet bis annona vilior.

At first sight one might be led to interpret this with *Vitellius* and others, that as the number of bad men, and consequently of men in general, would be lessened, good men would have provisions cheaper on account of there being fewer consumers. This is taking it in the apparent, obvious, literal sense, as it may seem; but as *Lambin* has justly observed, it is absurd to suppose, that so grave a sentiment should be closed so lightly and ridiculously. To which we may add, that it would be quite out of character for *Pleusides*, whatever it might be in the mouth of a slave or parasite. But *Lambin* has made it clear by observing, that *annona bis* is the same as *annona eorum*, and the meaning is, metaphorically speaking, that the crop of honest men would be larger, and consequently cheaper on account of the plenty. *Horace* uses exactly the same expression in the same sense. *Vilis amicorum est annona.*

V. 192. *A fool and ignorant.*] This is a noble rebuke to *Pleusides* for having disputed the distributions of eternal Providence, and serves to take off any prejudice we might otherwise have conceived against the character of *Periplogenenes*, who though a jolly buck, is constantly represented as entertaining a veneration for piety and religion, according to the notions of former times. So in another place he observes, v. 94. of this Scene,

As also what it costs in sacrifices

Is by the wise and virtuous counted profit.

It may be remarked, that our author abounds throughout all his plays with the finest moral and religious sentiments; which more

And as you should be treated,—with good cheer 195
And a kind hearty welcome.

PLEU. Shall I then
Have no remorse in putting you to charge ?
Whene'er a man is quarter'd at a friend's,
If he but stay three days, his company
They will grow weary of ; but if he tarry 200
Ten days together, though the master bear it,
The servants grumble.

PER. Wherefore have I servants,
But to perform me service, not that they
Should bear authority o'er me, or hold me
Bounden to them?—If what I like they like not, 205
I steer my own course : though 'tis their aversion,

more than atone for those levities he sometimes falls into, in compliance, (as we may suppose,) with the corrupt taste of the times, in which he lived.

V. 196. *Shall I then—Have no remorse, &c.]* The original is,
Nibil me pœnitit jam quanto sumptui fuerim tibi.

The absurdity of *Pleyides* saying this, (considering what follows, and his former declaration, that “ it grieved him, the expense he put his friend too,”) has induced some critics to alter *Nibil* to *Nunc*. But this does not mend the matter. If we read the passage with a mark of interrogation (as I have translated it,) I am inclined to think the sense will be clear.

V. 201. *Servants—to perform me service.]* The original—*Servos servientes servitute.* Though *servus* properly signifies a slave, I have for the most part translated it *servant*, as being the more familiar term, except where the sense required precision in the expression.

V. 205. *I steer my own course.]* The original is,—*Meo remigio rem gero.* That is, as commentators explain it, I have my own rowers, whom I can command ; metaphorically meaning his servants.

Still

Still they must do't or be it at their peril.—
But I will now proceed, as I intended,
To get provisions.

PLEU. If you're so resolv'd,
Pray cater sparingly, at no great cost.— 210
For me, I am content with any thing.—

PER. Away now with such antiquated stuff,
The ordinary cant of common folks,
Who, when they are sat down, and supper's serv'd,
Cry,—“ What occasion was there for this charge? 215
“ On our account?—why sure, Sir, you was mad :—
“ For, look ye here's enough for half a score.”—
With what's provided for them they find fault,
And yet they eat.

PAL. Faith 'tis their very way.—
How shrewd is his discernment!

PER. All the while, 220
These self-same gentry, be it e'er so great
The plenty set before them, never say,---
“ Here take this off? ---away there with that dish ;---
“ Remove that gammon hence,---it is not wanted ;---
“ Take off that chine ;---this conger will be good, 225
“ When cold.” --- Remove! --- Carry away! --- Take
off! ---

V. 213. *Ordinary cant.*] *Proletario sermone.* *Proletarius* signifies a low person, and, according to *Nomius*, is derived from *proles*, *offspring*,—one who has no further concern in serving the state, than by getting children.

V. 225. *Chine*] *Offam penitam.* If it will be any satisfaction to the reader to know what this precisely means, I can acquaint him, that *Festus* declares it to be a *chine of pork*. It may be so,—or a *chine of mutton*,—if, according to *Nomius*, it signifies any joint with the tail.

No,

No, no,---you never hear a word of this
 From any of them ;---but they stretch them forward,
 And hang with half their bodies o'er the table,
 Straining to snatch the daintiest bits.

PAL. Good soul ! 230

How well has he describ'd their scurvy manners !

PER. What I have said is scarce an hundredth part
 Of what I have in store, if leisure serv'd.

PAL. Good,---it were fit then we should turn our
 thoughts

Upon our present busines.---Mark me now,--- 235
 Both lend me your attenton.---I have need,
Periplectomenes, of your assistance ;
 For I have hit upon a pleasant trick
 Will clip his cock's-comb, shave our captain close,

V. 228. *Stretch them forward, &c.]*

— *Procellunt se, et procumbunt dimidati, dum appetunt.*

This is a very natural and humourous pourtrait throughout, as indeed are all the reflections and descriptions of this hearty old fellow, who shews himself an admirable judge, and an accurate drawer, of men and manners. It may be objected, that the busines of the play stands still all the while, and nothing is carried on conducive to the plot : but no one, I fancy, can be displeased with this lively interruption, however long ; especially in all points as this of *Periplectomenes*.

V. 239. *Will clip his cock's-comb, shave our captain close.]* The original is,

Qui admulietetur miles usque cæsariatus.

This allusion to shaving, to signify a person's being imposed on, is not uncommon in our Author, and was doubtless proverbial, as we may learn from a passage in the *Captives*.

Nunc senex est in tonsorinâ, &c.

Now is the old man in the barber's shop, &c.

See the passage, and the Note upon it, Act II. Scene II. v. 24. in this volume.

186 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Enable this *Philocomafum*'s lover

240

To bear her off with him.

PER. Impart to me
The plan of your device.PAL. Impart to me
That ring of your'sPER. For what end would you use it ?
PAL. When I have got it, I will then impart
The plan of my device. 244PER. (*giving him the ring*) Here---use it, take it.
PAL. Take in return from me the plan I've laid.

PLEU. We both attend to you with open ears.

PAL. My master's such a rake, so fond of women,
There never was his equal I believe,
Nor ever will be,PER. I believe the same. 250
PAL. He boasts, that in his person he exceeds
Ev'n *Alexander*'s self, and that he's followed
By all our women here in *Epbefus*.PER. Needs there much said ? I know you do not lie
But am convinc'd 'tis ev'en so as you say.--- 255
Be brief then, and compendious as you can.PAL. Well, can you find me a smart handsome wench,
Buxom in mind and body, full of art ?V. 252. *Alexander.*] *Alexandri.* It may be proper to observe,
that this is another name for *Paris*, which we frequently find in
Homer.V. 253. *Needs there much said ?*] The commentators have been
greatly divided about the reading of this passage in the original,
and as much perplexed in explaining it. I have followed that
reading which I found in the *Aldus Edition* of our Author, which
is accounted almost equal in authority to a MSS, having been
printed directly from one.*Ædepol quid de isto multa ? Scia te non mentirier.*

PER.

A C T III. S C E N E II. 618

PER. Of what condition? --- free by birth, or bond-woman

Made free?

PAL. 'Tis equal to me, so you find 260
 One that lets out herself for hire, and draws
 Support from prostitution. --- She should have
 A knowing mind; --- I speak not of her heart,
 For that no woman has.

PER. Would you a dame
 Experienc'd, or a novice?

PAL. I would have her 265
 As brisk, as roguish, and as young as may be.

PER. I have hard by one under my protection
 Fit for your purpose, --- a young courtesan. ---
 But how would you employ her?

PAL. Bring her home,
 And let her be apparell'd like a matron, 270
 Her head well drest, her hair bound up with fillets:
 Let her pretend, that she's your wife; --- for so
 You must instruct her.

PLEU. I am at a loss,
 What road is it you take.

PAL. But ye shall know.
 What maid has she?

PER. A rare one.

PAL. We have need 275

V. 265. *A dame experienc'd, or a novice?*] The original is, *Lautam vis, an quæ nondum sit lauta?* The commentators explain *lauta*, to mean one that has borne children, that is, has bathed, it being customary for women to bathe after delivery, as may be learned from the *Ampbitryon* of our Author. See Act II. Scene II. v. 58.

Of

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Of her too.—You must thus instruct them both,—
 Mistress and maid.—The mistress shall pretend,
 That she's your wife, and doats upon this captain :
 And we'll pretend moreover, that she gave
 Her maid this ring, and that she brought it me 280
 To give it to the captain ; and I'll seem
 A go-between in this affair.

PER. I hear you,—

Don't stun me,— I'm not deaf.

PAL. You understand me.

I will present our captain with this ring ;
 Tell him 'twas brought and giv'n me from your wife,
 To win his favour : he's of such a nature, 286
 That he'll affect her with a strong desire ;
 A rake-hell !—whose whole study is employ'd
 In nothing but intrigue.

PER. The sun himself,
 Had you commission'd him to search them out, 290
 Could not have found two fitter for the purpose,
 Than those that I shall furnish.—Courage, man.

PAL. 'Tis necessary we should act with care,
 And with dispatch.

[*Exit PERIPLECTOMENES.*

Exit PERIPLECTOMENES] Though the scene is not divided in any of the Editions, and there is no expression that precisely determines when *Periplectomenes* goes off, I have marked it here ; as what follows regards *Pleusides* only, and as much time as possible should be allowed for the old gentleman's absence, before he returns (as he does shortly after this) with the courtesan and her maid.

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

PALÆSTRIO and PLEUSIDES.

PAL. Now hear me, *Pleusides*.

PLEU. I'm all obedience.

PAL. Mind you,—when the captain
Comes home, be sure remember not to call
Philocomasium by her name.

PLEU. What then?

PAL. Why, *Glycera*.

PLEU. Oh, the same we late agreed on. 5

PAL. No more:—begone now.

PLEU. I'll remember,—but,
I pray you, for what purpose is this caution?

PAL. I'll tell you, when occasion shall require;—
Mean time be quiet.—As He acts his part,
You on your side be mindful of your cue. 10

PLEU. I'll in then.

PAL. See, you follow your instructions.

[PLEUSIDES goes in.]

PAL. What turmoils I create! what mighty engines
I set to work!—Now shall I carry off
Our captain's lady, if my band of soldiery

V. 9. *He acts his part.*] Meaning *Peripety* or *Turn*.

V. 14. *Band of soldiery.*] *Si centuriati bene sunt manipulares mei.*
In allusion again to military affairs.

Are

Are rightly train'd.—But I will call him forth.— 15
 Hola,—*Sceledrus*,—if you are not busy,
 Step here.—*Palæstrio* calls you.—Hoa—

SCENE IV.

Enter LUCRIO, a Lad.

Sceledrus

Is not at leisure.

PAL. Why?

LUCR. He's fast asleep
 Gulping.

PAL. Gulping what?

LUCR. Snoreing I would say ;—
 But they are both so much alike ;—to snore
 Is as it were to gulp.

PAL What! is *Sceledrus* 5
 Asleep within?

LUCR. Not with his nose indeed ;—
 With that he makes an ~~huge~~ noise.—He has taken
 A cup by stealth : the butler though neglect
 Left in his way a pitcher-full of *Nardine*.

[SCENE IV.] There being a necessity for some time to be allowed, before *Periplectomenes* could return, this Scene is purely *episodic*, having nothing to do with the business of the play.

V. 3. *Gulping.*] The original is,

LUCR. *Sorbet dormiens.*

PAL. *Quid sorbet?* LUCR. *Illud sicutit volui dicere.*

V. 9. *Left in his way.*] *Demisit.* The commentators disagree about the meaning of the original, some inclining to think, that by

PAL. Hoa, rascal, you that are the under butler,¹⁰
Hearkye me.—

LUCR. What's your pleasure?

PAL. How is it,
That he's asleep?

LUCR. How?—with his eyes, I think.

PAL. Sirrah, I do not ask you that.—Come hither.—
You are undone; except I know the truth.—
You drew him wine?

LUCR. Not I.

PAL. Do you deny it?¹⁵

LUCR. Yes truly;—for he charg'd me not tell.—
Not I indeed forsooth,—I did not draw him
A pitcher of eight pints,—no, nor did he
Drink hot wine at his dinner.

PAL. Nor did you
Drink too.

LUCR. The Gods confound me, if I did,—²⁰
If drink I could.

PAL. For Why?

LUCR. I only sipt,—
It was too hot, it burnt my throat.

PAL. Well,—some

by *proximus* or *butler* is understood *Sceledrus* himself; and that *demi-fit*, in this case, signifies, he drank. I have followed the other interpretation, which seems to me the most probable, as from this whole Scene there does not appear any reason to suppose *Sceledrus* was the butler, but rather the contrary. *Nardine* signifies scented wine, from *Nardus*; a sweet-smelling shrub, much celebrated by the ancients as a perfume.

V. 19. *Hdt wine.*} The ancients used to drink their wine hot.

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Get glorious drunk, some guzzle meagre stuff.—
The cellar's trusted to an honest butler,
As well as under-butler !

LUCR. You in troth

25

Would do the self-same, if you had the care on't.—
Because you cannot copy us, you now envy

PAL. Hoa,—did he never draw him wine before?—
Answer me, villian.—And be sure of this,—
I give you warning,—if you tell me false, 30
You shall be tortur'd,—rascal!

LUCR. So will you

Inform against me, hey ; and then shall I
Be ousted from my battening-post, that you
May have an under-butler to your mind,
To draw you wine in plenty.

PAL. Faith I will not.—

35

Come then, speak boldly to me.

LUCR. Then by heavens

I never saw him draw one drop of wine :—
But this it was ;—he order'd and I drew.

PAL. What, did you stoop the cask ?

LUCR. That's not so easy :

Besides, the cellar's very wet and slippery.—

40

V. 23. *Meagre stuff.*] The original is, *Poſcam*. *Poſca*, we are told, was a kind of drink made of vinegar mixed with water. Others say, it was wine diluted with water in the press; something, I imagine, of the nature of what we call *water-cyder*.

V. 33. *Battening-post.*] *Saginā cellariā.*

V. 39. *Stoop the cask.*] It is extremely difficult to make out the sense of this whole passage, on account of the various readings of the original, and the different interpretations put upon them. I have hamméred out, to the best of my power, what I thought would appear most intelligible to the *English* reader.

Close

Close by the cask a water-pot is plac'd,
 That holds two pints. Now this was often fill'd,---
 Ten times a day ;—I've seen it quick replenish'd,
 And emptied all as quickly.—As the pot
 Mov'd to and fro, the cask would stoop to meet it. 45

PAL. Go, get you in.—Ye play the *Bacchanals*
 Both of you in the wine cellar.—I'll fetch
 My master from the *Forum*.

LUCR. (*Aside.*) I am ruin'd,—
 When he comes home, and learns what as been done,
 He'll have me whipt, because I did not tell him.—50
 I'll e'en take to my heels,—and skulking somewhere
 Stave off my sufferings to a further day. (*Going.*)
 (*To the spectators.*) I do beseech you, that you will
 not tell him.

PAL. Whither art going?

LUCR. I am sent elsewhehere,
 And shall return this instant.

PAL. Who has sent you? 55

LUCR. *Pbilocomasum.*

PAL. Go,—be back directly.

LUCR. If there's a dividend, while I'm away,
 Of a sound beating, do you take my share on't

LUCRIO goes off.

S C E N E V.

P A L A E S T R I O alone.

So—now I know our lady's drift : the while
Sceledrus is asleep, she has sent out

V. 53. (*To the spectators.*) These addresses to the audience, even
 in the middle of a speech, and sometimes with a total deviation
 from

Her under keeper, so that she may pass
From our house into this.—I like it well.—

But see—*Periplectomenes* comes yonder,
Bringing along, as I commission'd him,
A woman of incomparable beauty.—

The Gods take part with us in our affair.—

See how demure she treads! and how becoming
Is her apparel!—nothing like an harlot.—
This busineſſ prospers rarely in our hands.

S C E N E VI.

Enter PERIPLECTOMENES advancing with ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA, at a distant Part of the Stage.

Within have I explain'd this whole affair

To you *Acroteleutium*, and to you,

My *Milphidippa*;—and if our device

Ye comprehend but slightly, I could wish

Ye where again instructed in't more thoroughly;

But if sufficiently ye understand it,

There's other matter we may rather talk of.

ACR. 'Twould be a folly in me, and the height

from the character represented, are not uncommon in our Author, and can only be vindicated in contradiction to modern practice, by supposing, that they were not only tolerated, but highly applauded.

V. 9. *How demure she treads!*] *Facetia.* I am aware, that this word may signify nothing more than common; but as a peculiar force in it has been pointed out in classic authors (particularly Virgil) with respect to *frateliness* or *solemnity of step*, I have taken the liberty to extend its meaning to that idea in this place.

Of

Of ignorance, to undertake a work,
Or promise my assistance, if I knew not
How to acquit me in the business.

PER. Yet
'Tis best to be advis'd.

ACR. Advise an harlot !
What that imports, to me is yet a secret.
But I do wrong myself, letting my ears
Drink your discourse in dull delay.— I've told you, 15
How we may hew this block here of a captain.

PER. Two heads are better, as they say than one,
But many, I have often known, avoid
Advice sooner than find it.

ACR. Trust a woman,--
If she has any mischief to promote, 20
I warrant, she'll remember ;—in that point
Her memory is immortal, everlasting :—
If any thing is to be done by them
Or good or honest,—so it happens, strait
They grow forgetful, and they can't remember. 25

PER. Therefore I fear th'event of our proceedings,
Seeing the injury ye do the captain,

V. 15. *Drink your discourse in dull delay.] Adhibere aures meae
tuam moram orationis.*

V. 16. *How we may hew this block here of a captain.] The ori-
ginal is,*

— *Miles quemadmodum potis effet deasciari.*

There are other readings instead of *deasciari*, which it is hardly
in my opinion worth while to enumerate, as it is not material
which we prefer.

V. 17. *Two heads, &c.] The original is, Nemo solus satis sapit.*

Will

Will be to my advantage.

ACR. Never fear :—

Whatever good we chance to do, we do
Unwittingly.—No harlot but is ready, 30
When mischief is on foot.

PER. Your very character.—

Come, follow me.

PAL. Why don't I go and meet them ?
(Advancing.) Sir, I am glad to see you.—By my troth
She's admirably drest.

PER. Well met, *Palæstrio*,—

Most opportunely.—Here they are, the women 35
You bade me bring, and drest as you required.

PER. Be one of us.—*Palæstrio* salutes
Acrotelcutium.

ACR. Prithee, who is this,
That calls me so familiar by my name,
As if he knew me ?

PER. He's our master-plotter. 40

ACR. Your servant, master-plotter !

PAL. I am your's.
But tell me, has he giv'n you full instructions ?

PER. I've brought them both well studied in their
parts.

PAL. Fain would I hear as how ; for I'm afraid,
Lest ye should err in any point.

PER. I've only 45
Retail'd your precepts :—nothing have I added

V. 37. *Be one of us,*] *Noſter eſto.* This is a familiar expression,
used in other places by our Author, denoting praise or approba-
tion.

V. 40. *Maſtor-Plotter.*] *Architec tus.*

New of my myself.

ACR. Is it your will forsooth,
The captain should be play'd on?

PAL. You have said it.

PAL. And you must feign yourself His wife.

ACR. I shall.

PAL. And that you've set your heart upon the captain.

ACR. 'Twill so fall out. 51

'PAL. And the affair shall seem
As carried on betwixt your maid and me.—

ACR. Well, surely you may set up for a prophet,
Since you divine so rarely what will happen.

PAL. And further---that she brought this ring from
you, 55

For me to give the captain in your name.

AAK. Right,---you say true.

PER. What needs there repetition,
When they so well remember?

ACR. It is the best,---

For think you this, my patron : When the ship-wright,
If he has skill, has once laid down the keel, 60
Exact to line and measure, it is easy
To build the ship thus laid and tightly founded.
Our keel's already laid and tightly founded ;---
Our workmen are at hand,---procur'd by me,
By you,---and not unskilful: now if he,
Who furnishes the timber, don't retard us,
I know our skill,---our ship will soon be ready,

V. 49. His] Meaning *Periplectomenes*.

V. 67. Our ship will soon be ready.] This allegory is thus explained by Lambin. By the Ship (says he) is meant the contrivance

200 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

PAL. Pray, do you know my master?

ACR. It is strange,
That you should ask me. What! must I not know
The scorn of every one? an empty Braggard, 70
A wenching, perfum'd, frizzle-pated fellow.

PAL. And does he know you too?

ACR. He never saw me;
How should he know me then, or who I am?

PAL. That's rare;—our project will succeed most
rarely.

ACR. Give me the man, be quiet for the rest; 75
And if I do not play him such a game,
Lay the whole blame on me.

PER. Well go you in then.
Be mindful of your busness.

ACR. Never fear us.

PAL. Do you conduct them in, Sir. I'll go meet
My master at the *Forum*, with this ring 80
Present him, say 'twas gi'en me from your wife,
And that she's dying for him. When that we
Return, let *Milphidippa* comes to us,
As though she where dispatch'd to me in private.

PER. We'll do so never fear us.

PAL. You'll take care then. 85

ance for deceiving the Captain; by the keel, the main plot and
foundation of it; by the Workmen, *Periplectomenes*, the Courtesan,
and her Maid; by the Master-shipwright, *Palafrio*; by *Materi-*
arus, he that furnishes the timber, the Captain.

V. 72. Frizzle-pated.] *Cincinnatum.*

V. 79. Never fear us.] The original is, *alia cura.*

I'll bring him hither loaded like a pack-ass.

PER. Now luck go with you! manage well this business.

(To Act.) But should it be effected, that my guest
Shall gain the captain's mistress, and depart
For Atbens with her,—should our trick succeed, 90
What present must I make you?

ACR. You shall promise
To love no other woman but myself.

V. 86. *Loaded like a pack-ass.*] The original has nothing more than *oneratum*; but *De l'Oeuvre*, editor of the *Delphin* edition, supposes, that *clitellis*, with a pack-saddle, is understood. So in our Author's *Mofstellaria*, it is said, *Sarcinam impor.am seni: I'll clap a pack upon the dotard.*

V. 87. *Luck go with you.*] *Bene ambula.* This was a common expression of the same import with that which I made use of.

Though I have not divided the scene here, I cannot help thinking, that *Palæstrio* should go off at this place, as there is nothing more for him to do, and his business was to meet the Captain at the *Forum* as soon as possible. The little short speech, which the Editors have given him afterwards, (*Most sweetly said*) would, I think, come with more propriety from *Periplectomenes*.

V. 91. *What present, &c.*] This passage has strangely puzzled and perplexed the commentators, who have recourse to various readings, and give us, accordingly as they prefer one or the other, various interpretations of it. The original, as I find it in the *Aldus* edition, is as follows.

PER. *Quid tibi ego mittam muneris?*

ACR. *Des ne ulice mulieri operam.*

One would imagine, that the meaning of this must be plain and obvious to every one, as I have translated it, though they have all mistaken it. It did not occur to them perhaps, that *Periplectomenes* had before said, that *Acrotelutum* was a courtesan under his protection.

202 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

PAL. most sweetly said.

Acr. I trust we shall succeed,
When all our cunning is combin'd together,
I have no fear, that we should be o'er match'd 95
In subtlety and fraud.

PAL. Then let us in,
And weigh our counsels deeply in our thoughts
That we may act with caution, lest the captain,
When he returns, in ought should find us tripping.

Acr. Come, come, you but delay us with your
prattle. 100

[*PERIPECTOMENES goes in with the woman,*
and PALÆTRIO goes off.

V. 100. *Delay us.*] *Tu morare.* *Acroteleutium* had said before,
v. 14 of this scene.

Quin ego me frustro,
Postquam addibere aures meæ tuam moram orationis.

But I do wrong myself, letting my ears
Drink your discourse in dull *delay*.

** It having been the business of the second Act to convince *Sceledrus*, that it was the twin-sister of *Philocomasum* whom he saw, and not herself, this third Act is taken up with laying another plot consequent thereto, to deceive the Captain, which is productive of several truly comic incidents, that naturally arise from each other, and are managed with great art and dexterity.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES and PALÆSTRIO.

P Y R G O P O L I N I C E S .

I T is a pleasure, whatsoe'er you do,
If fairly it succeed, and to your mind.—
I have dispatch'd my parasite to-day
To king *Seleucus*, to conduct the troops
That I have levied to defend his kingdom, 5
While I indulge in leisure and repose.

P AL. Think rather of your own concerns, nor heed
Seleucus.—What a fair and new proposal
Is offer'd to you through my mediation !

P Y R G. Well then,—all other matters I postpone, 10

Act IV.] The vain-glorious military part of our Captain's character, which was carried to such an height of extravagance in the first Act, is in a great measure dropped in the succeeding scenes ; and the more agreeable foible, of his priding himself upon his beauty, and fancying every woman in love with him, is finely exposed and set forth in action. In this part of his character, as well as in the other, no comparison can be properly drawn between him and the *Thraso* of *Terence*, who is scarcely represented as having any conceit of his own person, neither is he exposed to any ridiculous situations on that account.

V. 6. *While I indulge in leisure.*] *Mibi dum fierit otium.* There is another interpretation of this passage,

Till I have leisure to attend in person.

And

204 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

And lend attention to thee.—Speak ;—my ears
I do surrender up to thy disposal.

PAL. Look round, lest some one catch our conver-
sation :

For I was order'd to transact this business
In private with yon.

PYRG. There is no one near us. 15

PAL. First, take this pledge of love. (*giving a ring.*)

PYRG. Ha ! what is this ?

Whence comes it ?

PAL. From a fair and buxom dame ;
One that adores you, doats upon your beauty.—
I had it of her maid to bring to you.

PYRG. What is she ?—Is she gentle by her birth, 20
Or once a bond-woman, but since made free ?

PAL. Ah, do you think, that I would dare to play
The go-between for one that was a slave,
Knowing so many ladies wooe you to them.

PYRG. Is she a wife, or widow ;

PAL. Wife, and widow. 25

PYRG. How is it possible she can be both,—
Widow and wife ?

PAL. Because she's young, and married
To an old fellow.

V. 11. *My ears—I do surrender up to thy disposal.] Ayres neas
dedo in ditionem tuam.* This language is in character for our Captain.

V. 20, 21.] *Is she gentle by her birth,—Or once a bond-woman,
but since made free ?] The original is,*

Quid? ean' ingenua, an festuca facta è servâ libera est?

*Festuca, otherwise called Fendicta, signifies the rod or wand,
which among the Romans the Praetor used to lay upon a slave's
head, when he was made free.*

PYRG.

PYRG. Well--so much the better.

PAL. Then such a person !

PYRG. See thou liest not, sirrah.

PAL. O she alone is worthy of your charms ! 30

PYRG. Thou mak'st her out indeed a beauty---But
Who is she ;

PAL. She's the wife of this old fellow
Periplectomenes, our neighbour here.
She's dying for you, and about to leave him :
The dotard she detests, and order'd me 35
To beg you would vouchsafe your favour to her.

PYRG. Well, well, then.—I'm content,—if she
desire it.

PAL. If she desire it !

PYRG. How shall we dispose
Of her I have at home, that other wench ?

PAL. E'en bid her to be gone, where-e'er she
lifts ; 40
For,—do you know?—her mother and twin-sister
Are come to *Ephebus* to fetch her home.

PYRG. How say you?—is the mother come to
Ephebus?

PAL. They told me, that should know.

PYRG. By *Hercules*!

A charming opportunity to turn 45
The baggage out of doors.

PAL. But would you do
The thing that's handsome ?

V. 34. *About to leave him,*] *Ab illo incipit abiire*, that is, actually
to be divorced from him, and not, as *Limiers* explains it, “She
is already separated from him in inclination.”

PYRG.

PYRG. What would'st thou advise?

PAL. Have you a mind forthwith to send her packing

With a good grace?

PYRG. I have,—tis my desire.

PAL. Then this you ought to do. You have enough

50

Of riches :—bid her take by way of present
The cloaths and trinkets you supplied her with,
To carry with her wheresoe'er she pleases.

PYRG. It likes me what thou say'st. But hold,—
suppose

I lose Her, and that other change her mind.

55

PAL. Ah,—sure you are in jest. She change her mind?

What she,—who loves you, as she loves her eyes?

PYRG. By *Venus* am I favour'd.

PAL. Hift!—the door

Is opening.—Step aside this way, and hide you.

This is her fly-boat, that is coming forth,

60

Her go-between.

PYRG. What mean'st thou by her fly-boat?

PAL. It is her maid, that's coming forth,—the same,
That brought the ring I gave you.

PYRG. By my troth

A likely wench.

PAL. Oh, she is monkey-faced,—

V. 60. *Fly-boat.*] *Celox.*

V. 64. *Monkey-faced,—Owl-visaged.*] *Pitheciū est præ illā, et Spinternicium. Pitheciū* is from Πίθηξ, which signifies an ape. *Spinternicium* some interpret to mean a bird of ill omen, others a kind of Sphynx.

Owl-

Owl-visaged,—in comparison to th' other. 65
 Mark, how she hunts round with her eyes, and spreads
 Her ears, like toils, to catch each passing sound!

[They stand aloof.

S C E N E . II .

Enter MILPHIDIPPA.

Is this the *Circus*, here before the house,
 Where I must hold my sports?—I'll make pretence
 As though I did not see them, did not know
 That they are here.

PYRG. Hush!—let us hearken, if
 She'll mention ought of me.

MIL. Is no one near? 5
 No meddler, that minds other businesſes

V. 66. *Mark how ſhe hunts round with her eyes, &c.] Videt tu illam oculis venaturam facere, atque aucupium auribus?* These allusions are frequent in our Author.

*Sed ſpectulabor, ue quis binc a lœvâ aut dextrâ
 Noſtrio confilio venator affit cum auritis plagiſ.*

But I will spy abroad,

Left any one or to the right or left

Should spread his ears, like toils, to catch our counſels.

SCENE II.] According to the opinion of *Marolles*, this is one of the pleasanter Scenes in the whole Comedy, in which he says, *Milphidippa* plays her part admirably.

V. 1. *Is this the Circus, &c.] Namne eft ante ædus Circus, ubi sunt ludi faciendi mibi?* This is in allusion to the *Circus* at *Rome*, where the public sports were exhibited.

More

208 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

More than his own? no longer on the watch
To see what I'm about? no dieter
At his own cost, who's not in search for supper?—
I am afraid, lest any such as these 10
Stand in the way, and be an hindrance, when
My mistress comes,—poor soul! who doats upon
This all enchanting, this too handsome man,
This gallant captain *Pyrgopolinices*.

PYRG. She doats upon me too; commends my
beauty.— 15

'Tis a clean-spoken wench,—she needs no ashes.

PAL. What do you mean?

PYRG. To scour her words:—she speaks
Most daintily; and she's a dainty girl.—
Faith I begin to feel some liking for her.

V. 7. *On the watch.*] *Anacupet.* See the last Note on the preceding Scene.

V. 8. *No dieter—At his own cost.*] The original is rather obscure. *Qui de vesperi vivat suo.* Some interpret it as meant of those, who get their living by stealing in the evening; but *Lambin* explains it to signify those, who had wherewith of their own to enable them to sup at home; and he confirms his opinion by a passage in the *Rudens*, or *Cable* of our Author, where *vesperi* is used in the same sense to signify *supper*.

Si tu de illarum cœnaturus vespéri es.
If we are contented with this interpretation, the sentence implies, that those, who live at their ease, have more leisure to pry into others concerns, than those who are put to their shifts to get a support.

— V. 16. *She needs no ashes.*] This is but a sorry joke in the original.

PYR. *Ædepol hujus sermo hand cinerem queritat.*

PAL. Quo arguento? PYR. *Quia enim loquuntur laute minimè* *fordidè.*

PAL.

PAL. What ! ere you have set eyes upon the other ?

PYRG. I've faith in what I see.—By her discourse
She forces me to love her.

PAL. On my soul

You must not love her : she's betroth'd to me :
If you the mistress wed, I take the maid.

PYRG. Why art thou backward then in speaking
to her ?

25

PAL. True,—come along.

PYRG. I lacquey you at heels,

MIL. O that I could but meet him, for whose sake
I am come forth here !

PAL. (*Advancing towards her.*) You shall have your
wish :

Take courage : fear not :—there's a certain person
Knows where he is, whom you are looking for. 30

MILP. Who's that I hear ?

PAL. The partner of your secrets,—
Your fellow-counsellor.

MIL. I don't conceal then
What I conceal.

PAL. Nay, but you do conceal
Ev'n what you don't conceal.

MIL. How make you that out ?

PAL. From the untrusty you conceal your secrets :
But I am of a firm unshaken faith. 36

MIL. Give me a token, if you're of the *Bacchæ*.

V. 26. *I lacquey you at heels.*] *Pedissequus tibi sum.*

V. 37. *If you're of the Bacchæ.*] *Si barunc Baccharum es.*
This is in allusion to the secrecy observed with respect to the
mysteries of *Bacchus*, which were known only to the *Bacchæ* or
Priestesses.

PAL. A certain lady loves a certain gentleman.

MIL. In troth, and so do many.

PAL. But not many,
That send them presents, and from off their fingers. 40

MIL. Oh, now I know :—you've made the matter
plain.—

Is no one near?

PAL. There is, or there is not.

MIL. I want to talk with you alone in private.

PAL. Will it be short or long you have to say?

MIL. Three words.

PAL. (*to Pyrg.*) I will return to you this instant. 45

PYRG. What?—shall I stand here, I who am
renown'd

For my exploits and beauty, but a moment
Idle and unemploy'd?

PAL. Content yourself,—

Stay here :—it is your service I'm upon.

PYRG. I'm tortur'd with impatience.

PAL. Soft and fair: 50

You know, Sir, in commodities of this kind
We're wont to deal thus.

PYRG. Well then, as it suits thee.

PAL. (*aside.*) No stone can be more senseless than
this lack-wit.

(*To Pyrg.*) I'll soon return to you.—(*To Milpb.*)
What would you with me?

MIL. To take of you directions as before.

55

V. 50. *Soft and fair.*] *Pedetentim.* This properly signifies
gently, step by step.

PAL.

PAL. Say, is she dying for him.

MIL. That I know.

PAL. Commend his person, and extol his bravery.

MIL. For that I'm arm'd at all points, as I shew'd you.

PAL. The rest you'll manage :—have you got your cue.

PYRG. Prithee allow me some share in the busines.

(To Pal.) Sirrah, come here this instant. 61

PAL. Here I am :—
Command me,—what's your will ?

PYRG. What says she to thee ?

PAL. She says her mistress takes on grievously,
Poor soul ! and sore afflicts herself with crying,
Because you are not with her :—for that reason 65
She was dispatch'd to you.

PYRG. Bid her approach.

PAL. But know you how to act now ?—Bear
yourself
Disdainfully, as though you like it not ;
And rate me soundly, that I dare presume
To stale you to the vulgar.

PYRG. I'll remember, 70
And follow thy instructions.

PAL. Please you, I
Should call her ?

V. 58. *Arm'd at all points,*] *Habeo omnem aciem.* This is generally understood by Commentators, as a figurative expression, borrowed (as is common in this play) from military affairs.

V. 59. *Get your cue.*] The original is,—*De meis venator verbis,* in allusion to hunting.

V. 70. *To stale you to the vulgar.*] There is a jingle in the original,—*quia te vulgo vulgem.*

PYRG. If she wants me, let her come.

PAL. Come hither, woman, if you want my master.

MIL. (*Advancing.*) Save you, Prince Prettyman !

PYRG. Ha !---who could tell her, 75
That was my name ?---Heav'n grant you all you wish !

MIL. To pass life with you, is---

PYRG. You wish too much.

MIL. Myself I mean not, but my mistress, who
Is dying for you.

PYRG. Many wish the same,
But to no end.

MIL. In sooth I wonder not, 80
That you should put such value on yourself,
A gentleman so handsome ! so renown'd
For beauty, valour, and for bright achievements !
Lives there, who more deserves the name of man ?

PAL. (*Aside.*) Then there is nothing human :---
by my faith 85

I think there's more humanity in a vulture.

V. 75. *Save you, Prince Prettyman !*] There is a propriety in the original, which cannot be so exactly expressed in our language *Salve, Pulcher*. The Romans commonly bore another name added to that of their family-one by way of distinction, which was called *Cognomen*; and this very *Pulcher*, we are told, was the actual *Cognomen* of the family of the *Clodii*. I have made use of a well known appellation, in some sort to preserve the ridicule.

V. 86. *I think there's more humanity in a Vulture.*] *Vulturio plus humani credo est.* The plain and obvious sense of this passage is preferable to the vain researches and refinements of some commentators, particularly *Douxq*, who will have *Vulturio* to be a nominative case, and *est* the same as *edit*, and ridiculously explains it to mean, that "a Vulture eats more human flesh than the Captain has in his whole body."

PYRG. Now will I make myself of consequence,
Since she's so lavish of her commendations.---

PAL. Look at the block-head, how he puffs and
swells!---

Will you not answer her, good Sir? ---she comes 90
A suiter from the lady.---

PYRG. From what lady?

There are so many ladies court my favour,
I can't remember them.

MIL. I come from her,
Who to adorn your fingers strips her own: 94
That ring I brought from her, and gave your servant.

PYRG. Well, woman, what is't you would have?
explain.

MIL. That you would not disdain her who adores
you,
Who lives but in your life, whose hope is placed
In you alone, whether she live or dye.

PAL. What's her desire?

MIL. To talk with, and embrace you: 100
If you refuse to comfort her, she'll perish.---
Come, my Achilles, ---grant what I request,
And save this fair one, ---call forth your benevolence,
Stormer of cities, conqueror of kings!

PYRG. O how vexatious this! ---How often, rascal,
Have I forbade you thus to make me common? 106

PAL. Woman, d'ye hear? ---I told you this before,
And now repeat it; ---you must pay him well.

V. 109. *Pay him well.*] I have passed over a line and a half of
the original, which follows here, as the idea as unfit to be ex-
pressed in our language.

214 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

MIL. We'll give him any price he asks.

PAL. A talent

Of gold :---he'll take no less of any one.

110

MIL. Nay, that indeed now is too cheap.

PYRG. In me

Did avarice never spring : I'm rich enough :

I have of gold more than a thousand measures

In *Philippeans*.

PAL. Then, besides this treasure,
He has of silver, I'll not call them piles, 115
But mountains ;---*Aetna's* self is not so high.

MIL. (*To Pal. aside.*) Thou monstrous fibber !

PAL. (*To Milph.*) How I play him off !

MIL. And I too,---how I gull the fool !

PAL. Most rarely. 119

MIL. Pray you, sweet Sir, dismiss me out of hand.

PAL. Make her some answer,---that you will, or
will not.

Why give the lady so much pain, that never
Deserv'd ill of you ?

PYRG. Well then,---bid her come
To me in person,---tell her I will do
All she desires.

MIL. You act as it behoves you,

125

V. 114. *Philippeans.*] *Philippei.* See the Note on A& IV. Sc. VI. v. 33. of *Amphytrion*.

We cannot exactly ascertain the quantity designed by a thousand *modii* or *measures* of gold, which the Captain brags he is possessed of ; but, according to the smallest reckoning, a *modius* is supposed to have been equal to a peck and a half of our measure. If so, this *hyperbole* of the Captain, which is still further exaggerated by *Palæstrio*, is to the highest degree extravagant.

Suiting

Suiting your will to her's.---

PAL. He's a sweet soul.---

MIL. And that you have not scorn'd me poor petitioner,

But suffer'd me to win your fair consent.---

(*Aside to Pal.*) So---how I tickle him!

PAL. By heav'ns I can't
Restrain myself from laughing: therefore have I 130
Turn'd away from you.

Pyrg. O thou know'ft not, wench,
How much I honour her.

MIL. I know, and will
Acquaint her with it.

PAL. He might have sold his favours
Much dearer to another.

MIL. I believe you.

PAL. Those, that by him are happy mothers made,
Bring forth sheer-warriours; and his children live 136
Eight hundred years.

MIL. Eye on you for a fibber.

Pyrg. Nay, but they live, I say, a thousand years.
Reckoning from age to age.

PAL. I spoke within bounds,

V. 136. *Sbeer-warriours.] Meri bellatores.*

V. 137. *A thousand years.]* This so much exceeds the bounds of probability, that we may almost wonder, how it could have been borne in any age, or country the least civilized, much less applauded, as we may fairly suppose it to have been. But it is very difficult to account for the difference of taste in different times. What follows is in the same strain of rodomantade, which cannot but disgust the modern reader. Excepting these passages, and the like monstrous impossibilities related of him in the first Act, the character of our Captain is truly natural.

Fearing

216 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Fearing to seem a lyar to her face.

140

MIL. (*Afde.*) I burst, I dye.—How many years
must he

Himself live, when his children live so long?

PYRG. Wench, I was born upon the day next that,
When Jove was born of Ops.

PAL. O had his birth.

Preceded Jove's one day, he had posseſſ'd 145
The kingdom of the skies.

MIL. Enough, sweet souls :

Let me be gone.

PAL. Why don't you go then, since
You have your answer?

MIL. I will go and bring
My mistress here.—Would you ought further with me?

PYRG. O may I ne'er be fairer than I am ! 150
My beauty's such a plague to me.

PAL. Why stay you ?

Why don't you go ?

(*Afde to Mil.*)

MIL. I am gone.

PAL. And hearkye.—Tell her
All that has past.

MIL. Her heart will leap within her.

PAL. And tell *Philocomastum*, if she's yonder,
She must come home, for that the captain's here. 155

V. 151. *My beauty's such a plague to me.] Ita mea forma solli-*
citum habet. So in A&I. Scene I. v. 84. of this play, the Cap-
tain exclaims,

Nimia est miseria pulchrum esse hominem nimis,

What plague it is

To be too handsome !

MIL.

MIL. She's yonder with my mistress, fitly hearkening
Our conversation.

PAL. 'Tis well done :—they'll learn
The better how to act from having heard us.

MIL. You hinder me.

PAL. I leave you, I don't hinder you,
Nor do I touch you, nor—I say no more. 160

PYRG. Bid her come forth to us with instant speed :
All other matters we'll postpone to this.

[MILPHIDIPPA goes in.

S C E N E III.

PYRGOPOLINICES and PALÆSTRIO.

P Y R G O P O L I N I C E S .

Palæstrio, what would'ſt thou advise me now
To do about my mistress? for by no means
Can I receive this here into my house,
Till I've dismiss'd the other.

PAL. Why consult
Me what you ought to do? I've told you, how 5
It may be carried with all gentleness.
Her trinkets, baubles, all her women's gear,
With which you furnish'd her, e'en let her have,

V. 160. *Nor—I say no more.*] *Neque te facio.* The *Aposiopesis*,
(as it is called) or break in the sentence, not being attended to
by some Editors, they have altered this unnecessarily to *neque te
teneo*.

V. 7. *Her trinkets.*] *Aurum*, signifying things made of gold.

Take

218 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Take, carry off : and tell her, 'tis high time
She should go home again ; tell her, her mother 10
And her twin-sister are arriv'd, with whom
She may depart.

PYRG. How know'st thou, they are come ?

PAL. I saw her sister here with my own eyes.

PYRG. What, have they met ?

PAL. They have.

PYRG. How does she look ?

Is she a brave piece ?

PAL. You would have them all. 15

PYRG. Where was her mother, did the sister say ?

PAL. The master of the ship, that brought them,
told me,

She had an inflammation in her eyes,
And was on board : He's lodg'd too at next door.

PYRG. But to the point.

PAL. Well.

PYRG. What would'st thou advise ? 20
I'd have thee talk to her upon the subject :
'Twill better come from thee.

PAL. Nay, rather go

V. 15. *A brave piece.*] The Latin word is *fortis*, which according to the interpretation of *Nonius* is the same with *formosa*, *handsome*.

V. 19. *Next door.*] The same objection lies against three lines, which follow here, in the original, as is mentioned v. 109. of the preceding scene ; and therefore I have omitted them.

V. 22. *'Twill better come from thee.*] Our Captain thought it not suitable to his rank and dignity to acquaint his mistress himself with the resolution he had taken, and would therefore put the task upon *Palætrio*.

Youself

Youself ; yourself transact your own concerns.
Tell her, you needs must marry,---you're persuaded
By your relations, urg'd to't by your friends. 25

PYRG. And dost thou think so ?

PAL. How can I think other ?

PYRG. I'll in then, and do thou mean time keep
watch

Before the house, that thou mayst call me out,
When th' other comes.

PAL. Mind what you do.

PYRG. I shall.

For, if she go not of her own accord, 30
I'll turn her out by force.

PAL. No, do not so,

But rather let her go with a good grace :
Give her the things I mentioned ; let her take
Her trinkets, and her geer.

PYRG. With all my heart.

PAL. You'll easily, I think, prevail with her.--- 35
But get you in, don't loiter.---

PYRG. I obey you.

[PYRGOPOLINICES goes in.

PAL. (*To the spectators.*) Doth he appear ought
chang'd from what I told you
A while ago he was, this wenching captain ?---
Now do I want *Acroteleutium*
To come here, and her maid, and *Pleufides*.--- 40

V. 32. *A good grace.*] *Bonâ gratiâ.* I forgot to remark, where
this expression was used before, that it was a law term in the case
of amicable divorces with the consent of both parties. But there
seems to be no necessity to suppose, that there is any allusion to
this here.

O Jupiter !

O Jupiter ! how much Commodity
Befriends me on all sides !---for those I wish'd
To see, are coming hither from our neighbour's.

S C E N E IV.

*Enter ACROTELEUTIUM, MILPHIDIPPA,
and PLEUSIDES.*

ACROTELEUTIUM.

Follow me,---at the same time look around,
Lest any one observe us.

MIL. No one see I,
Save him that we would meet

PAL. As I would you.

MIL. Our architect ! how fare you ?

PAL. I your architect ?

Ah---

MIL. How now ?

PAL. I'm not worthy, if compar'd. 5
With you, to stick a peg into a wall.

ACR. No to be sure !

PAL. O she's a clever jade,
When mischief's set on foot. How charmingly
She smooth'd our captain o'er !

ACR. But not sufficient.

V. 41. *Commodity.*] *Commoditas.* Some will have it, that this means the Goddess worshipped by the *Romans* under that name.

V. 6. *To stick a peg into a wall.*] *Utrigam palum in parietem,* what the most common workman can do:

V. 9. *Smooth'd our Captain o'er.*] The original is, *duruminauit*, from *runcina*, a carpenter's plane.

PAL.

PAL. Courage--our business prospers to our wish,
If you continue but to lend assistance. II
For know, the captain is himself gone in
To ask his mistress, that she would depart
For Athens with her sister and her mother.

ACR. Good ! very good !

PAL. Nay more,---he gives her all 15
The cloaths, and trinkets, which he had provided,
So she be gone :---myself advis'd him to it.

PLEV. That's easily agreed, if she is willing,
And he desire it too.

PAL. Do you not know,
When from the bottom of a well you've mounted 20
Up to the top, then there's the greatest danger,
Lest from the brink you topple back again ?
Now our affair stands tottering, as it were,
Upon the brink and summit of the well ;
For should the captain chance to smell us out, 25
We shall get nothing from him :---wherefore now
We need erect our batteries.

PLEV. We have got
Sufficient store of timber for that purpose ;---
Three women,---you yourself make a fourth person,
And I a fifth,---and our old host a sixth. 30

PAL. What heaps of stratagems we've fell'd already !
No town whatever could hold out against us,

V. 28 *Store of timber.*] *Sylva satis.* So afterwards, *Quae fallaciarum est excisum, — What heaps of stratagems we've fell'd !*—This metaphor will perhaps appear to the modern reader strained and inelegant, as well as that which follows—*no town whatever could hold out against us.*

If

222 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

If ye but lend assistance.

ACR. For that purpose

Are we come out to you to know your pleasure.

PAL. 'Tis sweetly done in you.---Then this I order
As your department. (*To Arc.*) 36

ACR. You're our general,--

Command me what you will, that's in my power.

PAL. I'd have you play this captain off most finely.

ARC. Good---your command's a pleasure.

PAL. Know you how?

ACR. To wit, that I should feign myself distracted
With love for him. 41

PAL. The thing.

ACR. And for that love

I have foregone my marriage here, much longing
To match him,

PAL. Right, you proceed in order.
Only this one thing,---you must also say,
This house is settled on you for your dowry,
And that the old man after your divorce
Had quitted it,---left bye and bye the captain
Should fear to enter in another's house. 45

ACR. Well you advise me.

PAL. But when he appears,
I'd have you stand aloof, and seem as though
You scorn'd your beauty in compare with his,
And was awe-struck with his vast opulence :
Be sure you praise his loveliness of mein,
His air, his face, his beauty all altogether.--- 50

V. 43. *You proceed in order.] Ordine is.*

Arc

Are you enough instructed?

ACR. I am perfect. 55

Will it suffice, if I produce my work-

So finish'd, that you shall not find a fault?

PAL. I am content. (*to Pleu.*) Now hearken in
your turn

What I command you.

PLEU. Speak.

PAL. When this is done,
As soon as she has enter'd, come you hither 60
Accoutré like the master of a ship,
With broad-brim'd hat and of a russet grey,
And hold a woollen compres 'fore your eyes ;
Have on a short cloak, of a russet grey too,
(For that's your seaman's colour) fasten it 65
On your left shoulder, your right arm stuck out ;
And tye a belt about your waist :—thus dreſt,

V. 56. *If I produce my work—So finis'h'd.*] *Si tibi meum opus ita dabo expolitum.* So *Acroteleutum* says to *Periplectomenes* in Act III. Scene VI. v. 8.

'Twould be a folly in me, and the height
Of ignorance, to undertake a work,
Or promise my assistance, if I knew not
How to acquit me in the business.

V. 62. *Broad-brim'd hat.] Causiam.*

V. 63. *Woollen compress.] Culcitam laneam.* This direction to *Pleufides* is artificial, as it would serve to prevent the Captain from knowing the young fellow's face, notwithstanding his disguise. It is natural and common for persons, who have any complaint in their eyes, (as *De L'Oeuvre* has observed) to hold something up to them, to cherish, or to wipe them, or keep the light from them.

Pretend

224 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

Pretend yourself the master of a ship....

Your good old host here can equip you throughly,
For he has fishermen.

PLEU. When thus accoutred, 70

What must I do?

PAL. Come here, and call upon
Philocomasium in her mother's name ;
Tell her, if now she would return to *Athens*,
She must with you directly to the port,
And order to be carried to the ship, 75
If any thing she has to put on board ;
Say bluntly, if she did not go that instant,
You must weigh anchor, for the wind was fair.

PLEU. I like your picture well enough.---Proceed.

PAL. Our gull will strait exhort her to be gone, 80
Bid her make haste, nor let her mother wait.

PLEU. You've an extensive genius.

PAL. I will tell her
To ask my master, that he'd let me carry
Her baggage to the port ; when he at once
Will bid me to attend her.---What do I ? 85
I'll tell you,---I am off with you for *Athens*.

PLEU. And when you come there, I'll not let you
serve

Three days, before you shall be free.

PAL. Then go,
And strait equip you.

PLEU. Any thing besides ?

PAL. Only---remember,

PLEU. I am gone.

[PLEUSIDES goes in.

PAL.

PAL. (*To the Women.*) And you go
Go, get you indirectly, for I know
He will come out this instant.

ACR. Your commands
Must be obey'd.

PAL. Come, prithee now be gone.

(*The Women go in.*
See—the door opens opportunely.—Out
He comes, quite joyous :—he has gain'd his suit. 95
Poor wretch ! he longs for what he'll ne'er possess.

S C E N E V .

Enter PYRGOPOLINICES.

Philocomasium now at length has granted
What I implor'd by friendship and by favour.

PAL. What kept you, Sir, within so long a time ?

PYRG. O I was never sensible till now,
How much the damsel doated on me.

PAL. Why ? 5

PYRG. So many words she made ! so slow my
progress !

But at the last I won her fair consent.—

I gave her all she wish'd, and all she ask'd ;—
With thee too I presented her,

PAL. What ! me too ?—

How can I live without you !

V. 92. *Your commands.*] *Celebre*, or *celere*, (as some chuse to
read it) *est tuum imperium*. This alludes to what *Acrateutium*
had before said, v. 36. of this Scene.

You are our General ;
Command me what you will, that's in my power.

VOL. I.

Q.

PYRG.

226 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

PYRG. Prithee, man, 10
Be of good heart ; I'll also make thee free.
I striv'd, if possibly by any means
I could prevail upon her to depart
Without her taking you along : but she
Constrain'd me.

PAL. In the Gods I'll place my hope, 15
And last in you :---yet though 'tis bitter to me,
Seeing that I shall lose so good a master,
I have at least this pleasure, that the power
Of your resistless beauty has procur'd you
This neighbour lady through my mediation. 20

PYRG. Needs there more said ?---I'll give thee
liberty,
And wealth besides, if thou can't win her for me.

PAL. I'll win her.

PYRG. But I long.

PAL. Hold---softly, Sir :
Be moderate in your love, and not so hot.---
But here's the lady,---see, she's coming forth. 25

S C E N E VI.

Enter ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA.

M I L P H I D I P P A.

Look, mistress, there's the captain.

ACR. Ha !---Where is he ?

MIL. There, to the left.

ACR. I see him.

MIL. Only cast
A side

A side glance at him, that he mayn't perceive
We see him.

ACR. So---I view him.---On my troth
Now is the time to prove our utmost art.

5

MIL. You must begin.

ACR. (*Aloud.*) Pray was you with him ?--

(*to MIL. aside.*) Don't
Be sparing of your voice, but let him hear you.

MIL. (*Aloud.*) I talk'd with him at ease, and at
my leisure,
And as I lik'd, and at my own discretion,
And as I would.

PYRG. So---hear'st thou what she says ? 10

PAL. I hear.---How pleas'd she is, that she ap-
proach'd you !

ACR. O happy wench !

PYRG. How she's enamour'd of me !

PAL. You merit it.

ACR. 'Tis strange, what you relate,---
That you approach'd him, and prevail'd : they say,
He never is address'd but by dispatches, 15
Or by ambassadours, all like a monarch.

MIL. True, 'twas with difficulty I procur'd
An audience to prefer my suit.

V. 3. *Cast a side glance.] Aspicio limis oculis.*

V. 8. *Talk'd with him.] Cum ipso sum secuta.* Sequor is some-
times used in this sense.

V. 16. *All like a monarch.] Quasi regem.* Some commentators
pretend, that the Persian king is designed by this appellation, as
he was called *the king*, and sometimes emphatically *the great king*,
on account of his prodigious power and wealth : but there does
not seem to be any reason for this interpretation.

PAL. How great
Your fame among the women!

Pyrg. I must bear it,
Since *Venus* wills it so.

ACR. My grateful thanks
I pay to *Venus*, and beseech the goddess,
That I may win his favour whom I doat on,
That he may gentle prove, nor take amiss
What I desire.

MIL. I hope it will be so ; -
Though many ladies seek his love : but he
Disdains them, holds himself estrang'd to all,
Save you alone.

ACR. Therefore this fear torments me,
That, when he sees me, since he's so disdainful,
His eyes will change his sentiments, his own
Bright beauty make him scorn my homelier form. 30]

MIL. Be of good heart ;---he will not do it.

Pyrg. How
She slighted herself !

ACR. I fear too, your account
Has set me off too well--

MIL. I've taken care,
That you shall shew still fairer than you stand
In his opinion.

ACR. Verily if he will not
Take me for wife, I will embrace his knees,
Implore, beseech him :---If I don't prevail,
Why then by my own hand I'll dye :---I know,
I cannot live without him.

Pyrg. I must save her,---

I must

I must prevent her death.—Shall I go to her?— 40

PAL. No, by no means.—You'll make yourself too cheap,

To give yourself so lavishly away :

First let her come to you, let her seek you,

Express her fond desire and expectation.

What—would you lose that glory which you have ? 45

For never did it happen but to two,—

You and the *Lesbian Pbaon*,—to be loved

So desperately.

ACR. I'll go in to him.—

You, *Milpidippa*, go, and call him forth.

MIL. Let's rather wait till some one shall come
out. 50

ACR. I cannot stay, but I must in.

MIL. The door

Is shut.

ACR. I'll break it open.

MIL. You are mad.

ACR. If he has ever lov'd; or if he owns

An understanding equal to his beauty,

Whatever I shall rashly do through love,

I know he will have mercy, and forgive me.

55

PAL. Poor soul, she's over head and ears in love !

Pyre. 'Tis mutual in us.

PAL. Hush,—she'll hear you else.

V. 47. *The Lesbian Pbaon.*] So called, because he was of the Isle of *Lesbos*. The love, that *Sappho* the poetess bore him, is well known, and is prettily set forth in the twenty-first of *Ovid's Epistles*.

MIL.

230 THE BRAGGARD, CAPTAIN.

MIL. Why stand you stupified?---why don't you knock?

ACR. Because he's not within here, whom I want.

MIL. How do you know?

ACR. I know it:---if he were, 60
My nose would scent him.

PYRG. She divines:---because
She loves me, *Venus* has bestow'd upon her
The gift of prophecy.

ACR. I know not where
He is, whose sight I long for,---but I know,
He's not far off;---I smell him.

PAL. Why she sees 65
More with her nose than eyes.

PYRG. She's blind with love.

ACR. Prithee support me,---

MIL. Why?

ACR.---Or I shall fall.

MIL. Why so?

ACR. Because I cannot stand,---my spirits
Are funk so through my eyes.

MIL. What! have you seen
The captain?

ACR. Yes.

MIL. I see him not,---where is he? 70

ACR. Verily you would see him, if you lov'd.

MIL. Nay, by my troth you cannot love him more
Than I do,---with your leave.

PAL. Well,---ev'ry woman,
Soon as she sees you, is in love with you,

PYRG. I know not, whether I have told you.---I
Am *Venus'* grand-son.

ACR.

A C T IV. S C E N E VI. 231

Act. Prithee, *Milphidippa*,
Go and hold converse with him.

PYRG. How I awe her !

PAL. She's coming t'wards us,

MIL. (*Advancing.*) I would speak with you.

PYRG. And we with you.

MIL. I've brought my mistress here,
As you commanded me.

PYRG. I see her.

MIL. Well then, 80
Bid her approach.

PYRG. I have prevail'd upon
My heart, at thy entreaty, not to loath her
Like others of her sex.

MIL. She'd not be able
To speak a word, were she to come but near you,
E'en while she's looking at you, by her eyes 85
She's tongue-tied.

PYRG. Her disorder I must cure.

MIL. See, how she trembles ! how she's struck
with fear,
Since she beheld you !

PYRG. Warriors do the same,
No wonder then a woman.—But what is it,
She'd have me do ?

MIL. Come home to her : with you 90
She longs to live, with you to pass her days.

V. 85. *By her eyes—She's tongue-tied.*] *Linguam oculi præciderunt.*
This is the reading in the *Aldus* edition. *Lambin* and others
have it,

Lingua asque oculi perierunt.

She has lost

Both tongue and eyes.

232 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

PYRG. What! I come home to her, when she is married?—

Her husband's to be dreaded.

MIL. For your sake
She turn'd her husband out.

PYRG. How could she do it? 94

MIL. Because the house is her's, seeing 'twas settled Upon her for her dowry.

PYRG. Is it so?

MIL. 'Tis so, by heav'ns,

PYRG. Then tell her to go home:—
I'll come to her this instant.

MIL. Do not keep her
In expectation; for 'twill vex her soul. 99

PYRG. In sooth I will not.—Go then.

MIL. We are gone.

[ACROTELEUTIUM and MILPHIDIPPA go in.

PYRG. What do I see?

PAL. What see you?

PYRG. Some one comes,
I know not who, drest in a sailor's habit.

PAL. Perhaps he wants us.—Oh, it is the pilot.

PYRG. He comes forsooth to fetch our wench.

PAL. I think so.

S C E N E VII.

Enter PLEUSIDES at a distance, in a Sailor's habit.
Were I not sensible, that other men
In other ways have done as vile for love,
I should be more ashamed to wear this garb
On the account of love: but I have learn'd,
That many have committed many actions 5

Base,

Base, and estrang'd from good and right, in love :--
 I speak not of *Achilles*, how he suffer'd
 His comrades to be slain, and all for love.---
 But see *Palæstrio* standing with the captain ;---
 And I must change the fashion of my phrase.--- 10
 Sure woman's born of tardiness itself ;
 For ev'ry other, though the same delay,
 Seems less delay than that which woman makes :--
 They do it, one would fancy, all from custom.---
 I'm come to call upon *Philocomasium* : 15
 And here's the door, I'll knock.---Hoa---who's within
 there ?

PAL. How now, my lad ?---what say you ?---why
 d'ye knock here ?

PLEU. I want *Philocomasium* :---from her mother
 I'm come :---if she's for going, let her come then.---
 She stays us all; and we would fain weigh anchor. 20

PYRG. All is in readiness, and long has been so.---
 Harkye, *Palæstrio*, let her take her trinkets,
 Her gold, apparel, all things valuable :
 Take with you some assistants, that may help you
 To bear them to the ship :---they are all pack'd, 25
 All that I've giv'n her to take off.

V. 7. *Achilles.*] This alludes to the story of *Achilles* having withdrawn himself from the Grecian confederates employed in the siege of *Troy*, and remaining inactive, on account of his having been deprived of *Briseis* by *Agamemnon*; whence ensued a terrible slaughter among the Grecians.

V. 11. *Woman's born of tardiness itself, &c.*] The original is,
Mulier profecto nata est ex ipsâ morâ.

*Nam quævis alia, que mora est æquè, morâ
 Minor ea videtur, quam quæ propter mulierem est.*

PAL. I go.

PLEU. Prithee now, do make haste,

PYRG. He will not tarry.

[PALÆSTRIÖ goes in.

PYRG. (*To Pleu. who holds up a compress to his eye.*)

Hey, what's the matter ? prithee, what hast thou
Done with thine eye ?

PLEU. Why, ha'nt I got my eye ?

PYRG. The left I mean.

PLEU. I'll tell you :---I less use zo
This eye, by reason of my occupation :
Were't not for that, I should use both alike.---
But they too long detain me.

PYRG. Here they come.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter PALÆSTRIÖ and PHILOCOMASIUM.

PALÆSTRIÖ, (*to Phil.*)

Pray, will you never make an end of weeping ?

PHIL. How can I chuse but weep ?---I'm going
hence,

Where I have pass'd my days with so much pleasure.

PAL. See you the man there, who is come to you
From your twin-sister and your mother ?

V. 32. *Were't not far that.*] There is a pun in the original, (and far from a bad one,) which it is impossible to preserve in the translation. *Si abstinuisse A MARE, OR AMARE*, which might be understood in two senses. *Pleusides* means, *If I had refrained from loving*, whereas the captain thinks he says, in his assumed character of a sailor,—*if I had kept from sea.*

PHIL.

PHIL. Ah,

5

I see him.

PYRG. Harkye me, *Palæstrio*.

PAL. What's

Your pleasure ?

PYRG. You will order all her things
To be brought out.PLEU. *Philocomafum*,

Your servant.

PHIL. Your's.

PLEU. Your mother and your sister
Bade me to give their love and blessing to you. 10

PHIL. Heav'n's bless them both !

PLEU. Then pray you to make haste,
That we may set sail, while the wind is fair :
Your mother, if her eyes had not been bad,
Had come along with me.PHIL. I'll go then, though
'Tis with regret : but duty does compel me. 15

PLEU. You're wife now.

PYRG. If she had not been with me,
She to this day had liv'd in ignorance.V. 13. *If her eyes had not been bad.*] So in the third Scene of this
Act, upon the Captain's asking where *Philocomafum*'s mother was,
Palæstrio says,The master of the ship, that brought them, told me,
She had an inflammation in her eyes,
And was on board.

This excuse for the pretended mother's not making her appearance is specious enough, but there is no reason alledged why the sister should not come, except we may suppose, that she stays to nurse and comfort her sick mother.

PHIL.

236 THE BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

PHIL. O it is torture this,---to be estrang'd
From such a man as you ! for you can make
A woman all accomplish'd ; and because 20
I liv'd with you, I had a lofty spirit :---
But now that greatness I shall lose for ever. (*weeping.*)

PYRG. She weeps excessively.

PHIL. I cannot help it,
While that I look upon you.

PAL. Come,---take heart.---
Ah me ! and I what afflicts me too.--- 25
I nothing wonder, 'twas a pleasure to you
To live with him : his beauteous form, his manners,
His bravery have attached your soul unto him,---
I too, his servant, weep, when I look on him,
To think we shall be parted.

PHIL. I beseech you, 30
Let me embrace you once, before I go.

PYRG. I give permission.

PHIL. (*Embracing bim.*) O my eyes ! my soul !

(Upon quitting him she seems ready to swoon.)

PAL. (*Taking bold of her.*) For heavens sake support her, or she'll fall.

PYRG. Ha ! what's the matter ?

PAL. Soon as she had left you,
Poor soul ! she fell into a fit.

PYRG. (*To his attendants.*) Run in, 35
And bring some water quick.

PAL. I want no water.

PYRG. Why ?

PAL,

A C T . I V . S C E N E . V I I I . 237

PAL. I had rather--Don't you interpose,
(Stopping the Captain from going to Pbil.)

I pray you, till her senses are restor'd.

PYRG. (*Observing Pleu. who holds Pbil. in his arms.*)
They have their heads methinks too closelij join'd :--
I like it not :--their lips seem glued together. 40

PLEU. How sharp is her disorder !--I was trying,
Whether she breath'd or not.

PYRG. He should have put
His ear then to her mouth.

PLEU. (*To Pyrg.*) If you had rather,
I'll leave them both.

PYRG. No.--(*To Pal.*) Let him take you with
him.

PAL. Ah me ! I cannot chuse but weep.

PYRG. (*To the servants within.*) Bring out 45
The things, that I have giv'n her.

V. 37. *I had rather*--] A defect being supposed in the original, it has been filled up, (in order to make a very poor joke indeed) by supplying it with the word *merum*--*malo merum*. Upon *Palæstrio's* saying, that he *wanted no water*, and the Captain's asking why, he is hereby made to reply, *I had rather have wine*. But it is much better to suppose, as I have translated it, that *Palæstrio's* speech is broke off abruptly from his being eager to prevent the Captain from advancing to *Philocomafum*.

V. 40. *Their lips seem glued together.*] *Labra labellis ferruminant.*
This is a very strong expression.

V. 43. *If you had rather, &c.*] This and the next speech, are given to different persons, in different editions, and are as variously explained.

PAL.

PAL. Household God !

I now salute you, ere I do depart :--

My fellow-servants, male and female, all

Farewell ! may happiness and health attend you ! 49

And let me have your pray'rs; though absent from you.

PYRG. Come, come, be of good heart, *Palæstrio*.

PAL. Oh,

I cannot chuse but weep, since I must leave you.

PYRG. Bear it with patience.

PAL. O too well I know

What cause I have to grieve.

PHIL. (*Seeming to recover.*) Ha ? how is this ?---
Who are these people ?---what do I behold ?--- 55
Hail, light !

PLEU. Are you recover'd ?

PHIL. I beseech you,
What man is't I embrace ?---I'm lost,---I'm gone---
Am I myself ?

PLEU. (*In a low voice.*) Fear nothing, my delight.

PYRG. What's all this ?

PAL. Oh, Sir, she had lost her sences.
(*Afside.*) I fear, our plot will be at length *discover'd*. 60

PYRG. What say'ſt thou ?

V. 46. *Household God.*] *Familiaris.* The ancients had in every house a tutelary Deity, which they called *Lar* or *Familiaris*. See the Prologue to the *Aulularia*, or *Mister*, of our Author, in Volume II. of this Translation.

V. 50. *Have your prayers.*] *Bend dicatis.* *Bend dicere* is the same with *bene precari*.

V. 60. *Discover'd - Discredit.*] It is plain, that *Palæstrio*, being partly overheard by the Captain, endeavours to give another turn to what he had said. [See the Note on v. 37. of Act I.

Scene

PAL. That will turn to your *discredit*,
When they shall see us through the city bear
This load of luggage.

PYRG. Of my own I've given,
Not theirs :---I care not what they say :---Away then,
Go---and the favour of the Gods attend you! 65

PAL. 'Tis for your sake I speak it.

PYRG. I believe thee.

PAL. Farewell!

PYRG. Farewell to thee!

PAL. (*To Pleu. and Phil.*) Haste on before,---
I'll overtake you presently :---I've yet
A word or two to say unto my master.

[PLEUSIDES and PHILOCOMASIUM go off.

S C E N E IX.

P A L A S T R I O.

Though in your estimation you have ever
Held other slaves more faithful than myself,
I owe you many thanks for all your favours ;
And, if it were your will, I'd rather be
A slave to you than freed-man to another. 5

Scene I. of Amphitryon.] This is done in the original by a repetition of the word *palam*.

— — — — — *Timeo nè hoc palam fiat*
— — — — — *Nos palam ferre, &c.* as it is in the
Aldus edition; though others read *secundum ferre*, which does not answer the intention.

PYRG.

PYRG. Pluck up thy courage, man.

PAL. Ah ! woe is me,
When I reflect my manners must be chang'd,—
That I must learn the womanish, and forget
The military.

PYRG. See thou mind thy duty.

PAL. I cannot,—I have lost all inclination. 10

PYRG. Go; follow them,—don't loiter.

PAL. Fare you well.

PYRG. The same to thee.

PAL. I pray you to remember,—
If haply I am freed, I'll send you notice,
That you may not desert me.

PYRG. 'Tis not in me.

PAL. Think too on my fidelity towards you.— 15
If you do that, you then at length will know
The difference 'twixt a bad and honest servant.

PYRG. I know, and I have tried thee oft before,
But more to-day than ever.

PAL. You will know,
And you shall find it still more true hereafter. 20

PYRG. I hardly can refrain from bidding you
To stay.

PAL. Ah, have a care, Sir—don't do that.—
They'll say you are a lyar, void of truth,
And without faith.—Well, sure it must be own'd,
All servants I exceed in honesty : 29
For if I thought you could with honour do it,

V. 22. *Ab, have a care.*] There is exquisite humour in Palæfria's apprehensions, lest his master should change his mind, and not let him go.

I would.

I would persuade you ;—but it cannot be :—

Ah, have a care you don't.—

PYRG. I'll be content,

Whatever happen,—go.

PAL. Then fare you well.

PYRG. 'Twere better, thou should'st go.

PAL. Once more—farewell. 30

[PALÆSTRO goes off.

PYRG. (*Alone.*) I've always look'd upon him until
now

As a most villainous rascal ; but I find,
The fellow's trusty to me.—On reflection,
I have done foolishly to part with him.—
I'll in now to my love here.—But I hear
The door go.

35

S C E N E IX.

Enter a LAD, speaking to some within.

Say no more,—I know my office :—

I warrant you, I find him out of hand :—

Where'er he be, I'll search him out :—I'll not
Be sparing of my pains.

PYRG. 'Tis me he seeks.—

I'll meet the lad.

LAD. Oh, I was looking for you.
Save you, sweet gentleman, whom fair Occasion

5

V. 6. *Fair Occasion.* [*Commoditas.*] I have already remarked,
that there was a Deity worshipp'd by the *Romans* under this ap-
pellation.

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Loads with her best gifts ; and two Deities
Do chiefly favour.

PYRG. What two ?

LAD. *Mars and Venus.*

PYRG. A sprightly boy !

LAD. My lady, Sir, intreats,
That you would enter :—she is waiting for you, 10
Dying with expectation.—O relieve
Her love-sick soul.—Why stay?—why don't you enter?

PYRG. I go.

[PYRGOPOLINICES goes in.

LAD. So—he's entangled in the toils :—
The snare is spread :—th' old gentleman stands ready
To fasten on the letcher, who forsooth 15
So proud is of his beauty, that the fool
Thinks ev'ry woman in love with him,
Who sees him.—He's the scorn and detestation
Of men as well as women—Hark—I hear
The uproar is begun within already :— 20
Now will I in, and mingle in the tumult.

V. 14. *Th' old gentleman stands ready.*] The original is, *in postura flat senex*. This is in allusion to the posture or attitude into which Gladiators put themselves for offence and defence.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Enter PERIPECTOMENES with CARIO, a Cook,
and other Servants, dragging PYRGOPOLINICES.*

PERIPECTOMENES.

Bring him along ;—or, if he will not follow,
Drag him out neck and heels, up with him, hoist him
Betwixt the earth and sky ; cut him to pieces.

PYRG. *Periplectomenes !* I do beseech you—

PER. In vain you do beseech me.—*Cario !* See 5
Your knife is sharp.

CAR. It longs to rip his belly.

SCENE I.] There cannot be produced a stronger proof of the absurdities, which the ancients were forced into by a preservation of the *Unity of Place*, than this passage. The Captain is surprised in *Periplectomenes's* own house, carrying on an intrigue with the old gentleman's pretended wife, in consequence of which they proceed to frighten him with *Cario* the cook's threatening to go to work upon him with his knife. Can any thing be more unnatural or improbable, than that for this purpose they should drag him out of the house, and into the public street ? But such are the inconveniences, which the ancients were exposed to by a scrupulous attention to the *Unity of Place*. See what has been remarked on this subject in the Note to the beginning of Act III.
Scene II. of *Amphitryon*.

Nothing can be better imagined than the catastrophe of this piece. The ridiculous situation, in which the Captain finds himself involved, on account of his self-conceit, is highly diverting.

V. 3. *Betwixt the earth and sky.] Inter terram et cælum medius fit.*

I'll hang his chitterlings about his neck,
As children carry baubles.

PYRG. I am done for!

CAR. Hold, you cry out before you're hurt.—
Now, now

Shall I have at him?

PER. Let him first be cudgell'd. 10

CAR. Aye, lustily.

PER. How durst you to attempt
Another's wife?

PYRG. As I do hope for mercy
She made the first advances.

PER. It's a lye.—

Lay on him. (*They are going to strike him.*)

PYRG. Stay, and let me tell you—

PER. Why

Don't you fall on?

PYRG. Will you not let me speak? 15

PER. Speak.

PYRG. I was courted to come hither.

PER. Ha!—

How durst you?—There,—take this. (*Beating him.*)

PYRG. Oh!—good Sir!—Oh!
I have enough—I pray you—

CAR. Shall I slice him?

PER. Whene'er you will.—Come, stretch him out,
spread out

V. 9. *You cry out before you're hurt.*] *Numerò hoc dicis.* *Numerò*
is an adverb, and here signifies *too soon*.

V. 19. *Spread out—His pinions.*] The original is, *dispennite*,
which, according to *Norius*, is from *penna* a wing or pinion, and
in that sense I have translated it.

His

His opinions.

PYRG. Hear me, I beseech you---

PER. Speak, 20

Ere yet we make you nothing.

PYRG. I believ'd,
That she was husbandless ; and so the maid,
Her pimp, informed me.

PER. If we let you go,
Swear, you will not avenge you upon any one,
For that you have been, or you shall be beaten,--- 25
Grandson of *Venus* !

PYRG. Both by her and *Mars*
I swear ; I'll not avenge me upon any one,
For that I have been, or I shall be beaten ;
But think it is my due :---should you proceed
To further outrage, I am justly punish'd. 30

PER. What if you fail to do so ?

PYRG. Never more
May I be trusted or in word or deed !

V. 22. *Husbandless.*] *Viduam. Vidua*, the grammarians tell us, is as it were *viro idua*, the same as *divisa*, and signifies *one parted from her busbinad*, as well as what we call in our language a *widow*.

V. 26. *Grandson of Venus.*] *Venerium nepolutum*. This is a retort of our Captain's boast in Act IV. Scene VI. v. 76.

I know not whether I have told you : I

Am *Venus' grandson*.

V. 27. *By her.*] Many of the Editions have it *per Dianam* ; but the *Aldus* Edition has *Venerem*, which appears to be much the most natural reading.

V. 32. *Trusted or in word or deed.*] The learned reader will know, that there is an *equivoque* in this and other passages of the original, which I have not attempted to express in the translation.

CAR.

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CAR. E'en let him have another drubbing ;---then I think you may dismiss him.

PYRG. Blessings on you,
For taking thus my part !

CAR. You'll give us therefore 35
A golden Mina.

PYRG. How !---on what account ?
CAR. Because we let you off unmaim'd and whole,
Grandson of *Venus* ! On no other terms
Wilt thou escape ; don't flatter thee.---

PYRG. I'll give it.
CAR. 'Tis the best way.---As for your cloaths,
and sword, 40
Don't hope to have them back.---Suppose I gave him
Another drubbing, e'er you let him go.

PYRG. O I beseech you,---ye have made me tame
Already with your cudgels,---pray now.

PER. Loose him.
PYRG. I thank you.

PER. If I catch you poaching here 45
Henceforth, I'll send you back disqualified.

PYRG. I'll give you leave.

PER. Come, *Cario*, we'll go in.
[*PERIPECTOMENES, CARIO, and
Servants, go in.*

PYRG. I see some of my fellows coming hither.

V. 35. *For taking thus my part.*] *Cùm* *advocatus* *mibi* *bene* *es.*
For the sense of this word *advocatus*, see the Note on Act IV.
Scene V. v. 126. of *Amphytrion*.

S C E N E II.

Enter SCELEDRUS, and other Servants.

PYRG. *Pbilocomafum*,---tell me, is she off?

SCEL. Aye, master, long ago.

PYRG. Ah me!

SCEL. You'd have
More cause to cry Ah me! if you but knew
What I know.---He there with the woollen compres
Before his eye, he was no sailor.

PYRG. How!

Who was he then?

SCEL. *Pbilocomafum's* lover.---

PYRG. How dost thou know?

SCEL. I know.---No sooner were they
Without the town's gate than they fell to flobbering
And hugging one another.

PYRG. Wretched fool!

I seat length I have been sweetly gull'd.---

10

SCENE II.] Though none of the Editions have divided the Scene here, but have placed the name of *Sceledrus* at the head with the other personages, yet as he does not come in till *Periplectomenes* has quitted the stage, and the Captain is left alone, there is undoubtedly a propriety in making a new Scene here.

V. i. *Pbilocomafum*,---is she off?] Our Captain having met with a disappointment with respect to *Periplectomenes's* wife, as he imagined her, is very impatient to know, whether his other mistress *Pbilocomafum*, whom he had dismissed, was out of reach, hoping to be able to fetch her back. What a mortification must it be to him to be told, that she was not only got clear off, but that her lover, in the disguise of a sailor, had assisted in the scheme for getting her away!

That

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That rascal of a fellow, that *Palæstrio*,
'Tis he has lured me into this vile snare.---
And yet I think it right.---If other letchers
Were serv'd like me, their number would decrease: 14
They would stand more in awe, and give their minds
Less to intrigue.---We'll in now.---Clap your hands.

V. 14.] *Clap your bands.*] *Plaudite.* It may be remarked, that all the plays of our Author, as well as *Terence*, conclude in this manner. See the *The Captives*, in this Volume, Act V. Sce. 5. Note on V. 12.

* This play abounds with most lively incidents, which naturally carry on the main design, which is, the recovery of *Pbilocomafum*, and the mortification of the vain-glorious, self-conceited Captain. It concludes with a most admirable Moral, and is in that particular, far superior to the *Eunuch* of *Terence*, where *Tbraſo* is neither punished nor reformed.' "I cannot think, " (says *Cooke* at quoted by Mr. *Colman*) that this play, excellent "as it is in almost all other respects, concludes consistently "with the manners of gentlemen. There is a meanness in " *Pbaedria* and *Chæria* consenting to take *Tbraſo* into their society with a view of fleecing him." Our Captain, on the contrary, is made sensible of his folly, and, it is to be supposed from the reflection he concludes with, is resolved to correct it for the future.

The End of the BRAGGARD CAPTAIN.

T H E
C A P T I V E S.

TRANSLATED BY
RICHARD WARNER, ESQUIRE.

T H E

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

HEGIO, *an old Gentleman.*

PHILOCRATES *of Elis, a Captive at Aetolia.*

TYNDARUS, *a Captive at Aetolia, his Servant.*

ARISTOPHONTES, *a Captive at Aetolia,
and Friend to PHILOCRATES.*

PHILOPOLEMUS, *a Captive at Elis, Son to
HEGIO.*

STALAGMUS, *Servant to HEGIO,*

ERGASILUS, *a Parasite.*

A SERVANT *of HEGIO.*

A LAD, *the same.*

S C E N E,

CALYDON in AETOLIA

Before HEGIO's House.

P R O L O G U E.

THESSE Captives you see standing here before you,
 Sit not,—they stand. You are my witnesses,
 Who see 'tis so, that what I say is true.
 Old *Hegio*, who lives here, calls one his son ;
 But by what means that son is now a slave 5
 To his own father, give me your attention,
 And I'll explain.—This *Hegio* had two sons ;
 One, when but four years old, a slave had stolen,
 And, flying into *Ælis*, sold him to

P R O L O G U E.] The Prologue to this Play, like too many of our Author's, serves to inform the Audience prematurely of the discovery of the Plot of it.—It does not in general lay open quite so much as many of his Prologues do ; but what it does discover, (and what *M. Cofté* seems to think, it was chiefly wrote for) the double circumstance of *Hegio*'s having his son in his own house without knowing it, and his son not knowing that *Hegio* was his father, might as well have been left to the Spectators at its proper time.

V. 1. *These Captives.*] *Philocrates and Tyndarus.*

V. 2. *Sit not,—they stand.*] *Hi stant ambo, non sedent.* I cannot discover any humour in this passage, though *M. Cofté* (the French Translator of this Play) says there is, and that it depends upon the address of the speaker. It appears at best but a ridiculous playing with words, a practice too common in our Author.

V. 9. *And flying into Ælis.*] *Ælis was a city of Achaea, a part of Greece.*

The

The father of this other captive here. 10
 Thus far d'ye understand me?—It is well.—
 Yet I see one at distance, who in troth
 Seems as he heard not.—Prithee, friend, come nearer;
 If not to sit, there's room at least to walk.
 What! would you make the player strain his voice, 15
 As if he were a beggar asking alms?
 Mistake not, I'll not crack my lungs for you.—
 But you, who from your rank have wherewithal
 To be affeis'd, hear what I've more to say;
 I care not for the vulgar.—As I told you, 20

V. 10. *This other Captive.] Pbilocrates.*

V. 16. *A beggar asking alms.] Quasi bistrionem cogis mendicarier.* Commentators have understood this passage differently. *Lambin* and *Taubman* suppose it to mean, that the player, who has cracked his voice by bawling too much, is hissed off the stage, and consequently reduced to beggary. The sense I have followed seems to me the most obvious and familiar.

V. 19. *To be affeis'd.]* The people of *Rome* were numbered every five years into different classes, according to their several incomes; and those, who presided over this numeration, were called *Censors*. The first institutor of this distinction, so necessary for a large state, was *Servius Tullus*. Those, who had no income, were not numbered at all; and as they, in all publick shews, were placed behiwd, they were of course at a greater distance from the stage; or, if they chose to be nearer, were obliged to stand. See Vol. II. *The Treasure.* Act II. Sc. IV. V. 101.

V. 20. ————— *Hear what I've more to say;*

I care not for the vulgar]

There is some obscurity in the original. —————

Accipite reliquom: alieno uti nihil morer.

According to *M. Coife's* interpretation it should be rendered,

But take what I have left;
 To be in debt I like not.

The slave ran off, and to his captive's father
 Sold his young master, whom the knave had stolen.
 No sooner had the old man made the purchase,
 Than, as their ages nearly were the same,
 He made him wait on his own son ; and now 25
 He is a slave in his own father's house,
 Nor does his father know he is his son.
 True is it, that the Gods us mortal creatures
 Hold but as balls to band about in sport.
 How *Hegio* lost one of his sons, you thus 30
 Have an account.—Since that, his other son,
 When *Aelis* and *Aetolia* were at variance,
 Was made a prisoner by the chance of war.
Menarchus, a physician purchased him

The joke (says he) is founded on the equivocal sense of the word *reliquum*, which means, the remains, or *what is left*, either *to speak*, or *to pay*. Our Author, to entertain his Audience, seems to confound the latter sense with the former : for in effect the speaker is in debt to the hearer the end of a speech he had begun : and not to give him the whole of it, is defrauding him of what he has a right to. *Lambin* gives the passage quite another turn, and explains it thus : The Spectator who bears me an ill will, I am not at all sollicitous about ; and such a one as he, who gives not his attention, keeps on chattering, or is noisy.—Agreeable to this sense, it would be, *I am not at all sollicitous about any one who will not give me his attention.* *Taubman* dislikes this explanation of *Lambin*, and understands the passage pretty much in the same sense with *M. Cotte*.

V. 21. *This Captive's father.*] The father of *Phileocrates*.

V. 29. *Hold but as Balls.*] Similar to this of our Author is the Greek proverb, Οιων παγκαλη αθηπτοι, — Men are the playthings of the Gods : and on this account, *Taubman* observes, that Plato called men Οιων αδυκατα the sport of the Gods.

V. 32. *Aetolia.*] This was a part of *Greece*, and situated in the very middle of it.

At

At *Ælis*.—*Hegio*, good old man, on this 35
 Began to trade for captives with the *Ælians*,
 In hopes of finding one some time or other,
 With whom to barter for his son ; not knowing,
 His present captive was in truth his son.
 But hearing yesterday there was a captive 40
 Of an high rank and family from *Ælis*,
 (Since to regain his son and bring him home
 He spar'd no cost, this captive and his slave
 He purchas'd of the *Quæstors* from the spoil.
 These, that the master through his servant's means 45
 Might home return, have thought of this contrivance.
 They've chang'd their name and dress ; and *Tyndarus*
 Is call'd *Philocrates*, *Philocrates*
 Call'd *Tyndarus* ; the master personates
 The servant, while the servant personates 50
 The master.—*Tyndarus*, the servant, now
 Will play his tricks so well, that he'll procure
 His master liberty. By the same means
 He'll save his brother too, and bring him back
 In freedom to his country and his father, 55
 Without design.—And so it happens oft
 In many instances ; more good is done
 Without our knowledge, than by us intended.
 Thus each, unconscious of the consequence,
 Form'd and devis'd this trick, and this the issue 60
 Of their design, that he should be a slave
 To his own father ; so indeed he is,

V. 44. *He purchas'd of the Quæstors.*] The *Quæstors* were those who were appointed to take care of the public money ; they had also the selling of the plunder, and the spoils taken in war.

But

But knows it not.—When I reflect upon it,---
 What creatures are we men ! how insignificant !---
 This is the subject matter of the play 65
 We are about to represent to you.
 But one thing I'd remind you :---it will be
 To your advantage to attend our play :
 For 'tis not in the common stile, nor yet
 Like other plays :---here are no ribald lines 70
 Unfit to be remember'd ; here you'll find
 No infamous abandon'd courtesan ;
 No rascal pimp, no Braggard Captain here.
 Be not concern'd, for that I have inform'd you
 The *Aelians* and *Aetolians* are at war : 75
 Their battles will be fought without our scenes ;

V. 65. *This is the subject matter of the play
 We are about to represent to you.]*

Hæc Res agetur nobis vobis Fabula.

It seems to me surprising, that the commentators should chuse to refine on this simple and plain passage. They explain it to mean, that “ *to us it will be a reality, but to you a play ;* ” whereas the construction is so easy and obvious, that one would wonder they could be mistaken. Our Author, in his Prologue to *Amphitryon*, uses the word *Res* on a like account.

Veterem atque antiquam Rem novam vobis proferam.
 I shall present you with an ancient tale
 Made new.

V. 70.—*Here are no ribald lines.]* Compare with this, the beginning of the Comedian's address to the Spectators, at the conclusion of the Comedy.

V. 77. *For when our stage is fitted up, &c.]* M. Cofte observes, that *Plautus* seems here to be ridiculing some comedies of his time, in which the Poet had introduced tragical incidents. This supposition is merely conjectural, there being not the least foundation for it in our Author.

For when our stage is fitted up with all
 It's comic decorations, then to aim
 At acting of a tragedy, would seem
 Strangely absurd. If therefore any here 80
 Expect a battle, let him ground his quarrel.
 And if perchance he light upon a foe
 Much stronger than himself, I'll here engage
 The battle he will be spectator of.
 Will not much suit his taste ; nor will he like 85
 To look on any battle ever after.
 But I retire.—In peace most upright judges,
 In war most valiant combatants, Adieu !

Our own *Ben Jonson* has, however, in his Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*, a similar fling at *Shakespeare* for his *Historical Plays*.

—With three rusty swords,
 And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the trying-house, bring wounds to scars.

V. 81. *Let him ground his quarrel.] Lites contrabat.*—When quarrelling was made an art, as it was in the last age, *Ground your quarrel* was one of the terms, and indeed the beginning of it.—I have made use of the phrase on the authority of *Ben Jonson* in his *Alchymist*, Act IV. Scene II.

Subtile ————— Begin,—
 ————— Ground thy quarrel —————
 Kastril ————— You lie.

T H E
C A P T I V E S.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

BECAUSE I usually attend at feasts
An *invocated* guest, our sparks forsooth
Nickname me *Mistress*.---This I know, the jeerers
Say is absurd.---I say, 'tis right.---The lover
At a carousal, when he throws the dice, 5

V. 2. *An invocated guest.*] The reader's indulgence for the coinage of a new term, (and perhaps not quite so much out of character from the mouth of a Parasite,) is here requested in the use of the word *invocated*, in a sense, which it is owned, there is no authority for; but without it, no way occurs to explain the Poet's meaning; which, such as it is, and involved in such a Pun, is all that can be aimed at.—The word *invocatus* means, both *called upon*, and *not called upon*. *Ergasilus* here quibbles upon it: for, tho' at entertainments he attends, as it is the common character of Parasites to do, without invitation, that is, *not called upon*, and *Mistresses* are *called upon*, that their names so *invoked*, may make their lovers throw on the dice with success, still according to the *double* sense of the word, they may be compared to each other; as they are *both*, agreeably to the *Latin Idiom, invocati*. The custom of lovers throwing the dice, and invoking their *Mistresses*, the Note on v. 6. will explain.

V. 3. *Nickname me Mistress.*] *Scortum.* Parasites are in our Author often called *Mistresses*.—So in his *Truculentus*.

Invokes his Mistress.---Is she *invocated*,
 Or is she not?---Most plain, she is.---But yet,
 To say the truth, we are term'd Parasites
 For a much plainer reason.---For, like mice,

STR A. *Vel amare possum, vel jam scortum dacere.*

A ST. *Lepide mecastor nuncias—sed dic mihi*
Habent?

' STR A. *Parasitum te fortasse dicere.*

STR A. I now can love, or keep my Mistress—

A ST. Yes—

Wittily said—But tell me, is it so?

STR A. Perhaps you think, I meant to say, I'd keep
My Parasite.

This humour of calling Parasites by droll names we may suppose was common, as we find it again in *Menaebmi*, or *The Twin-Brothers*, of our Author.

Inventus nomen fecit Peniculus o mibi,

Ideo quia mensas, quando edo, detergeo.

Our young men call me Dishclout,—for this reason,
 When'er I dine, I wipe the tables clean.

Peniculus, according to *Festus*, is properly a long piece of sponge in the form of a tail.

V. 6. *Invokes his mistress*] It was a Grecian custom at an entertainment, to cast lots for turns in drinking; and when they threw the dice, they, as a lucky omen, invok'd their *Mistresses*, by name, To this our Author alludes in his *Curculio*, Act II. Scene III. v. 76.

Provocat me in aleam, ut ego ludam; pono pallium,
Ille suum annulum opposuit; invocat Planesium.

He challeng'd me to play; I staked my cloak,
 And he his ring,---and then invok'd *Planesium*.

V. 9. *For like mice.*] *Diogenes the Cynic*, when he saw mice creeping under a table, us'd to say, see there *Diogenes's Parasites*. The same allusion we meet with again in our Author in his *Perse*. Act I. Scene II. v. 6.

Quasi mures semper edere alienum cibum.

Like mice, they liv'd on victuals not their own.

Ask'd

Ask'd or not ask'd, we always live upon
Provisions not our own.---In the vacation,
When to the country men retire, 'tis also
Vacation with my teeth.---As in hot weather
Snails hide them in their shells, and, if no dew
Should chance to fall, live on their proper moisture,
We Parasites, in time of the vacation, 16
Keep ourselves snug; and while into the country
Those are retired, on whom we us'd to feed,
Poor we support our natural call of appetite
From our own juices.---We in the vacation 20
Are thin as hounds;---but when men come to town,
We are as plump as mastiffs, full as troublesome,
And as detested. What is worst of all,
Except we patiently endure a drubbing,

V. 11. *In the Vacation.*] *Ubi res prolatæ sunt*--literally *when affairs are deferr'd*. The same mode of expression often occurs in *Cicero*, and in the same sense. Take one instance of it from his Epistles to *Atticus*. Speaking of *Cæsar*, he says, *nec rerum prolatio, nec senatus magistratumque discussus, nec ærarium clausum tardabit.* Lib. 3. Epist. 12.

Neither the vacation, nor the absence of the senate and the magistrates, could induce him to defer opening the public treasury.

Verburgius in his edition of this author, in a note, explains *rerum prolatio*, in this sense; and quotes this very passage of *Plautus* as an instance of it.

V. 22. *We are as plump as Mastiffs.*] The original is expressed in a coinage of words not uncommon in our Author; a sort of jesting in character, not at all inconsistent in the mouth of a Parasite, and common in modern comedies, those of the *French* in particular.

And let them break their pots upon our heads,

25

We must submit to sit among the beggars

Without the city gate.— That this will be

My lot, there's not a little danger, since

My patron is a captive with the enemy.

Th' *Ætolians* and the *Ælians* are to war:

30

V. 25. *And let them break their pots upon our heads.*] *Macrillus* tells us, these pots were filled up with cinders; which falling all over the body of the person they were thrown at, occasioned a loud laugh from those who had provided the entertainment.

V. 27. *Without the city gate.*] As the scene is in *Ætolia*, a part of *Greece*, as has been before observed, it is not very probable that *Ergatis* should have heard of a gate at *Rome*, much less, that he had ever been used to beg his bread there. But our Author often falls into these mistakes, thro' forgetfulness, or even voluntarily. The gate here mentioned was called *Trigemina, the three Twins*, as the three twin-brothers, the *Horatii*, passed thro' it to fight the three *Curiatii*. We may conclude too from this passage, that beggars usually attended at this gate to ask alms; and perhaps made choice of it, as it was on one of the largest and most frequented roads in *Rome*.

COSTE.

See Vol. II. The *Treasure*, Act II. Sce. IV. v. 23.

V. 29. *My patron is a captive.*] *Meus Rex*, my King,—a title Parasites used to bellow on their patrons.—It occurs often in our Author; and in other Roman Poets.

— *nam, ni im^{per}tro*
REGEM perdidit —

Afinaria, Act V. Sce. II. v. 68.

— — which if I don't obtain

I've lost my patron —

Libros inspexi tam confido quam poti' fit

Me cum obtenturum REGEM, ridiculis meis.

Stichus, Act III. Sce. II. v. 2.

I've turn'd my books, and trust, I'm arm'd with jokes

Sufficient to insinuate myself

Into the good opinion of my patron.

We now are in *Aetolia*. *Philopolemus*,
 Old *Hegio*'s son, whose house is here hard by,
 Is prisoner now in *Elis*.---Sad indeed
 This house to me! which, often as I see it,
 Brings tears into my eyes. The good old father, 35
 Upon his son's account, not in compliance
 With his own inclination, has engaged
 In an illiberal traffic, and by purchasing
 Of captives, hopes, that in some lucky hour
 He may find one to barter for his son.--- 40
 But the door opens, whence I've sallied forth
 Full many a time, drunk with excess of cheer.

In *Priscum*.

Cum te non nossem, dominum REGEMQUE vocabam :

Cum bene te novi, jam mibi Priscus eris.

Martial. Lib. i. Ep. 113.

On *Priscus*.

I stild thee Lord and Patron, while unknown :
 Plain *Priscus* now's the most that thou canst own.

V. 38. *Illiberal traffick.] Quæstum inbonefsum.* So in another place it is called *quæstum carcerarium*. Whence it is plain, that dealing in slaves was accounted irreputable.

V. 42. *Drunk with excess of cheer.]* The original is, *saturitate ebrius*, drunk with plenty or excess. *Horace* has the same mode of expression, speaking of *Cleopatra*,

— *quidlibet impoteris*

Sperare, fortunaque dulci

Ebria —

Carm. i. Od. 37. v. 10.

Vast in her hopes, and giddy with excess.

FRANCIS.

SCENE II.

Enter HEGIO and a Slave.

HEG. Mind what I say :---from those two captives there,
 Whom yesterday I purchas'd from the *Quæstors*,
 Take off the heavy chains with which they're bound,
 And put on lighter : let them walk about
 Within doors, or abroad, as likes them best :--- 5
 Yet watch them well.---A free man, made a captive,
 Is like a bird that's wild : it is enough,
 If once you give it opportunity
 To fly away ;---you'll never catch it after.

SLAVE. Freedom to slavery we all prefer.--- 10

HEG. You do not think so, or you'd find the means.

V. 2. *I purchas'd from the Quæstors.*] See Note on the Prologue,
 v. 45.

V. 4 *And put on lighter.*] *His indito catenas singulares.*---To ascertain the precise meaning of the word *singulares*, seems not very easy.---*Turnebus* thinks it means chains of a pound weight ; others are of opinion, it means chains for each of the captives, whereby they are fastened one to another, as galley slaves are.---*Lambin* thinks it means *light* chains, in opposition to the large and heavy ones *Hegio* would have taken off. *M. Coft* has adopted this last sense, without objecting to those who are of another opinion ; and I have followed him. And yet 'tis possible, after all, that by *catenas singulares* are meant *single* chains, in opposition to *double* ones. In The Acts of the Apostles, chap. xii. v. 6. we read, that St. Peter was bound with *two* chains : and in chap. xiii. v. 33. that the chief captain ordered St. Paul also to be bound with *two* chains.

V. 11. *You'd find the means.*] *Hegio* would mean, that if his slave was so passionately fond of liberty as he appeared to be, he would

SLAVE. If I have nought to offer else, permit me
To give you for it a fair pair of heels.

HEG. And if you do, I presently shall find
What to bestow on you.

SLAVE. I'm like the bird 15
You talk'd of even now.—I'll fly away.

HEG. Indeed! Beware the cage then, if you do.—
No more; mind what I order'd and be gone.—

ERG. (*Aside.*) May he succeed in his design!—

If not,

And he should miss redeeming of his son, 20
I have no house to put my head into.—
Young fellows of this age are all self-lovers;
I have no hopes of 'em;—but *Philopolemus*,
He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners:—
I never rais'd in him a single smile, 25

would apply himself more to what would please his master, and to do his duty; as this would be the real way of obtaining his liberty. But as it is always in the power of a slave to redeem himself, if he can procure a sum of money sufficient for the purpose, *Hegiv's* slave thinking, or at least pretending to think, that his master is blaming him for not taking those means, answers him immediately, *tho' nothing else to offer.* COSTE.

V. 13. *To give you a fair pair of beels.*] *Dem ipse in pedes.*— There is a pun in *Dare*, to give, and *dare in pedes*, to run away. The English phrase I have made use of, may possibly answer it tolerably well.

V. 17. *The cage.*] *Caveam.* An ambiguity is intended in this expression. *Cavea* signified a cage or coop for birds, as well as a dungeon.

V. 24. *He is a youth keeps up our ancient manners.*] That is, such virtues, which from the golden age have ever been esteemed preferable to those of more modern times.—So our Author again in his *Trinummus*, or *Treasure*. A&T II. Scene II. v. 16.

But I was paid for't ;---and old *Hegio* here
Is just the same.---

HEG. I'll now unto my Brother's,
Visit my other captives there; and see
If ought has been amiss last night among them;
That done, I homeward will return forthwith. 30

ERG. It grieves me much, that this unhappy man
Should act so meanly as to trade in slaves,
On the account of his unhappy son ;
But if by this, or any means like this,
He can redeem him, let him deal in men's flesh, 35
I can endure it.

HEG. Who is it that speaks there ?

ERG. 'Tis I, Sir,---I, that pine at your distress,
Grow thin with it, wax old, and waste away ;
Nay, I'm so lean withal, that I am nothing
But skin and bone :---whate'er I eat at home 40
Does me no good ; but be it e'er so little
I taste abroad, that relishes, that cheers me.

—*Meo modo, et moribus vivito
Antiquis.*—

Live like me,

Following our ancient manners.

Similar to this is a passage in *Terence's Adelphi*, Act III. Scene III. v. 88.

—*Homo antiquā virtute ac fide.*

A citizen of ancient faith and virtue. COLMAN.

V. 35. *Deal in men's flesh.*] The original is, *Carnificam facere*. Tho' merchandizing for Captives and dealing for slaves was as well established, as the purchasing of negroes in Guinea to sell in America is at this day, it was never esteemed a very honourable employment. COSTE.

See Sce. I. v. 38.

ERG.

HEG. *Ergafilus!* ---Good day.

ERG. (*Crying*) Heav'ns blefs you, *Hegio!*

HEG. Nay, do not weep.

ERG. Must I not weep for him ?
For such a youth not weep ?

HEG. My son and you, 45
I know were ever friends.

ERG. 'Tis then at length
Men come to know their good, when they have
lost it ; ---

I, since the foe has made your son a captive,
Find his true value, and now feel his want.

ERG. If you who stand in no relation to him, 50
So ill can bear his sufferings, what should I,
Who am his father,---he my darling child ?

V. 48. *Men come to know their good, when they have lost it.*] Very like this is a sentiment in *Horace*, Book II. Ode 24.

• ————— *Virtutem incolumen odimus,*
Sublatam est oculis querimus invidi. —————

Tho' living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.

FRANCIS.

And the same sentiment is finely touched by *Shakespeare*.—*Much Ado about Nothing*. Act IV. Scene II.

FRIAR. ————— For it so falls out,
That what we have, we prize not to the worth
Whilst we enjoy it ! but being lack'd and lost,
Why then we rack the value ; then we find
The virtue that possession would not shew us,
Whilst it was ours. —————

V. 52. *Darling child.*] *Cui ille est unicus.* *Unicus* here does not signify *only*, but most beloved, darling, favourite, in which sense it is frequently used by our Author.

See

ERG. I stand in no relation to him ?---he
In none to me ?---Ah, *Hegio!* say not that,---
And do not think so :---if he is to you
A darling child, to me he's more than darling.

55

HEG. I cannot but commend you, that you hold
Your friend's mishap your own.---Be comforted.

ERG. Ah me !

HEG. (*Half aside.*) 'Tis this afflicts him, that the
army,
Rais'd to make entertainments, is disbanded. 60
Could you get no one all this while, again
To put you in commission ?

ERG. Would you think it ?
Since *Philopolemus* has been a captive,
They all decline the office.

HEG. And no wonder,
That they avoid it.---You will stand in need
Of many soldiers, and of various kinds :---
Bakerians, Pastry-cookians, Poultererians,---

65

See *Amphitryon*, Act IV. Sc. IV. v. 49.

*Ego ille sum Amphitrio, Gorgophones nepos, imperatur Thebanorum,
Et Creonis unicus* —

I am *Amphitryon*, nephew of *Gorgophone*,
Commander of the *Thebans*, favourite
Of *Creon* —

V. 59. *The army—Rais'd to make entertainments.] Edendi exercitus.* From what follows there seems to be no doubt, but that this passage is to be taken in the metaphorical sense : and I have translated it so.

V. 67. *Bakerians, Pastry-cookians, &c.]* The original is,
Militibus primus, dum opus est Pistoriensibus,
Opus Panaceis, opus Placentinis quoque,
Opus Turdetanis, opus est Ficodulenibus, &c.

These

Besides whole companies of Fishmongerians.

ERG. How greatest geniusses oft lye conceal'd !
O what a general, now a private soldier ! 70

HEG. Have a good heart---I trust, within these
few days

My son will be at home again : for lo !

Among my captives I've an *Aelian* youth
Of noble family and ample state---

I trust, I shall exchange him for my son. 75

ERG. Heav'n's grant it may be so !

HEG. But are you ask'd
Abroad to supper ?

ERG. No-where, that I know---
But why that question ?

HEG. As it is my birth day,
I thought of asking you to sup with me---

ERG. Oh ! good, Sir, good---

HEG. If you can be content 80
With little.

ERG. Oh, Sir ! very, very little :---
I love it---'tis my constant fare at home.

HEG. Come, set yourself to sale.

ERG. (*Loud.*) Who'll bye me ?

These humourous appellations are expressive both of the several trades concerned in furnishing out entertainments, and of inhabitants of places, as *Pistorium*, *Placentia*, towns in *Italy*, &c. I have endeavoured to preserve the humour of the original in the best manner our language would admit of.

V. 70.] This is spoken of *Hegio*.

V. 83, *Set yourself to sale.*] *Age fita roga.* This is explained by what follows.

HEG

HEG. I,—

If no one will bid more.

ERG. Can I expect,
I or my friends, a better offer?—So
I bind me to the bargain, all the same
As though I sold you *terra firma*.

HEG. Say,
A quick-sand rather, that will swallow all.—
But if you come, you'll come in time.

ERG. Nay, now
I am at leisure.

HEG. Go and hunt an hare;—
I've nothing but an hedge-hog:—you will meet
With rugged fare.

ERG. Don't think to get the better
Of me by that:—I'll come with teeth well shod.

V. 85. *A better offer.*] *Salmasius* observes, that, according to a Roman law, when a piece of land was sold, a certain time was fixed; and the agreement set forth, that it was sold on condition no one offered more before the expiration of that time. To this law our Author plainly alludes.

V. 86. *Terra firma.*—*A quick-sand rather.*] There is a sort of quibble in the original, which cannot be preserved in our language.

Profundum vendis tu quidem, haud fundum mibi.

Profundum, as *M. Guedeville* observes, alludes to the Parrot's belly; which idea I have endeavoured to convey.

V. 91. *An hedge-hog.*] *Erem*,—which reading *M. Coote* prefers:—some editions read *Cirim*, a Hawk.—“I own, says *M. Guedeville*, I do not see the wit of this raillery.—But my comfort is, that all the interpreters I have met with know no more of the matter than myself.”

V. 93. *With my teeth well shod.*] *Cum calceatis dentibus.* Because *Hegio* had before said, his was rugged fare.

HEG.

HEG. To say the truth, my viands are full hard.
ERG. You don't champ brambles?

HEG. Mine's an earthly supper. 95

ERG. A fine fat sow, why that's an earthly animal.

HEG. Plenty of vegetables.

ERG. The best thing
To cure your sick with.—Have you more to say?

HEG. You'll come in time.

ERG. You need not put in mind,
Whose memory never fails him.

[ERGASILUS goes off.

HEG. I will in, 100

Look over my accounts, and see what cash
I have remaining in my banker's hands;
Then to my brother's, where I said I'd go.

[Exit.

V. 95. *Mine's an earthly supper.*] That is, a supper composed of the produce of the earth, a supper when the table is supplied with *vegetable*, not *animal* food.

V. 96. *A fine fat sow—why, that's an earthly animal.*] *Ergasilus* does not call a sow an earthly animal in particular, in opposition to other animals, which are equally earthly, and with which *Hegio* might as well have treated him, but to engage him to provide something for him more relishing than what he had offered; which, in reality, was nothing but vegetables, and which *Hegio* immediately after says in express terms.

This Act, consisting only of two Scenes, after opening the Character of the *Parasite*, and enlarging upon it, lets us into *Hegio's* scheme of endeavouring to recover his captive son *Philo-polemus*, by exchanging *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, two captives he had just then purchased, for him. There is consequently nothing in it very interesting; but yet it is so conducted, as very properly to raise the expectation of the Spectators for what is to follow.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

*Enter SLAVES of HEGIQ, with PHILOCrates
and TYNDARUS.*

A SLAVE.

IF the immortal Gods have so decreed,
That this affliction you should undergo,
It is your duty patiently to bear it ;
Which if you do, the trouble will be lighter.
When at your home, you I presume were free : 5
But since captivity is now your lot,
Submission would become you, and to make

A SLAVE.] In the original, the persons that enter as a kind of guards with the two captives, are called *Lorarii*. These were slaves, (so named from *lorum a tbong,*) who had the punishing or scourging, by order of the master, those that had done amiss.

V. 4. *The trouble will be lighter.] Levior labos erit.*

Similar to this is the well known Sentiment in *Horace.*

*Durum, sed levius fit patientia
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.*

Car. Lib. 1. Ode 24.

'Tis hard : but patience must endure,
And sooth the woes it cannot cure.

FRANCIS.

With which also our common *English* proverb exactly corresponds.

— What can't be cured,
Must be endured,

Your

Your master's rule a mild and gentle one
 By your good dispositions.—Should a master
 Commit unworthy actions, yet his slaves
 Must think them worthy ones.

10.

PHIL. and TYND. Alas ! Alas !

SLAVE. Why this bewailing ?—tears but hurt your
 eyes :—

Our best support and succour in distress
 Is fortitude of mind.

PHIL. But oh ! it shames us,
 That we are thus in chains.

SLAVE. Yet might it grieve 15
 Our master more, were he to loose your chains,
 And let you be at large, when he has brought you.

PHIL. What can he fear from us ?—We know our
 duty,
 Were we are at large.

SLAVE. You meditate escape :
 I know what you'd be at.—

PHIL. We run away ! 20

V. 8. *Your master's rule.] Atque berile imperium.*—This is the reading *M. Coste* adopts from *Douza*.—The common reading is *berili imperio* ;—which reading *Lambin* keeps, but approves of the correction in his Notes.

V. 9. *Should a master*
Commit unworthy actions, yet his slaves
Must think them worthy ones.]

Different from this was *Shakespeare's* sentiment : where in his *Cymbeline*, Act V. Scene I. he makes *Posthumus* express himself in these terms.

—————O Pisanio,
 Ev'ry good servant does not all commands,
 No bond but to do just ones. —————

I

Ah !

Ah! whither should we run?---

SLAVE. To your own country.

PHIL. Prithee no more: it would ill become us
To imitate the part of fugitives.

SLAVE. Yet, by my troth! was there an opportunity,
I would not be the man that should dissuade you. 25

PHIL. Permit us then to ask one favour of you.

SLAVE. What is it?

PHIL. That you'd give us opportunity
To talk together, that nor you yourselves,
Nor any of these captives over-hear us

SLAVE. Agreed.--- (*To the Slaves.*) Move further
off.--- (*To his Companions.*) We'll too retire. 30
But let your talk be short.---

PHIL. 'Twas my intention
It should be so.---A little this way, *Tyndarus*---

SLAVE. Go farther from them.---

[*To the other Captives, and retires with them.*

TYND. We on this account
Are both your debtors.

PHIL. Farther off, so please you, (*To TYNDARUS.*)
A little off; that these may not be witnesses 35
Of what we have to say, and that our plot
Be not discover'd.---For not plann'd with art,
Deceit is no deceit, but if discover'd,
It brings the greatest ill to the contrivers.

If you, my *Tyndarus*, are to pass for me, 40
And I for you,---my master you, and I
Your servant,---we have need of foresight, caution,
Wisdom and secrecy,---and we must act
With prudence, care and diligence.---It is

A bu-

A business of great moment, and we must not
Sleep, or be idle in the execution.

45

TYND. I'll be what you would have me.

PHIL. So I trust,

TYND. Now for your precious life you see me stake
My own, that's no less dear to me.

PHIL. I know it.

TYND. But when you shall have gain'd the point you
aim at,

Forget not then! --- It is to oft the way 50
With most men; --- when they're suing for a favour,
While their obtaining it is yet in doubt,
They are most courteous; but when once they've
got it,

They change their manners, and from just, become
Dishonest and deceitful. --- I now think you 55
All that I wish, and what I here advise
I would advise the same unto my father.

PHIL. Yes, if I durst, I'd indeed call you father;
For next my father you are nearest to me.

TYND. I understand.

PHIL. Then what I oft have urg'd, 60
Remember. --- I no longer am your master;
But now your servant. --- This I beg then of you, ---
Since the immortal Gods will have it so,
That I, from being once your master, now
Should be your fellow slave, I do intreat, 65

V. 65. *I do intreat—By Prayer.] Per Proem. According to Homer, who makes Prayer a Goddess, and one of the daughters of Jupiter.*

VOL. I.

T

By

By *Pray'r*, a favour which I could command,
 Once as my right.—By our uncertain state,
 By all my father's kindness shewn unto you,
 By our joint fellowship in slavery,
 Th' event of war, bear me the same regard, 70
 As once I bore you, when I was your master,
 And you my slave; forget not to remember,
 What once you have been, and who now you are.

TYND. I know---I now am You, and you are I.

PHIL. Forget not,—and there's hope our scheme
 will prosper. 75

S C E N E II.

Enter HEGIO, speaking to those witbin.

When I'm inform'd of what I want to know,
 I shall come in again.—Where are those captives,
 I order'd to be brought before the house?

PHIL. Chain'd as we are, and wall'd in by our
 keepers,
 You have provided, that we shall not fail 5
 To answer to your call.

HEG. The greatest care
 Is scarce enough to guard against deceit;
 And the most cautious, even when he thinks
 He's most upon his guard, is often trick'd.—
 But have I not just cause to watch you well, 10
 Whom I have purchas'd with so large a sum?

PHIL. 'Twould not be right in us to blame you
 for it;
 Nor, should occasion offer to escape,

V. 4. *Wall din.] Circummaenitii.*

Would

Would it be right in you to censure us,
If we made use of it.

HEG. As you are here, 15
So in your country is my son confin'd.

PHIL. What! is your son a captive?—

HEG. Yes, he is.

PHIL. We were not then, it seems, the only cowards.

HEG. Come nearer this way—something I would
know

(To PHIL. supposing him Servant to TYND.)

In private of you,—and in which affair 20

You must adhere to truth.

PHIL. In what I know
I'll do it, Sir; and should you ask me ought
I do not know, I'll own my ignorance.

TYND. (Aside.) Now is the old man in the barber's
shop,

Philocrates holds in his hand the razor, 25

V. 18. *We were not then, it seems, the only cowards.] Non igitur
nos soli ignavi fuimus.*—That is, those who rather submit to be
taken prisoners, than die in the field of battle. In those days of
Heroism, the rule was to conquer or die. To run away, or sub-
mit to be taken prisoners, was equally esteemed cowardice.

De L'Oeuvre.

V. 24. *Now is the old man in the barber's shop.] Nunc senex est in
tonfrinā, &c.]* Paricus informs us, that the barbers had in an-
cient days two ways of shaving; one, close; the other by using
a comb, when a cloth, as in modern days, was put about the
person to catch the loose hairs. Shaving close, was cutting quite
to the skin; the other way was, by the interposition of a comb,
to clear the hair some little length from it.—From hence, *Eſſe in
tonfrinā, to be in the barber's shop*, became a proverbial expression,
to denote being in the way to be imposed upon. See the *Brag-
gard Captain*, Act III. Scene II. v. 239.

Nor has he put a cloth on, to prevent
 Fouling his cloaths ; but whether he's about
 To shave him close, or trim him through a comb,
 I know not : if he rightly play his part.
 He'll take off skin and all.

HEC. Which would you chuse ? 30
 To be a slave, or have your freedom ? tell me.

PHIL. That I prefer, which nearest is to good,
 And farthest off from evil :---though, I own,
 My servitude was little grievous to me ;---
 They treated me the same as their own child. 35

TYND. (*Afido*) Well said !---I would not give a talent now
 To purchase even *Thales* the Milesian ;---
 Match'd with this man a very oaf in wisdom.---
 How cleverly does he adapt his phrase
 To suits a slave's condition.

HEC. Of what family 40
 Is this *Pbilocrates* ?.

V. 35. *They treated me the same as their own child.*] *Nec mi securat, quam si essem familiaris filius.* A beauty (I think) will be thrown on this passage, if we consider it as true in fact with respect to *Pbilocrates*, though he speaks it in the character of his servant *Tyndarus*. Such kind of reserved meanings have frequently great elegance in dramatic writings. The reader should be admonished constantly to bear in mind, that throughout this scene, and elsewhere, *Pbilocrates* represents his servant *Tyndarus*, as *Tyndarus* does *Pbilocrates*, agreeably to the scheme concerted between them.

V. 37. *Thales the Milesian.*] *Thales*, it is well known, was one of the seven wise men of Greece. He is called the Milesian, from being of the Milesii, a people of *Caria* or *Ionia*.

PHIL.

PHIL. The *Polyplusian* :—

A potent and most honourable house !

HEG. What honours held he in his country ?

PHIL. High ones.

Such as the chief men can alone attain to.

HEG. Seeing his rank's so noble, as you say, 45
What is his substance ?

PHIL. As to that, the old one

V. 41. *Polyplusian.*] This is a word coined by our Author, de-noting *very wealthy*.

V. 46. *What is his substance ?*

PHIL. *As to that, the old one*

Is very warm.]

The exact sense of the original could by no means be preserved with any tolerable grace in the translation.

Quid divitiae ? sunt ne optimæ ?

PHIL. *Unde excoquat serum senex.*

The joke turns upon the word *optimæ*, which literally signifies *fat*, — (as Cicero, *Opimus quodqam et tanquam adipatum dictionis genus.*) from whence Philocrates takes occasion to reply, *Unde excoquat serum senex*, which is variously explained. Some pretend, that it alludes to the old gentleman's having a great deal of cattle, from whence suet is drawn ; and to prove this, they tell us, that in cattle the riches of former times principally consisted. Lambin is pleased to interpret it, that if the old man's riches were melted down, they would produce a good deal of tallow. Pareus roundly tells us, (but on what authority I know not) that it was a common proverb among the Romans, when they were speaking of a man of property, to say, *be bad wherewithal to make tallow for his own use.*

Without the assistance of commentators, the literal meaning seems to be this. *Quid divitiae ? sunt ne optimæ ? unde excoquat serum senex.* *As to his riches, they are fat ? the old man may fry tallow from them.* To fry or fry up, is the term for boiling fat into tallow. But the expression is figurative, and means, the old man has more riches than are necessary for his own use.

Is very warm,

HEG. His father's living then?

PHIL. We left him so, when we departed thence?
But whether he is now alive or no,
You must ask further of the nether regions. 50

TYND. (*Aside.*) So--- all his right,---he's not content
with lying,
But reasons like a wise man.

HEG. What's his name?

PHIL. *Theſaurocbyſonicocbryſides.*

The superfluous fat of an animal, and what is more than sufficient to be eaten with the lean, is used for tallow.

[*Theſaurocbyſonicocbryſides.*] A name made up with design of several Greek words. The length of it might possibly occasion some pleasantry on the stage, in the mouth of a character of humour, and where humour was concerned; but here, I own, I do not see the propriety of it—Many of the like kind of compound words the reader will find in the ancient Greek poet *Iristophanes*.—An instance or two may suffice. In the *Frogs*, Act. III. sc. II.

Κομποφακειλλορεμονα.

Komphakellorremona.

Another in *The Wasps*, which like this in *Plautus* makes a whole line, Act I. Scs. II.

Αρχαιοιαιλησιδων. Φρεγικηρατα.

A:chaiomeisidiorophrenicherata.

See Act III. Scene V. v. 80, and the note.

M. Coste has observed that it has been conjectured, that we should read *Theſanrocbyſonicocbryſides*. The word then might mean, not only that the father of *Philocrates* was very rich, but that the principal object of his thoughts, was, scraping together wealth of all sorts, like a miser. And what *Philocrates* adds, that his name was given him on account of his avarice, makes it no improbable conjecture.

See Vol. I. *The Raggard Captain*, Act I. Scene I. v. 14, 15, where the same kind of pleasantry is indulged, in a character of humour.

HEG.

HEG. A name bestowed upon him for his wealth !

PHIL. Nay, rather for his avarice and extortion.---
His real name was *Theodoromedes*. 56

HEG. How say you ?---Is his father covetous ?

PHIL. Much so.---To let you more into his character,
In sacrificing to his household *Genius*

V. 57-8. Is his father covetous ?

PHIL. Much so.]

Tenaxne ejus pater ?

PHIL. *Imò ædepol pertinax.*

It is remarkable, that our Author has used the word *pertinax* here in quite a new sense, to signify *bigbly covetous*, the common acceptance of it being very different.

It might have come nearer the original, if it was translated thus :

HEG. Is his father then *tenacious* ?

PHIL. Yes, *pertinacious*.

using the word *pertinacious* as *Plautus* has used *pertinax*,

Our old poets, *Spenser* and *Shakespeare* in particular, use several words in a similiar manner. Thus, to *contrive* the day, is used in the sense of to wear it out, to spend it. Take an example from each of them.

Not he, whom *Greece*, the nourse of all good arts

By *Phæbus* doome, the wifest thought alive,

Might be compared to these by many parts :

Not that sage *Pylian* syre, which did survive

Three ages, such as mortal men *CONTRIVE*,

By whose advise old *Priam's* cittie fell,

With these in praise of pollicies mote strive.

These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,

And counselled faire *Alma*, how to govern well.

SPENSER. *Fairie Queene*. B. II. C. 9. St. 48.

Sir, I shall not be slack , in sign whereof,

Please ye, we may *CONTRIVE* this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health ;

And do as adversaries do in law,

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

SHAKESPEARE. *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act. I. Sc. VII.

He

He uses nothing but vile *Samian* vessels, 60
 For fear the Gods should steal them :—mark by this
 What trust he puts in others.

HEC. Come you this way,—
 (*Aside.*) What further information I require,
 I'll learn from him.

(Addressing TYNDARUS as PHILOCRATES.)

Philocrates, your servant
 Has acted as behoves an honest fellow,--- 65
 I've learn'd of him your family :— he has own'd it :—
 Do you the same ; 'twill turn to your advantage,---
 If you confess what, be assur'd I know
 From him already,

TYND. Sir, he did his duty,
 When he confess'd the truth to you,---although 70
 I would have fain conceal'd from you my state,
 My family, and my means.—But now alas !
 Since I have lost my country and my freedom,
 Can I suppose it right, that he should dread
 Me before you ? The pow'r of war has sunk 75
 My fortunes to a level with his own.—
 Time was, he dar'd not to offend in word,
 Though now he may in deed.—Do you not mark,
 How fortune moulds and fashions human beings,
 Just as she pleases ? Me, who once was free, 80

V. 58—9. *Genius—Samian vessels.*] The ancients, when they would fare more delicately than ordinary, sacrificed to their household Gods, by the name of *Genii*, not *Lares*.—Hence the phrase, *indulgere Genio*, when they would mean, *to indulge their appetite*.—*Samian vessels* were so called, as they were made of earth, brought from *Samos*, an island in the *Archipelago*.

She

She has made a slave, from highest thrown me down
 To lowest state :—Accustom'd to command,
 I now abide the bidding of another.---
 Yet if my master bear him with like sway,
 As when myself did lord it over mine, 85
 I have no dread, that this authority
 Will deal or harshly or unjustly with me.---
 So far I wish'd you to be made acquainted,
 If peradventure you dislike it not.

HEG. Speak on, and boldly.

TYND. I ere this was free 90
 As your own son.---Him has the pow'r of war
 Depriv'd of liberty, as it has me.
 He in my country is a slave,---as now
 I am a slave in this.---There is indeed
 A God, that hears and sees whate'er we do :--- 95
 As you respect me, so will He respect
 Your lost son.---To the well-deserving, good
 Will happen, to the ill-deserving, ill.---
 Think, that my father feels the want of me,
 And with a pang as sharp as you feel now. 100

HEG. I know it.---Say, will you subscribe the
 account

V. 100. I cannot help taking notice of the excellent moral,
 pious, and pathetic reflections contained in these speeches of
Tyndarus representing *Phibocrates*. It is the most shining part
 in the character of our Author, that he constantly takes occasi-
 on to intersperse the most virtuous and noble sentiments through-
 out all his plays ; and his art, that they may not appear forced
 or lugged in ostentatiously, but flow naturally from the character
 of the speaker, is in general to be admired, and particularly
 in the present instance.

Your

Your servant gave ?

TYND. My father's rich, I own,
My family is noble ;---but, I pray you,
Let not the thought of these my riches bend
Your mind to sordid avarice, lest my father, 105.
Though I'm his only child, should deem it fitter
I were your slave, cloath'd, pamper'd at your cost,
Than beg my bread in my own country, where
It were a foul disgrace.

HEG. Thanks to the Gods,
And to my ancestors, I'm rich enough.--- 110
Nor do I hold, that every kind of gain
Is always serviceable.—Gain, I know,
Has render'd many great.—But there are times,

V. 107. *Cloath'd, pamper'd at your cost.*] The original is, *Me saturum servire sumptu et vestitu tuo.* There is a particular force in the word *saturum*, as it is opposed to *mendicantem* in the next line.

V. 109.] There is a very pathetic speech in *Milton's Samson Agonistes*, which may serve as a contrast to the reflections in this passage. *Manoa*, the father of *Samson*, having entertained hopes of obtaining his son's liberty, says,

His ransom, if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numbered down : much rather I shall chuse
To live the poorest in my tribe, than richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him ;
For his redemption all my patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forego,
And quit :—not wanting him, I shall want nothing.

When

When loss should be preferr'd to gain.—I hate it,
 'Tis my aversion : money ! many a man
 Has it entic'd oft-times to wrong.—But now
 Attend to me, that you may know my mind.
 My son's a captive and a slave in *Aulis*:—
 If you restore him to me, I require
 No other recompence :—I'll send you back,
 You and your servant :—on no other terms
 Can you go hence.

Tynd. You ask what's right and just—
 Thou best of men !—But is your son a servant
 Or of the public, or some private person ?

Heg. A private—of *Menarbus* a physician. 125

Phil. O 'tis His father's client ;—and success
 Pours down upon you, like an hasty shower.

V. 114. *When loss should be prefer'd to gain.]* Terence has with great elegance enforced the same maxim—in his *Adelphi*, Act II. Scene II. v. 8.

Pecuniam in loco negligere, maximum inqerdum est lucrum.

To seem on some occasion to slight mony,
 Proves in the end, sometimes, the greatest gain.

COLMAN.

V. 123—24. *But is your son a servant?*

Or of the publick, or some private person ?]

Hegio's son, being a prisoner of war, might possibly be in the hands of the Treasurer of the Republick, and as such, employed on some public office : or he might have been purchased by some private person, and consequently in that person's service. Thus *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, having been at first part of the booty of the Republick of *Etolia*, became afterwards slaves to *Hegio*.

COSTE.

V. 127. *Like an hasty shower.]* The original is,

Tam hoc quidem in proclivi est, quam imber est, quando pluit.

This

Hec. Find means then to redeem my son.

Tynd. I will.—

But I must ask you—

Hec. Ask me what you please,
I'll do't,—if to that purpose.

Tynd. Hear, and judge.— 134

I do not ask you, till your son's return
To grant me a dimission; but I pray you,
Give me my slave, a price set on his head,
That I may send him forthwith to my father,
To work your son's redemption.

Hec. I'd dispatch 135

Some other rather, when there is a truce,
Your father to confer with, who may bear
Any commands you shall entrust him with.

Tynd. 'Twould be in vain to send a stranger to
him :—

You'd lose your labour:—Send my servant:—he'll
Compleat the whole, as soon as he arrives. 141
A man more faithful you can never send,
Nor one my father sooner would reply on,
More to his mind, nor to whose care and confidence
He'd sooner trust your son.—Then never fear: 145
At my own peril will I prove his faith,
Relying on his nature, since he knows
I've borne me with benevolence towards him.

Hec. Well—I'll dispatch him, if you will,—your
word

This (as *M. Coffe* has observed) is proverbial; I have therefore
been obliged to express it with some latitude in the translation.

Pawn'd for his valuation.

TYND. Pray then do,

154

And let him be dismiss'd without delay.

HEG. Can you shew reason, if he don't return,
Why you should not pay twenty *Mine* for him ?

TYND. No surely : I agree.

HEG. Take off his chains,--

And take them off from both.

TYND. May all the Gods 155

Grant all your wishes ! since that you have deign'd
To treat me with such favour, and releas'd me
From my vile bonds :---I scarce can think it irksome
To have my neck free from this galling collar.

HEG. The favours we confer on honest souls 160
Teem with returns of service to the giver.---
But now, if you'd dispatch him hence, acquaint him,
Give him your orders, and forthwith instruct him
What you would have him say unto your father.---
Shall I then call him to you ?

TYND. Do, Sir,---call him. 165

(HEGIO calls PHILOCrates, who advances.)

V. 153. *Twenty Mine.*] According to Cook's Table, about
64l. 11s. 8d. of our money.

V. 159. *My neck free from this galling collar.*] *Quod collus collaris
caret.* From this, and other passages in our Author, we may
learn, that Slaves formerly wore a yoke about their necks.

V. 161. *Teem.*] The expression is singular in the original,—
Gravida est bonis.

SCENE III.

PHILOCrates joins HEGIO and TYNDARUS.

HEGIO.

Heav'n's grant, that this affair may turn out happily
To me, and to my son, and to you both !—

(To Pbil.) 'Tis your new master's order, that you serve
Your old one faithfully : I have giv'n you to him
Rated at twenty *Minæ* : he desires 5
To send you back to *Ælis* to his father,
Thence to redeem my child, that so there may be
Mutual exchange betwixt us of our sons.

PHIL. I'm of a pliant nature, and will bend
To either.— You may use me like a wheel ;— 10
This way or that way will I turn and twirl,
As you shall please to order.

HEG. It is much
To your advantage truly, that you own
This easy nature, which enables you
To bear your state of slavery as you ought.— 15
Follow me this way.— (To Tynd.) Here now is the man.

TYND. I thank you for the liberty you gave me
To send this messenger to my relations,
That he may tell my father all about me,
And how I fare, and what I would have done.— 20
We have agreed betwixt us, *Tyndarus*,
To send you unto *Ælis* to my father ;
And, if that you return not, I have bargain'd
To forfeit for your trespass twenty *Minæ*.

SCENE III.] All the Editions have made a new Scene in this place, though there is no reason for so doing, as *Pbilocrates* had not quitted the Stage.

PHIL.

A C T II. S C E N E III. 285

PHIL. Rightly agreed:—for the old gentleman
Expects me, or some other messenger,
To come to him from hence.

TYND. Then mind me now,
What I would have you say unto my father.

PHIL. O master, as I've hitherto behav'd,
My best endeavours I'll exert; what most 30
Will turn to your advantage, I'll pursue
With all my heart, my soul, with all my power.

TYND. You act, as it behoves you.—Now attend.—
First, to my dearest mother and my father
Bear my respects, and next to my relations,— 35
Then to whatever other friend you see.
Inform them of my health; and tell them likewise,
That I am slave here to this best of men,
Who ever has, and still goes on to treat me
With honourable usage.—

PHIL. Don't instruct me; 40
This I shall think off readily.—

TYND. For indeed,
Save that I have a guard plac'd over me,
I should conceive I had my liberty.—
Acquaint my father with th' agreement made
'Twixt me and *Hegio*, touching *Hegio's* son.— 45

PHIL. This is mere hindrance, to recount and
dwell on
What I already am so well appriz'd of.—

TYND. 'Tis to redeem the youth, and send him
hither
Exchang'd for you and me.—

PHIL. I shall remember.—

HEG.

HEG. And soon too as he can, for both our sakes, go

PHIL. You long not more to see your son return'd,

Than he does his.

HEG. My son to me is dear ;
Dear is his own to every one,

PHIL. (To Tynd.) Ought else
To bear unto you, father ?

TYND. Say, I'm well ;
And tell him, boldly tell him, that our souls
Were link'd in perfect harmony together ;
That nothing you have ever done amiss,
Nor have I ever been your enemy ;
That in our sore affliction you maintain'd
Your duty to your master, nor once swerv'd

55

60

V. 55. *My son is dear to me.] Meus, mibi, suus cuique est carus.*
There is a passage in Cicero's Epistles to Atticus, Book 15. so very
like this, that I am tempted to transcribe it. *Quis sua cuique
sponsa placet, mibi, mea : suus cuique amor, mibi meus.*

Every one's wife is agreeable to him ; mine is to me : every
one has his own particular affection ; I have mine.

V. 55. *Boldly tell him, &c.] Tyndarus here, in the character
of Philocrates, elegantly enlarges upon the fidelity, zeal and
attachment he had ever had for the person of Philocrates, and
which he in particular expresses on this occasion, when he is
risking every thing to deliver him from slavery, in order that
Philocrates, out of gratitude, should not only sooner return to
Hegio, but engage his father to give him his liberty. Philocrates
in his turn, appearing as Tyndarus, is highly extolled by him,
as is the good he has hitherto received, in the engaging and com-
plaisant manner, with which Philocrates has always behaved to-
wards him ; by which reason, he in effect encourages Tyndarus ;
and convinces him, that he has every thing to hope for, from
the generosity, gratitude and goodness of Philocrates. This is
entertaining, and expressed with great delicacy.* COSTE.

From

From your fidelity, in no one deed
 Deserted me in time of my distress.
 When that my father is inform'd of this,
 And learns, how well your heart has been inclin'd
 Both to his son and to himself, he'll never 65
 Prove such a niggard, but in gratitude
 He will reward you with your liberty ;
 And I, if I return, with all my power
 Will urge him the more readily to do it.
 For by your aid, your courtesy, your courage, 70
 Wisdom and prudence, you have been the means
 Of my return to *Aelis*, since you own'd
 To *Hegio* here my family and fortune,
 By which you've freed your master from his chains.

PHIL. True, I have acted as you say :---and much
 It pleases me, you bear it in remembrance. 76
 What I have done was due to your desert :
 For were I in my count to tell the sum
 Of all your friendly offices towards me,
 Night would bear off the day, ere I had done. 80
 You was obliging, as obsequious to me,
 As though you were my servant.

HEC. O ye Gods !---
 Behold the honest nature of these men !---
 They draw tears from me.---Mark how cordially
 They love each other ! and what praise the servant 85
 Heaps on his master !

PHIL. He deserves from me
 An hundred times more praise, than he was pleas'd
 To lavish on me.

HEG. (*To Pbil.*) Then, since hitherto
You've acted worthily, occasion now
Presents itself to add to your good deeds, 90
That you may prove your faithfulness towards him
In this affair.

PHIL. My wish to compass it
Cannot exceed th' endeavours I will use
To get it perfected.---And to convince you,
Here do I call high *Jove* to witness, *Hegio*, 95
I will not prove unfaithful to *Philocrates*.---

HEG. Thou art an honest fellow.---

PHIL. Nor will I
Act otherwise to Him, than I myself
Would act to Me.

TYND. Would you might make your words
True by your actions!---Bear it in your mind, 100
That I have said less of you than I would,
Take heed you be not angry with my words.
Think I beseech you, that my honour's staked
For your dismission, and my life is here
A pledge for your return. When out of sight, 105
As shortly you will be, deny not then
All knowledge of me: when you shall have left me
Here as a pawn in slavery for you,
Yourself at liberty, desert not then

V. 96. *Unfaithful to Philocrates.*] The ancients had prodigious faith in oaths. *Philocrates* therefore, in the character of *Tyndarus*, his servant, speaks this to confirm *Hegio* in the belief of his fidelity to his supposed master. There is a particular grace and elegance in making *Philocrates* thus swear to be faithful to himself.

Your

Your hostage ; then neglect not to procure
His son's redemption in exchange for me. 110
 Remember you are sent on this affair,
 Rated at twenty *Mineæ*. See, that you
 Be trusty to the trusty :—O beware,
 You are not of a frail and fickle faith.— 115
 My father will, I know, do all he ought :
 Preserve me then your friend for evermore,
 And still find *Hegio* your's, as you have found him.
 By your right hand, which here I hold in mine,
 I pray you, be not you less true to me, 120
 Than I am unto you.—About it then ;
 Be careful of this business ;—you are now

V. 118. *And still find Hegio your's, as you have found him.] Atque bunc inventum inveni.*—M. Cofté understands this in another sense, *find out this man we have already got scent of.* I have followed *De L'Oeuvre* and *Lambin*.

V. 119. *By your right hand, which here I hold in mine.]* Giving, or taking the hand, is, at this time, a pledge of fidelity. There are many instances of it among the ancients, besides this of our Author.

*Ipse pater DEXTRAM Anchises, haud multo moratus
DAT juveni ; atque animum præsenti pigore firmat.*

VIRGIL. Æneid. L. III. v. 619.

Then by the hand my good old father took
The trembling youth.

PITT.

The practice is even as old as Homer.

Ω ἀπα φοίνισαι ιπι καρπῷ χεῖραγηρτα;
Ἐλληβο δεξιτερὴν μητέως διδῷ ει Σημεῖ.

Iliad L. 24...

Then gave his hand at parting, to prevent
The old man's fears.—

POPE.

My master, you my patron, you my father :
To you I do commend my hopes, my all.

PHIL. If I accomplish all that you command, 125
Will that content you ?

TYND. I shall be content.

PHIL. I will return furnish'd to both your wishes.—
Would you ought else ?

TYND. Back with what speed you may.

PHIL. Of that the busines of itself reminds me.

HEG. (To Pbil.) Follow me now.—I'll give you
from my Bunker 130

What you may want to answer your expences
Upon your voyage, and at the same time take
A passport from the *Pretor*.

TYND. Why a passport ?

HEG. Which he may carry with him to the army,
That he may have permission without let 135
To return home to *Ælis*.—(To Pbil.) Go you in.

TYND. Now speed you well, my *Tyndarus* !

PHIL. Adieu!

V. 130. ————— *I'll give you from my Bunker*

What you may want to answer your expences.]

—Viaticum ut dem a Trapezitā tibi.—

Some commentators have supposed, that by *viaticum* was meant a description and account of the road, something like what we have at this time in books for that purpose. And there is a passage in our Author in his *Pseudolus*; Act II. Scene III. v. 2. which seems to favour that opinion. But whatever be the sense *there*, it is plain that *here* it must be as I have translated it.—For what can *Hegio* be supposed to fetch, a *Trapezitā*, from his *Bunker*, but *Money* ?

HEG.

A C T II. S C E N E II: 291

HEG. (*Aside.*) I've compass'd my design by
purchasing

These Captives of the *Questors* from the spoil :---
So please the Gods ! I've free'd my son from
bondage.---

Within, hoa !---Keep a strict watch o'er this Captive :
Let him not budge a foot without a guard.---
I soon shall be at home.---Now to my brother's :
I'll go and visit there my other Captives,
At the same time enquire, if any know

This youth here.---(*To Pbil.*) Do you follow, that I
may

Dispatch you strait ;---for that's my first concern.

[HEGIO goes off with PHILOCRATES, and
TYNDARUS goes in with the Slaves.

The End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

Enter ERGASILUS.

IT's a sad case for a poor wretch to prowl
 In quest of a meal's meat, and at the last
 With much ado to find one ;---sadder is it,
 With much ado to hunt upon the trail,
 And at the last find nothing ; but most sad,
 To have a keen and craving appetite,
 Without a morsel to appease it's longing.---
 A plague upon this day !---I'd dig its eyes out,
 Had I the pow'r, it has so fill'd mankind
 With enmity towards me.---Never sure 10
 Was there a wretch so starv'd, so cram'd with hunger,
 Or one, whose projects have so little prosper'd.---
 I fear, my belly will keep holiday.
 Would it were hang'd for me, this scurvy trade,
 This Parasite's profession !---Our young sparks 15
 Confort not now a-days with us poor drolls ;
 They care not for us humble hangers on,

V. 8. *A plague upon this day ! I'd dig it's eyes out.] Huic diei
 oculos effodiam.*

V. 13. *My belly will keep holiday.] The original is,
 Venter gutterque resident esuriales ferias.*

The allusion is, that as on feast-days and holidays people abstain from work, our Parasite says; his belly has no employment.

Who

Who are content to take the lowest seat
 At table, who bear buffets like a *Spartan*,
 And have no other fortune but our jests.— 20
 Their choice is to associate with their equals,
 Who, having eat with them, return the favour
 At their own houses.—For themselves they cater,
 Which was the province heretofore of Parasites.—
 Shame on them! they will go into a brothel. {25
 Barefac'd, not muffled up, but all as publickly
 As magistrates pass sentence on the guilty,
 Unveil'd, in open court.—Buffoons they now
 Count nothing worth; but they are all self-lovers.

V. 19. *Like a Spartan.*] The original is, *Laconas viros*. *M. Coſte* has observed, that the Parasite here gives to those of his profession, the appellation of *Lacedemonians* or *Spartans*, because they were always placed at the lower end of the table; and there the guests entertained themselves with daubing their faces, boxing them on the ears, or punching them with their fists; to which indignities the poor wretches submitted, with the same firmness the *Lacedemonians* endured pain, which they were inured to from their infancy, in order to learn patience.

Petronius alludes to the same practice.—*Et ego quidem tres plagas Spartana nobilitate concoxi.*—I digested three blows with the dignity of a *Lacedemonian*.

V. 25-26. *Go into a brothel,—Barefac'd, not muffled up.*] The original is, *Aperto capite ad lenones eunt*,—*Aperto capite*, with the head uncovered, in opposition to *operto rapite*, with the head covered. *M. Coſte* observes, that the ancients never went into brothels but in a mask; and that young gentlemen of family, who had the least sense of shame, did not dare to have any dealing with a pimp in publick. *Fletcher* in his *Woman-Hater*, Act IV, Scene III. has something to the same purpose.

Muffle yourself in your cloak by any means;
 'Tis a receiv'd thing among gallants, to walk
 To their leachery, as tho' they had the rheum.

For

For when I went from hence a while ago ; 39
 I met some of these young men at the Forum.
 Good day, said I !---Where shall we dine together ?
 No answer.---What ! will no one speak, says I ?
 None promise me a dinner ?---Silent all,
 As they were dumb.---Nay, not a single smile. 35
 Where shall we sup then ?---Still no invitation.
 One of my best jests, such as heretofore
 Have got me suppers for a month, I then
 Repeat them.---Not a soul vouchsafed to smile.
 I then found out, 'twas a concerted matter : 40
 Not one would deign to imitate a dog,
 When he's provok'd :---But if they did not chuse
 To laugh outright, at least they might have shewn,
 Their teeth, as though they smil'd.---Finding myself
 The scoff and mockery of these sparks, I leave them,
 March up to others, others still, and others ; 46
 All the same thing ! all in confederacy,

V. 41. *Not one would deign to imitate a dog,
 When he's provok'd.]*

Ne canem quidem irritatam voluit quisquam imitarier.

That is, shew their teeth as a dog does when he is angry, as it is explained farther on by our Author himself.—So *Lucretius*, B. L. V. v. 1962.

*Irritata canum quum primum magna Molossum
 Mollia ricta fremunt, duros nudantia dentes.*

—When dogs begin
 To bend their backs, and shew their teeth and grin,

CREECH.

Like

Like the oil merchants in the market.—Well then,
 Seeing myself thus fool'd, I came back hither,
 More parasites were sauntering at the Forum, 50
 And to as little purpose as myself.—
 I am determin'd that the law shall right me
 Against all those who join in combination
 To have me starv'd.—I will appoint a day
 For them to give their answer.—I will have
 Large satisfaction.—Dear as are provisions,
 They shall be fin'd at least ten entertainments,
 Now to the port, where I have yet one hope
 Of feasting :—if that fail me, I'll return
 To this old *Hegio*, and his scurvy supper. 55
 60

[Exit.

V. 48. *Like the oil merchants in the market.] Quaæ in Velabro*
olearii.—The *Velabrum* was a place in *Rome*, where the sellers of
 oil usually assembled ; and as they us'd to agree among them-
 selves never to sell their oil under a certain price, those who
 acted in confederacy in any other affair, were proverbially said to
 be, like the oil merchants in the *Velabrum*.—*M. Marolles* has ob-
 served too, that tho' here, as well as in many other passages of
 our Author, the Scene is in *Greece*, yet he is continually supposing
 it at *Rome* ; as has been already observed in a Note on *Amphitryon*,
 A& I. Scene I. v. 5.

V. 52. *The law.*] In the original, this is called *barbaricâ lege*,
 that is, the *Roman*. Concerning the use of this word *barbaricâ*,
 see the Note to the *Braggard Captain*, Act II. Scene II. v. 83.

V. 54. *I will appoint a day.] Ergafilus* here alludes to a *Roman*
 law, which enacted, that when any person was summoned to
 answer to a complaint, a day should be appointed, and unless the
 party was a man of property, surety was required, that he would
 give in answer at that time.

SCENE II.

Enter, HEGIO with ARISTOPHONTES behind.

What can be more delightful than promoting
 The public good, as yesterday I did
 By purchasing these captives ? Ev'ry one,
 Soon as he sees me, strait makes up to me,
 Congratulates me on it :---they have tired me 5
 Quite out, by stopping and detaining me :---
 I've but just 'scap'd with life from their civilities.
 At length I got me to the *Prætor* ;---there
 Scarce rested me :---I ask'd a passport of him :
 'Twas granted ; and I gave it strait to *Tyndarus*, 10
 Who is set off :---from thence I hurried home :
 Then to my brother's, to my other Captives.
 I ask'd, if any one among them knew
Pbilocrates of *Ælis*, when this man
 Cried out, he was his friend and intimate. 15
 On telling him he now was at my house,
 He beg'd me, I would give him leave to see him ;
 On which instant I order'd off his chains.---
 (*To Arist.*) Follow me now, that you may have your
 wish,
 And meet the person you desire to see. 20

[*Exeunt.*

V. 2. *Lambin* explains this, that as *Hegio* had been told, that *Pbilocrates* was a man of fortune and family ; the giving him his freedom might be of service to the publick.

V. 14. *This man.*] Meaning *Aristophontes*.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

Enter TYNDARUS.

Would I were dead now rather than alive,
As things turn out!—Hope has deserted me,
No succour will come near me.—See the day,
In which there is no chance to save my life!

Destruction's unavoidable,—no hope, 5
That can dispel my fear,—no cloak to screen
My subtle lies, false dealings, and pretences :
No deprecation can excuse my perfidy,
No subterfuge can palliate my offence :
No room for confidence, no place for cunning.— 10
What hitherto was hid is brought to light,
My tricks laid open, and the whole discover'd :
Nor have I ought to do but meet my fate,
And die at once for me and for my master.—
Aristophontes, who is just gone in, 15

Has been my utter ruin ; for he knows me :
He is a friend and kinsman to *Philocrates*.
Salvation could not save me, if she would :

SCENE III.] Mr. Thornton observes, that commentators have taken notice; that the opening of SCENE III. ACT III. of *Rudens*, or *The Shipwreck*, in Vol. II. is not unlike this scene. See his Note on the place.

V. 18. *Salvation could not save me, if she would.]*

Neque jam Salus servare, si uoleat, me potest.

By *Salus*, which I have rendered *Salvation*, is meant the Goddess, that was worshipped by the Romans under that Appellation. There is no doubt, but that this passage was proverbial, since we meet with it several times in our Author in so many words,—

Nor can I 'scape;---except that I contrive
Some cunning trick, some artifice. (*meditating.*)

A plague on't ! 20

What can I think of ?---what devise ?---my thoughts
Are foolish, and my wit quite at a stand. (*Retires aside.*)

S C E N E IV.

Enter HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and Slaves.

HEGIO.

Where can he now have stol^e him out of doors ?

TYND. (*Aside.*) 'Tis over with me !---*Tyndarus*
your foes

Are making their advances strait towards you.—

What shall I say ? what talk off ? what deny,

Or what confess ?---'Tis all uncertainty ;

Nor know I what to think of or confide in.

5

as in his *Mofellaria*, Act II. Scene I. v. 4. *Cifellaria*, Act IV. Scene II. v. 76. Terence likewise introduces it in his *Adelphi*, or *The Brothers*, Act IV. Scene VII. v. 43. where the word *Salus* is, in Mr. Colman's Translation, properly rendered *Providence*, it would not be so fit here.

*Ipsa si cupiat Salus
Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.*

'Tis not in the power
Of Providence herself, were she desirous,

To save from ruin such a family.

We meet with the same expression also in *Cicero*, in one of his Orations against Verres—*Ecquod judicium Romæ tam dissolutum, tam perditum, tam nummarium fore putas, quo ex judicio te ulla SALUS SERVARE posset ?* Is there, thinkest thou, in *Rome*, an opinion so dissolute, so abandoned, so corrupted, as to imagine that *Salvation* can at all save you from the sentence you deserve ?

I hope

Would that the Gods had utterly destroy'd you,
Aristophontes; ere you lost your country,
To disconcert a scheme so well contrived.
Our state is desperate, if I don't devise
Some cunning trick. 10

HEG. (*To Arist.*) Follow me.—Here he is :
Approach, and speak to him.

TYND. (*Aside, and turning away.*)
Can there exist
A greater wretch than I am ?

ARIST. Why is this,
That you avoid my eyes, and slight me, *Tyndarus*,
As though I were a stranger, and you ne'er 15
Had known me.—It is true, I am a slave
As you are :—though in *Ælis* I was free ;
You from your youth have ever been a slave.

HEG. In troth I am not in the least amazed,
That he should shun you, and avoid your sight, 20
Or hold you in despite and detestation,
When for *Philocrates* you call him *Tyndarus*.

TYND. *Hegio*, this fellow was at *Ælis* deem'd
A madman :—give no ear to what he says.
'Tis there notorious, that he sought to kill 25

I hope therefore, I shall be indulged in the use of this word ;
and, on the authority of *Archbishop Tolloton*. “ If (says he) men
“ will continue in their sins, the redemption wrought by Christ
“ will be of no advantage to them : such as obstinately persist
“ in an impenitent course, *ipsa si velit Salus, servare non potest,*
“ *Salvation itself cannot save them*,”

V. 8. *Lost your country.] Periisti e patriâ tuâ*,—That is, by
having been made a captive.

His

His father and his mother, and has often
Fits of the falling sickness come upon him.

V. 27. *Fits of the falling sickness.*] The original is, *qui sputatur morbus.* By this we are told, *Plautus* means the *Epilepsy*, or *Falling-sickness*. *Heironymus Mercurialis*, a celebrated physician, who flourished in the 16th century, has bestowed a whole chapter, (the 11th of the 5th Book of his *Variae Letiones*) upon this very passage, which he produces as an authority that this disease was cured by spitting. *Celsus*, Book III. chap. 23. *De Comitiali Morbo*, concerning the *Falling-sickness*, gives us a description of it: his words are these. *Inter notissimos morbos est etiam is, qui Comitialis, vel Major nominatur. Homo subito concidit; ex ore spumæ mouentur: deinde interposito tempore ad se reddit, et per se ipsum consurgit.* The *Epilepsy* or *Falling-sickness*, is to be considered as one of the diseases the most remarkable. The person seized with it, falls down without any warning, and foams at the mouth, then after a little time comes to himself, and gets up again without any assistance. Yet the elder *Pliny*, in his *Natural History*, Book XXVIII. chap. 4. is of another opinion. *Despuimus Comitiales Morbos, hoc est, contagia regerimus;* which *Pbilemon Holland* translates thus; if we see any surprized with the *Falling-sickness*, we spit upon them, and by that means we are persuaded, that we ourselves avoid the contagion of the said disease. And in a passage in *The Characters of Theophrastus*, chap. 16. ΠΕΡΙ ΔΕΙΣΙΔΑΙΜΟΝΙΑΣ, concerning *Superstition*, we meet with another opinion. — μανόμενος τις ἴδων ἡ ἀπίλητος, φρίξας εἰς κάλπων πτύσσει.—If he [the superstitious person] happens to meet a madman, or one who is in a fit of the falling sickness, he makes a hideous noise, and spits in his own bosom, to prevent the harm which that fit might possibly do him. Upon which passage, Dr *Newton*, in his edition of that author, has this observation. “ Putting himself “ into the condition of the mad or epileptic, he thought he “ should be more secure against mischief from the one, or conta-“ gion from the other; they would not surely go to hurt him, “ who was so like them.” And, agreeable to this, was the behaviour of *David*, in regard to *Achish*, the King of *Gath*, when he wanted to escape him. “ *And DAVID laid up these words in his heart, and was sore afraid of ACHISH, the KING of GATH.* “ *And he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned him-* “ self

A C T III. S C E N E I. 301

Which makes him foam at mouth.—Pray get you from him.

HEG. Here—bear him farther off. (*To the Slaves.*)

ARIST. How say you, rascal !

That I am mad ? and that I sought to kill 30
My father and my mother ? and have often
Fits of the falling sickness come upon me,
Which makes me foam at mouth ?

HEG. Be not dismay'd.

Many have laboured under this disease,
And spitting has restored them to their health. 35

TYND. I know, to some at *Aulis* it has prov'd
Of special use.

ARIST. And will you credit him ?

HEG. I credit him !—in what ?

ARIST. That I am mad ?

TYND. See how he eyes you with a furious aspect !
'Twere best retire.—'Tis, *Hegio*, as I said :--- 40
His frenzy grows upon him,—have a care.

HEG. True,—when he called you *Tyndarus*, I thought,

“ self mad in their hands, and scabbled on the doors of the gate,
“ and let his spittle fall down on his beard.” 1 Sam. chap. 21. v. 12.
13. After all that has been said on these expressions, v. 18. *qui sputatur morbus*, v. 21. *ut qui me opus sit exputarier*, v. 23. *quibus insputari saluti fuit*, may not the more commonly received opinion have been, that the foaming at mouth, which was observed in these unhappy people, was the means of their cure, and that the distemper was discharged by it, as they recovered very soon after the foam appeared, and came to themselves again, as *Celsus* mentions ?

That

That he indeed was mad.

TYND. Nay, but sometimes
He knows not his own name, nor who he is.

HEG. He said, you was his friend.

TYND. I never saw him, 45
Alcmæon, and *Orestes*, and *Lycurgus*,
Are just as much my friends, as he is, *Hegio*.

ARIST. How, rascal!—do you dare bespeak me ill?
Do I not know you?

HEG. By my troth 'tis plain
You know him not, when for *Philocrates* 50
You call him *Tyndarus*:---you are a stranger
To him you see, and mention him you see not.

ARIST. 'Tis he pretends himself the man he is not,
Nor owns himself to be the man he is.

TYND. Yes to be sure, you'll get the better of me 55
In reputation for veracity!

ARIST. You, as it seems, my truth will overpower
With falsehood.—Look me in the face, I pray.

TYND. Well,

ARRST. Speak.---Do you deny, that you are
Tyndarus?

TYND. I tell you, I deny it.

ARIST. Will you say, 604
You are *Philocrates*.

TYND. I say, I am.

V. 46. *Alcmæon*, and *Orestes*, and *Lycurgus*.] Three celebrated
madmen of antiquity: the two first of whom became so from
having killed their mother; and the other from having held in
contempt the worship of the god *Bacchus*.

ARIST.

ARIST. (*to Hegio.*) And you,---do you believe him?

HEG. More than you,
Or than myself.---The man, you say he is,
Set out this day for *Aels* to his father.

ARIST. What father?---He's a slave---

TYND. And so are you, 65
Once free as I was,---as I trust I shall be;
When I have gained this old man's son his liberty.

ARIST. How rascal! dare you say you're born a
freeman?

TYND. Not *Freeman*; but I say, I am *Pbilocrates*.

ARIST. See, *Hegio*, how the rogue makes sport
with you! 70

For he's a slave, and never own'd a slave
Besides himself.

TYND. So then,---because you liv'd
A beggar in your country without means
For your support, you would have ev'ry one
Plac'd on the self same footing with yourself:--- 75
No wonder:---'tis the nature of the poor
To hate and envy men of property:

ARIST. *Hegio*, take care; nor rashly credit him.
As far as I can see, he means to trick you:---
Nor do I like at all his talking to you 80
Of the redemption of your son.

TYND. I know,

V. 65. *What father!—He's a slave.*] Lambton observes, that in the civil law, slaves were supposed to have no relations; and M. de l'Oeuvre says, that this shews us, that slaves among the ancients, were looked upon in no other light than brute animals, neither troubling themselves with genealogy nor posterity.

You wish it not : but with the help of heav'n
 I shall accomplish it :---I shall restore
 His son to him, and he will send me back
 To *Ælis* to my father ; for which purpose 85
 Have I sent *Tyndarus*.

ARIST. Why you are He ;
 Nor is there any other slave at *Ælis*
 Of that name but yourself.

TYND. And will you still
 Reproach me with my state of servitude,
 Brought on me by the chance of hapless war ? 90

ARIST. I can't contain myself.

TYND. Ha ! do you hear him ?---
 Will you not fly ?---He'll pelt us now with stones,
 Unless you have him seiz'd.

ARIST. I'm next to death.

TYND. Look, how his eyes strike fire !---A cord,
 a cord,
 Good *Hegio*. Don't you see his body's charged 95
 With livid spots all over ?---The black bile
 Disorders him, poor fellow !

ARIST. The black pitch
 Disorder you beneath the hangman's hand,

V. 89. *Reproach me with my state of servitude, &c.*] *Pdrenus* observes, that slaves, who were born so, were esteemed of less value than those who became such, either by the chance of war, or other accidents. See *Amphitryon*, Act I. Scene I. v. 33, 34.

V. 96. *The black bile.*] It has been already observed, in a note on *Amphitryon*, that madness by the ancients was attributed to the bile.

V. 97. *The black pitch.*] *Plautus* here alludes to a punishment inflicted on malefactors, by wrapping up their bodies, when they

A C T I I I. S C E N E IV. 305

And (if this old man would but serve you right,)
Illuminate your head!

TYND. How wild he talks! 100

By evil spirits he's posseſſ'd.

HEG. Suppose
I order he be feiz'd.

TYND. 'Twere the beſt way.

ARIST. It vexes me I cannot find a ſtone
To dash the villain's brains out, who insists
That I am mad.

TYND. There---do you hear him, Sir? 105
He's looking for a ſtone.

ARIST. Shall I beg, *Hegio*,
A word with you alone?

HEG. Speak where you are,---
What would you?---I can hear you at a diſtance.

TYND. If you permit him to approach you nearer,
He'll bite your nose off.

ARIST. *Hegio*, do not you 110
Believe that I am mad, or ever was;
Nor have I the disorder he pretends.

they were to be burned, in a garment ſmeared over with pitch,
wax, and other combuſtibles. COSTE.

Juvenal alludes to the fame, in his firſt Satire, v. 155.

*Pone Tigellinam, tedâ lucebis in illâ;
Quâ ſtantes ardent, qui fixo gutture fumant;
Et latum mediâ fulcum deducit arenâ.*

Death is your doom, impal'd upon a ſtake,
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on fire to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.

DRYDEN.

V. 110. He'll bite your nose off.] *Oſ denasabit tibi mordicus.*

If any outrage you do fear from me,
Command me to be bound : 'tis my desire,
So at the same time he be bound with me.

115

TYND. Let him be bound that chuses it.

ARIST. No more :---

I warrant I shall make you, false *Pbilocrates*,
To be found out the real *Tyndarus*.---
Why do you nod at me ?

TYND. I nod at you ?

(To Hegio) What would he do, if you were farther off?

120

HEG. How say you ? What if I approach this madman ?

TYND. He'll tease you with his fooleries, and jabber Stuff without head or tail.---He only wants The habit, else he is a perfect *Ajax*.

HEG. No matter---I'll go to him. (*advances to Arist.*)

TYND. I'm undone.--- 125

Now do I stand upon a precipice ;
Nor know I what to do.

V. 123. *Stuff without head or tail.*] *Quod neque pes unquam, neque caput compareat.*

V. 124. *A perfect Ajax.*] *Ajax*, it is well known, became mad on account of the armour of *Achilles* being adjudged to *Ulysses*.

V. 125, 126, 127. *I'm undone,*

Now do I stand upon a precipice,
Nor know I what to do.---]

The original is—*Nunc ego omnino occidi,*

Nunc ego inter sacram saxumque flo, nec quid faciam scio.

Literally, now am I utterly undone : Now do I stand between the sacrifice and the stone, nor know I what to do. This, Erasmus tells us, was a proverbial expression, used when any person was

HEG. *Aristophontes,*

If you would ought with me, I lend attention.

was in perplexity, and drove to extream danger ; and refers to this very passage. His words are these :

Tyndarus apud Plautum alter è captivis, quum jam proditis dolis effet deprehensus, nec haberet quanam arte posset elabi : Nunc ego (inquit) omnino occidi. Nunc ego inter sacrum faxumque sto, nec quid faciam scio. Apuleius *Afini sui libro undecimo : Plurimum ergo duri- tia paupertatis intercedente, quod ait vetus proverbium, inter sacrum et saxum positus cruciabar. Explicat autem Apuleius allegoriam adagii, videlicet, alludens ad sacerdotium cui erat initiandus : et paupertatem saxo duriorem, per quam non suppetebant sumptus. Sumptum apparebat ex priscis fæderis feriendi ceremoniis, in quibus facialis porcum saxo seriebat : hæc interim pronuncians, qui prior populus fædus rumpet, Jupiter ita eum feriat, quemadmodum ego porcum hoc lapide fero. Sed undequefluxit adagium, satis lique dici solitum in eos, qui perplexi ad extreum periculum rediguntur.* Adagia. Chil. 1. Cont. 1.

Tyndarus in Plautus, one of the Captives, when, on his fraud being discovered, he is apprehended, nor can find out any trick to escape, Now, says he, am I utterly undone ; now do I stand between the sacrifice, and the stone, nor know I what to do. *Apuleius*, in the eleventh Book of his Golden As : I shall be tormented to a degree, with the hardships of poverty, being situated, as the old proverb says, between the sacrifice and the stone. *Apuleius* also explains the allegory of the proverb ; to wit, alluding to the priesthood, to which he was just going to be initiated, and to poverty harder than a stone, which could not answer for the expence of it. It seems to be taken from the old ceremonies made use of, when they engaged in a covenant or treaty ; the herald struck a hog with a stone ; at the same time pronouncing these words, The man among the people who first breaks this covenant, may Jupiter strike him, as I strike the hog with this stone. But from whencesoever the proverb proceeded, it is sufficiently plain, that it used to be spoken of those who were in perplexity, and reduced to extream danger.

We also meet with much the same account, in the following passage in *Alexander ab Alexandro*. *Quum quis dispersus agitur, et ita dubius animi fluctuatur, ut nec abnueri, nec polliceri audeat, et in quamvis partem declinat, praesens damnum aut exitium videat, se inter sacrum et saxum positum, vulgo retinetant.*

Alexand. ab Alexand. Genialium Dierum, l. 5, c. 15.
When

ARIST. Sir, you shall hear the real truth from me,
 Which now you deem a falsehood.—But I first 130
 Would clear me to you from this charge of madness.
 Believe me, *Hegio*, I'm not mad, nor have I
 Any complaint but this,—that I'm a slave.—
 O never may the king of gods and men
 My native country suffer me to see, 135
 If this is any more *Philocrates*
 Than you or I.

HEG. Tell me, who he is then?

ARIST. The same, I said he was from the beginning.
 If you shall find it other, I can shew
 No cause, no reason, why I should not suffer 140
 A lack of liberty, your slave for ever.

HEG. (*to Tynd.*) And what do you say?

TYND. That I am your slave,
 And you my master.

HEG. I don't ask you that.—
 Was you a free man?

TYND. Yes, I was.

ARIST. Indeed
 He never was : he trifles with you, *Hegio*. 145

TYND. How do you know? or was you peradventure
 My mother's midwife, that you dare affirm
 What you advance with so much confidence?

ARIST. A boy I saw you when a boy.

When any one is perplexed, and is fluctuating in such a doubtful state of mind, that he does not dare either to deny or affirm, and to which ever part he inclines, sees nothing but ruin and destruction, he is commonly said to be plac'd between the sacrifice and the stone.

TYND.

TYND. A man.

I see you now a man.—So—there's an answer.— 150.
 If your behaviour was as would become you,
 You would not interfere in my concerns.—
 Do I in yours?

HEG. (*to Arift.*) Say, was his father's name
Theſaurochryſoniccockryſides?

ARIST. 'Twas not,—nor did I ever hear the name 155
 Before to-day :—*Pbilocrates*'s father
 Was call'd *Theadoromedes*.

TYND. I'm ruin'd !
 Be still my heart !—prithee go hang yourself—
 Still, still will you be throbbitg.—Woe is me !
 I scarce can stand upon my legs for fear, 160.

HEG. Can I be sure this fellow was a slave
 In *Ælis*, and is not *Pbilocrates*?

ARIST. So certain, that you'll never find it other.
 But where is He now ?

HEG. Where I least could wish him,
 And where he wishes most himself to be. 165
 Ah me ! I am disjointed, fawn afunder,

N. 158. *Prithee go hang yourself.*] I can offer nothing in defence of this to the modern reader, but that the original is — *t, ac suspende te*,—which from its frequently occurring in our Author, and in *Terence*, we must suppose was a familiar expression. But some editions, more particularly the older ones, omit *i*, and read only “ *suspende te*;” which some commentators understand in a metaphorical sense; if so, instead of

— *Prithee go hang yourself,*
 it might be translated,

— *be quiet, ease your beating.*

After all, *Plautus* might have intended it to carry both meanings; and by having it understood in a double sense, to pass it off as one of those kind of puns, he too often indulges himself in.

V. 166. *Disjoined, fawn afunder.*] *Deruncinatus, dearturatus.*

By

By the intrigues of this vile rascal, who
Has led me by the nose just at his pleasure.---
But have a care you err not.

ARIST. What I say,
Is as a thing assur'd, a truth establish'd. 170

HEG. And is it certain ? .

ARIST. Yes,---so very certain,
That you can never find a thing that's more so.
I and *Pbilocrates* have been friends from boys.

HEG. What sort of person was *Pbilocrates* ?

ARIST. His hair inclin'd to red, frizzled and
curl'd, 175
A lente[n] jaw, sharp nose, a fair complexion,
And black eyes.---

HEG. The description's very like him.

TYND. Now by my troth it was a sore mischance,
My coming here :---woe to the hapless twigs,
Will die upon my back.

HEG. I plainly see, 180
I have been cheated.

TYND. Why do ye delay ?
Haste, haste, ye châins, come and embrace my legs,
That I may have you in my custody.---

HEG. These villain captives, how they have de-
ceiv'd me !
He, that's gone off, feigned himself a slave, 185
And this a free man.---I have lost the kernel,
And for security the shell is left me.---
Fool that I am ! they have impos'd upon me

V. 188. *They have impos'd upon me.*] The original is *os sublivere*,
a proverbial expression, signifying to impose upon, or deceive,
and used very frequently in that sense by our authör. The ex-
pression

A C T III. S C E N E V.

311

In ev'ry shape.—But he shall never more
 Make me his sport.—Hoa, Colapbo, Cordalio,
Corax! go in and bring me out the thongs.

190

SLAVE. What, is he sending us to bind up faggots?

[*The Slaves go in, and return with thongs.*

S C E N E V.

HEGIO, ARISTOPHONTES, and SLAVES.

H E G I O.

This instant manacle that rascal there. [to his Slaves.

TYND. Ah! why is this? in what have I offended?

HEG. What, do you ask? you that have been the
 fower,

The weeder, and the reaper of these villainies.—

TYND. Why, first of all, did you not call me
 harrower? 5

Husbandmen always harrow first the ground,
 Before they weed it.—

HEG. See, with what assurance

He stands before me!

TYND. It becomes a slave,

That's innocent, unconscious of a crime,

preffion is taken from a custom of women painting over spots or
 freckles in their faces, in order to hide them.

SCENE V. The editions have here again a new Scene without
 any occasion, as the Slaves return immediately with the thongs
 they were sent out to fetch. I have, however, followed the di-
 vision of the Scenes, which I find in the books, as well in this
 instance, as in that of Scene IV. as otherwise the continuation
 of one and the same Scene to such an extraordinary length,
 might not perhaps have appeared so agreeable to the reader.

To

To bear him with such confidence, especially
Before his master.---

10

HEG. See you bind his hands,
And hard too.

TYND. I am yours, my hands are yours ;---
If 'tis your pleasure, bid them be cut off.---
But what's the matter ? why thus angry with me ?

HEG. Because that by your knavish lying schemes
You have destroy'd, as far as in your power, 16
Me and my hopes, distracted my affairs,
And by your tricks have chous'd me of *Pbilocrates*.
I thought he was a slave, and you a free man,
For so you said you were, and for that purpose 20
You chang'd your names.

TYND. I own that I have acted
E'en as you say,---that he has found the means
For his escaping, and through my assistance.---
Is it for this then you are angry with me ?

HEG. What you have done, you'll find will cost
you dear. 25

TYND. Death I esteem a trifle, when not merited
By evil actions.---If I perish here,
And he return not, as he gave his word,
This act will be remembred to my honour,
After I'm dead ;---that I contriv'd to free 30
My master, when a captive, from his state
Of slavery and oppression with the foe ;
Restor'd him to his country and his father,
Preferring rather to expose my life
To danger for him, than that he should suffer. 35

Heg.

A C T III. S C E N E V. 313

HEG. Enjoy that fame then in the other world,

TYND. He dies to live, who dies in Virtue's cause,

HEG. When I have put you to severest torture,

And for your tricks have ta'en away your life,

Let them extol you, that you are no more. 40

Let them extol you, that you've lost your life,

Nay, let them say, that you are still alive,

It matters not to me, so you but die.

TYND. Do,---put your threats in force,---you'll suffer for it,

If he return here, as I trust he will. 45

ARIST. (*Afide*) O ye immortal gods!---I know it now,

I understand it all.---My friend *Pbilocrates* enjoys his liberty, is with his father At large in his own country.---That is well.--- There's not a man, whom I wish better to.--- But O! it grives me, I have done for Him So ill an Office, who alas! is chain'd On my account, for what I chanc'd to say. 50

HEG. Did I not charge you not to tell me false?

TYND. You did.

HEG. Then wherefore have you dar'd to do it? 55

TYND. Truth would have done him hurt I wish'd to serve:

Falsehood has done him good.

HEG. But hurt to you.

TYND. 'Tis best,---I've serv'd my master, and I joy in't:---

My good old master gave him to my care.---

And

And do you think this wrongly done in me ?--- 60

HEG. Most wrongly..

TYND. I, who can't but differ from you,
Say rightly.---Only think,---if any slave
Of your's had done the same thing for your son,
How, how would you have thank'd him !---would you
not

Have given him freedom ? would you not have held
him 65

In your esteem high above all his fellows ?---

Say, answer me,

HEG. I think indeed I should.

TYND. Why are you angry then with me ?

HEG. Because

You were to him more faithful than to me.

TYND. What ! could you have expected, that a
man, 70

Newly a captive, and just made your slave,
Should in one night and day be taught by you
More to consult your interest than the good
Of one, whom he had liv'd with from a boy ?

HEG. Seek your reward then of that one.---

(To the Slaves.)

Go bear him,

Where he may put on large and ponderous chains,
To the stone-quarries after shalt thou go :

V. 68. *Why are you angry then with me?* I cannot help pointing out the excellent reasoning in this whole passage, which could not but have worked on the humanity of so amiable a character as Hegio is represented to be, if he had not been enraged to the greatest degree, on account of his despairing to recover his son.

There, in the times that others dig out eight,
 If ev'ry day thou dost not dig twelve stones,
 Thou shalt be dubb'd with stripes *Sexcentoplagus.* 80

ARIST. By Gods and men I do conjure you, *Hegio*,
 O let him not be lost.

HEG. I'll look to that.

V. 80. *Thou shalt be dubb'd with stripes Sexcentoplagus.] Sexcentoplago nomen indetur tibi.* The meaning of this is,—*thou shalt be called Sexcentoplagus, from having six hundred stripes given thee.* This kind of pleasantry is not uncommon in modern as well as ancient writers. The names of *Don Choderick-Snap-Sharto-de-Teffy*, and *Don Dismallo-Thicksulla-de-half-witto*, in *Cibber's Pop's Fortune*, never fail to produce a laugh. We meet also with something not much unlike this in *Ben Jonson*. When *Volpone* puts on the habit of a mountebank, and is in that character haranguing the populace, he makes use of a long compounded word of the same kind.

These *turdyfacynasfyatylousfyartical* rogues, with one poor groatsworth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapt in several *scartoccio's*, are able very well, to kill their twenty a week and play.

The Fox, Act II. Sce. I. Volpone.

See *Act II. Sce. II. v. 52.* and the note.—And *M. Cofté* has pointed out a similar piece of humour in *Cocu Imaginarie*, *Act I. Scene VI.*

*Sganarelle est un nom, Qu'on ne me dira plus,
 Et l'on va m' appeller, Seigneur Cornelius.*

That is,—I shall no longer be known by the name of *Sganarelle* ; they will now call me Mr. *Cornelius*, i. e. *Cuckold*.

V. 82. *O let him not be lost.*

HEG. *I'll look to that.]*

The original is,

ARIST. *Per deos atque homines ego te obteffer Hegio,
 Ne tu hunc hominem perduis.*

HEG. *Curabitur.*

This

At night he shall be guarded, bound with thongs;
 And in the day shall labour in the quarries.
 I'll keep him in continual exercise,
 Nor shall he know the respite of one day.

86

ARIST. Is that your resolution ?

HEG. Sure as death.--

Bear him directly to *Hippolytus*
 The smith, and bid him clap upon his legs
 Huge massy irons ; then without the gate
 Go, carry him to *Cordalus* my freed-man,
 That he may make him labour in the quarries ;
 And tell him, 'tis my pleasure he be used
 No better than the vilest slave I have.

go

TYND. Against your will, why should I wish to live ?

95

My loss of life will be a loss to you.
 There is no evil I need dread in death,
 When death is over. Were I to survive

This is a joke from the double meaning of the word *perdus*, which signifies to *destroy* and to *lose* ; accordingly Aristophantes designs it in the former sense, and Hegio chuses to understand it in the latter.

V. 96. *My loss of life will be a loss to you.]*

Periculum vita meæ tuo stat periculo.

The commentators explain this, that " by losing me you will sustain the loss of a slave." Milton, in his Tragedy of *Samson Agonistes*, makes *Samson* use a similar reflection. V. 11257.

Much more affliction than already felt
 They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
 If they intend advantage of my labours,
 The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
 With so small profit daily to my owners.

To

To th' utmost age of man, my space of time
 To bear the hardships, which you threat me with, 100
 Would yet be short.—Then fare you well,—be happy,
 Though you deserve another language from me.
 And you, *Aristophontes*, take from me
 As good a farewell, as you've merited :
 For you have been the cause of this.

HEG. Hence with him. 103

TYND. One thing I yet request,—that, if *Philocrates*
 Come back again, I may have leave to see him.

HEG. Bear him this instant from my sight, ye
 slaves,
 Or you yourselves shall suffer.

(*The slaves lay hold on Tyndarus,*
and push him along.

TYND. This indeed
 Is downright violence,—to be drag'd and driven. 100
 [He is born off by the slaves.

V. 109. *This indeed—Is downright violence.*] *Vix bac quidem
 bercl est.* There is a curious passage in Suetonius's *Life of Julius
 Cæsar*, Chap. 82. which illustrates the use of this expression;—
Hæc vis est.—*This is violence*,—which the ancients were used to
 cry out, when violently assaulted. It may be sufficient to give it
 the reader in English.—“ When the conspirators saw, that *Cæsar*
 “ was feated, they stood round him by way of attendants; when
 “ immediately *Cimber Tullius*, who had undertaken to begin first,
 “ step'd nearer to him, as though he had some request to make;
 “ at which *Cæsar* expressing a dislike, and by his gesture seem-
 “ ing to desire to put it off to another time, *Cimber* caught hold
 “ of his gown at both his shoulders; whereupon, as *Cæsar* cried
 “ out,—*Ista quidem vis est.*—*This is violence*,—*Cassius* advanced
 “ in front, and wounded him a little below the throat.”

SCENE VI.

Enter HEGIO and ARISTOPHONTES.

HEGIO.

So—he is carried off to limbo.—Well,
I'll teach my other captives, how to dare
Attempt another such-like enterprise!
Had it not been for Him who made discovery
Of this device, they all with knavish arts 5
Had led me by the bridle.— I'm resolv'd
Henceforth I will have faith in none of them.—
I have been once impos'd on full enough.—
Ah me ! I hop'd to have redeem'd my son
From slavery.—That hope is vanish'd quite!— 10
One son I lost at four years old ;—a slave
Then stole him from me ; nor have I once heard
From that time of the slave, or of my son.—
My eldest is a captive with the foe.—
Ha ! how is this ? as though I had begot 15
My children only to be childless.—Follow me ;
[to Arist.]

V. 1. *Limbo.*] The original is, *phylacam*, from the Greek, signifying a place of confinement.

V. 4. *Him.*] Meaning *Aristophontes*.

V. 6. *Had led me by the bridle.*] *Offraenatum dulcarent.*

V. 15. *As though I had begot my children only to be childless.*] The original is, *Qyafi in orbitatem liberos produxerim*. This is extremely fine, and a beauty in the author, well deserving the reader's particular attention to. What follows, v. 18, 19, accounts for HEGIO's cruel treatment of TYNDARUS : though his character is that of a humane good-natured man, yet his disappointment had worked him up into a kind of frenzy.

A C T III. S C E N E IV. 319

And I'll conduct you to your former station.

I am resolv'd to no one will I shew

Pity henceforth,—since no one pities me.

ARIST. With an ill omen freed from chains I
came,

20

With an ill omen I to chains return.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the THIRD ACT.

VOL. I

X

A C T

A C T . IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter ERGASILUS, at a distance.

O JO VE supreme ! how has thy providence
Preserv'd me ! how hast thou increas'd my
means,
And thrown most ample plenty in my way !
What store of honours and emolument,
Celebrity, sport, pastime, holidays,
With ev'ry choice provision for good cheer,
Potations deep, and feastings in abundance,
Till the gorg'd appetite shall cry, Enough !—
'Tis fix'd, in future I will cringe and crouch
To no man, I : for now I am possess'd
Of means to help a friend, or hurt an enemy.
O this delightful day has heap'd upon me
Delights the most delightful :—I am master
Qf an inheritance without incumbrance.—

5

10

10

V. 13. *O this delightful day, &c.]* In the original,
Amænitate amænâ amænus oneravit dies.

V. 14. *Of an inheritance without incumbrance.]* The original is,
Sine sacrâ bæreditatem sum aptus effertissimam.

Every Roman family had their particular sacrifices ; not only authorised by their pontifical Laws, but by the civil Law rendered hereditary, and ordered to be always preserved, according to the Law of the twelve Tables, *Sacra privata perpetua manento* —*Let private sacrifices remain perpetual.* This Law, the Reader will find cited, and commented upon at large, by Cicero, in his second Book of Laws—He there tells us, that “ *Heirs are obliged*

to

Now will I shape my course to *Hegio* here,

15

And bring him as much happiness, as himself

Could wish for from the Gods, and even more.

Well—I will throw my cloak then o'er my shoulder,
Like slaves in comedies, for expedition,

"to continue their sacrifices, be they ever so expensive, and that, for this reason; that as, by the above Law, their sacrifices were to be maintained, no one was presumed to supply the place of the deceased better than his Heir." To this then our Author alludes, when he makes *Ergafilus* say, that, by the good news he is possessed of, he has wherewithal to obtain of *Hegio* an heritage, without being obliged to maintain any sacrifices for it, that is, without expence.

COSTE.

Plautus uses the same expression in his *TRINUMMUS*, or the *Treasure*, Act II. Scene IV. v. 90, 91.

Cæna hæc annona est sine sacrâs bæreditas.

This annual supper's an inheritance

Without incumbrance.

V. 18. *I will throw my cloak then o'er my shoulders,
Like slaves in comedies.]*

That is, that they may be more expeditious in executing their master's commands, and not have their cloak obstruct them as they walk.

Our Author has it again in *Epidicus*, Act II. Scene II. v. 10.

Age, nunc orna te, Epidice, et palliolum in collum conjice.

Now about it;

Attire thyself, and o'er thy shoulders throw

Thy cloak, *Epidicus.*

And we meet with the same in *Terence*. *Phormio*, Act V. Scene VI. v. 4.

Sed ego nunc mibi cesso, qui non humerum bunc onero pallio,

Atque hominem propero invenire, ut hæc quæ contigerant sciat.

— And why

Do I not throw my cloak upon my shoulder,

And haste to find him out, that he may know,

All that has happened.—

COLMAN.

Seneca has the same allusion, when speaking of the effeminacy of *Mecænas*, he says,

That I may be the first to tell it him!
And for my tidings I have hopes to get
Good eating with him to eternity.

SCENE LII.

Enter HEGIO.

The more I think on this affair, the more
Is my uneasiness of mind increas'd.—
That they should gull me in this sort!—and I
Never perceive it!—When this once is known,
I shall be made the jest of all the city.—
And soon as e'er I come into the Forum,
“ That's the old fellow there,” they all will cry,
“ Who has been trick'd.”—But is not this *Ergasilus*,
I see at distance?—Sure it is,—his cloak
Thrown o'er his shoulder.—What is he about?

ERG. (*Advancing.*) Haste, haste, *Ergasilus*,—look
to thy business.—

(*Loud.*) Hence;—have a care,—I warn you, and
forewarn you,—

Let no man stop me in my way, unless
He thinks that he has had enough of life;—
Whoever stops me, he shall kill the ground.

—*Pallio veleretur caput exclusi, utinque auribus, non aliter quam in Mimo divitis fugitiui solent.* EPIST. 114.

Having his face puffed up in a cloak, without discovering
any thing but his ears, just as slaves do in a comedy, when they
are in haste.

V. 12. *I warrant you, and forewarn you;* *Eminor inter minorque.*

HEG.

HEC. He puts himself in posture as for boxing:—

ERG. I'll do't—by heav'ns I'll do't.—Let ev'ry one
Pursue his own track; nor, by any busines

Clog up the street.—My fist is a *Balista*,

My arm a *Catapulta*, and my shoulder

A *Battering-Ram*.—On whomsoever once

I dart my knee, I'll give him to the ground.—

Whatever mortal I shall light upon,

I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch!

V. 19. *My fist is a Balista, &c.*] *Balista*, was an engine to throw darts, or stones, a *Catapulta* much the same, and a *Battering-Ram*, a large piece of wood with a ram's head, made of brass or iron, carved at the end of it, which the ancients made use of to batter down the walls of a town in a siege.

V. 22. *I'll give him to the ground.*] *Ad terram dabo.*

V. 24. *I'll knock his teeth out, and employ the wretch*

To pick them up again.

In the original, —*Dentilegos omnes mortales faciam.*

Something similar to this we meet with in an Epigram of Martial. Book VIII. Epigr. 57.

De Picens.

Tres habuit dentes, pariter quasi ex parte dmas;

Ad tumulum Picens dum sedet ipse suum,

Collegitque finu fragmenta novissima laxi

Oris, et aggesta contumularit buxo.

Ossa licet quiodam defuncti non legas bares:

Hoc sibi jam Picens praeflit officium.

On Picens.

Three teeth in all poor *Picens* had to boast,

These three before his future tomb he lost:

Loos'd by a cough their native jaws they left,

Of arms and ornament at once bereft.

On these with reverent care the thrifty knave

Bows the honours of an early grave.

He trusts not to the heir, who'll have his pelf;

Picens is undertaken to himself.

To pick them up again.

HEG. What mighty menaces ! 25

They quite astonish me.

ERG. If any dare

Oppose my course, I'll make him well remember
The day, the place for evermore, and me :
Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.

HEG. What would the man be at with all his
swaggering ? 30

ERG. I give you notice, caution you before hand,
That it may be your own fault, if you're caught.—
Keep home then, guard you from assault.

HEG. 'Twere strange this,
Had not his belly got him this assurance.
I pity the poor wretch, whose cheer has swol'n him 35
To all this insolence.

ERG. Then for your bakers,
Breeders of swine, rascals who feed their hogs
With refuse bran, that no one can pass by
Their bake-house for the stench ;—let me but see
One of their swine here in the public way, 40
My fists shall give the owner such a dusting,

This Epigram, as well as other passages in *Plautus*, *Taubman*
says, alludes to the custom of the *Romans*, of collecting and
picking up the bones of the dead, after their bodies were
burned, in order to put them into urns : Which the reader may
see explained in a note of *Farnaby*, upon a passage in the *Treatise*
of Seneca. V. 799.

V. 29. *Who stops me, puts a stop to his existence.*] This is exactly
the sense of the original, *Qui mibi in cursu obstruerit, faxo vita
is extemplo obstruerit suæ.*

V. 41. *My fists shall give the owner, &c.]* The original is,
Ex ipsis dominis meis pugnis exculeabo furfures.

As

As shall beat out his bran about his ears.

HEG. He issues royal and imperial edicts !
His belly's full : and that 'tis gives him impudence.

ERG. Then for your fishmongers, who hawk about
Upon a four-leg'd dull provoking jade. 46
Their stale commodities, whose very stench
Drives off our saunterers in the Forum :---troth,
I'll beat their filthy baskets 'bout their chaps,
That they may know how much offence they give 50
To others' noses.---Then too for the butchers,
Who under the pretence of selling lamb
Will put off ewe upon you, fob you off
With ram for weather mutton ;---in my way
If I should chance to meet a ram of theirs, 55
Woe to the ram, and woe too to its owner !

HEG. Heyday ! this swaggering fellow issues out
His edicts and commands, as though he were
Comptroller of the Victualling :---Our *Aetolians*
Have made him, sure, Inspector of the Market. 60

ERG. No more a parasite, but I'm a king,---
More kingly than a king,---a king of kings ;

V. 46. *Four-leg'd dull provoking jade.] Quadrupedanti crucianti canterio.* Crucianti, tormenting on account of the slowness of its pace.

V. 59. *Comptroller of the Victualling.]* There is a Pun, as *De l'Oeuvre* informs us, in the original, the sense of which I have endeavoured in some measure to preserve. *Edictiones ædilitias hic habet.* The *Ædiles* had cognisance of the public markets, and *edilis* is from *edo*, to eat.

V. 60. *Inspector of the Market.] Agoranomum*, the name that the Greeks gave the officer, whose business was the same with the Roman *Ædiles*,—to take care of the markets.

In port I have it, such an ample store !
 Provision for the belly.—Why do I
 Delay to load old *Hegio* here with transport, 65
 Who is in troth the happiest man alive.

HEG. What transport is it, that himself it seems,
 Is in a transport to impart to me ?

ERG. (*Knocking at Hegio's door*)

Hoa there---where are ye ? some one ope the door.

HEG. He's come to sup with me.

ERG. Ope both the doors, 70

Ere piece-meal I demolish them with knocking.

HEG. I have a mind to speak to him.—*Ergasilus* !

ERG. Who calls *Ergasilus* ?

HEG. Turn your head—Look on me.

ERG. Look on you ?—That what Fortune never
 does,

Nor ever will.—Who is it ?

HEG. Look.—I'm *Hegio*. 75

ERG. (*Turning*.) Best of best men, most oppor-
 tunately met.

HEG. You have got some one at the port to sup
 with,

And therefore do you treat me with this scorn.

V. 74. *Look on you* means *look at me*, and *what Fortune never does*,

HEG. *Rebus* : *Ebus*: *Fortuna quod teat nec facit, nec patet*.

This is founded on the different sense of the word *regarde*, which signifies literally *to look back*, and metaphorically *to look upon with regard*.—*Ergasilus*, taking it in the latter sense, observes that *Fortune* is not disposed to look upon him in a tolerable light, who had been so imprudent to stop him in his way, when he was upon business of such importance.

ERG.

ERG. Give me thy hand, as thou art used.
HES. My hand? or what?

ERG. Follow thy hand, I say.
Give it this instant. (Hes. There it is.)

HES. There it is. (Giving his hand.)

ERG. Be joyous. 80

HEG. Joyous for what? (Hes. It is good.)
ERG. Because it is my order.

Come, come, be joyous.

ERG. Joy alas! with me
By sorrow is prevented.

ERG. Do not grieve:

I'll wipe away this instant ev'ry stain
Of sorrow from your soul. -- Pluck up, -- be joyous. 85

HEG. Well. -- Though I know no reason to rejoice.

ERG. That's bravely done. -- Now, order --

HEG. Order what?

ERG. A monstrous fire.

HEG. A monstrous fire?

ERG. I say it: An huge one let it be.

HEG. Why now, *Vulture*?

Think you that I will fire my house to please you? 90

ERG. Nay prithee don't be angry. -- Will you order,

Or will you not, the pots to be put on?

The dishes to be wash'd? the larded meats?

And kickshaws to be set upon the stoves?

* Won't you send some one to buy fish?

HEG. He dreams 95

With his eyes open!

V. 95. *He dreams — With his eyes open.* *Vigilans somniat* — a proverbial expression, which we meet with also in Terence. *Andria*, Act V. Scene VI. v. 6.

— Num

ERG. Bid another go
For pork, lamb, pullets.

HEG. Yes, you understand
Good living, had you wherewithal to get it.

ERG. For hams, for turbot, salmon, mackarel, cod.
A fat cheese.

HEG. Easier'tis for you to talk 100
Of all those dainties, than with me to eat them.

ERG. Think you, I speak this on my own account?

HEG. You will have nothing, don't deceive your-self,

Like what you talk off.—Prithee bring with you
A stomach suited to such common fare, 105
As you may meet with ev'ry day,—no nice one.

ERG. But let me tell you, I shall be the author
Of your providing a most sumptuous treat,
E'en though I should forbid it.

HEG. I?

ERG. Yes, you.

————— *Num ille somniat
Ea quæ vigilans voluit?* ——

Is this man talking in his sleep, and dreams
On what he wishes waking? COLMAN.

V. 97. *You understand—Good Living.] Scis bene esse.* By which
the Romans meant all kinds of luxurious eating and drinking.

*At mibi seu longum post tempus venerat hospes,
Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbras
Vicinus, BENE ERAT.* ——

Horat. L. 2. Serm. II. V. 166.

Yet when arriv'd some unexpected guest,
Or rainy weather gives some hour of rest,
If a kind neighbour then a visit paid,
An entertainment more profuse I made.

FRANCIS.

HEG.

HEG. Hey ! you are then my master.

ERG. I'm your friend.--- 110

Say, shall I make thee happy ?

HEG. Certainly

I'd rather so, than you should make me wretched.

ERG. Give me thy hand. •

HEG. There,---there's my hand.

ERG. The Gods,

The Gods are all your friends.

HEG. I feel it not. 114

ERG. You are not in a thorn-bush, else you'd feel.
But let your sacred vessels be prepar'd,
And bid them bring forthwith a fatted lamb.

HEG. For what ?

ERG. To make a sacrifice.

HEG. To whom ?

Which of the Gods ?

ERG. To Me---For I am now
Thy *Jupiter* supreme, thy God *Salvation*, 120
Thy Life, thy Fortune, thy Delight, thy Joy. --
To make this God propitious, cram him well.

HEG. May *Jupiter* and all the Gods confound you.

V. 114. 115. *I feel it not.*

ERG. *You are not in a thorn-bush, else you'd feel.*
This is perhaps one of the poorest jokes in our Author.

HEG. *Non sentio.*

ERG. *Non enim es in senticeto, eo non sentis.*

V. 120. *Salvation.*] See a passage parallel to this, Vol. II.
The *Miser*, Act. V. Scene VII. v. 16.

*I'll restore it to old Euclio,
Who will adore me as his joy, his pleasure,
His Jove protector, his supreme Salvation.*

ERG.

ERG. Nay, you should rather thank me for the news

I bring you from the Port, such gladsome news. 125
Your supper likes me now.

HEG. Be gone, you fool---
You're come too late.

ERG. Your words had been more true,
Had I come sooner.---Now receive from me
The Transport that I bring you.---At the Port
Just now I saw your son, your *Philopolemus*, 130
Alive and hearty,---in the paequet-boat
I saw him,---with him too that other spark,
Your captive, he of *Aulis*,---and besides,
Your slave *Stalagmus*, he that run away
And stole your little boy at four years old. 135

HEG. Away,---you joke me.

ERG. Holy Gluttony [D]
So help me,---as I will for evermore
By her high title to be dignified,---
I saw--

HEG. My son?

V. 127. *Your supper likes me now.*] The original is, *Nanc tu mibi placis.* It is plain, from Hegio's answer, that this means the supper, which our Parasite now promises to himself will be an extraordinary one, on account of the good news he brings of the return of the old man's son.

V. 127. *Holy Gluttony.*] *Sacra Satyrus.* [D] There is great humour in the Parasite's deifying and swearing by *Satyrus* or *Gluttony*, as I have rendered it. The commentators have taken notice of an expression somewhat similar to this in St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, C. III. v. 19. *μηδεὶς γὰρ στόχος μαζεύει τὴν πλούτον τῆς καρναβαλίας.* *No man putteth God by their Belly.*

V. 149. *My son?*] What follows is, as *Tschudi* observes, an

ERG. Your son, my Genius.

The captive youth of *Zelis*? HEG. With him

ERG. By *Apollo*! 140

HEG. Sidagmus too, who stole my child--

ERG. By *Sora*!

ingenious representations of that wane of credit we were induced to give to what inspires us with sudden joy. This affection we also meet with admirably painted by Terence in his *Heautontimorumenos*, Act III. Scene IV. 18, 19, &c. of two or three lines.

CHEMUS. *Nuptiam apparet illa*

Cujus maxime te fieri parvicipep

MENED. *Num quidnam degnato meo audisti, Chremes?*

CHR. *Valeat aquæ uictus.* ME. *Ubi hanc est quæsto?* CH. *A pud*

mea domo.

ME. *Meus gnatius?* CH. *Sic est.* ME. *Permit!* CH. *Permit*

ME. *Clinia.*

ME. *Venit!* CH. *Dixi.* ME. *Eamus: duc ad me, obsecro.*

CH. *I have news for you,*

Such news, as you'll be overjoy'd to hear,

ME. *Of my son, Chremes?* CH. *He's alive and well,*

ME. *Where?* CH. *At my house.* ME. *My son?* CH. *Your son.*

ME. *Come home?*

CH. *Come home. My dear boy come; my* CH. *?*

CH. *He.*

ME. *Away then! prithee bring me to him.*

COLMAN.

Mr. Colman, in his note on this passage, has taken notice of this very passage in *The Self-Tormentor*.

V. 142. By Sora, &c.] In regard to these places, by which Ergesilius here attests the truth of what he says, it may be sufficient just to observe, that Sora was a town of the Volsci, and now an episcopal city of Naples, of the same name: Praeneste, a city of Latium, now called Palestrina, an episcopal city, near Rome, and under its jurisdiction; Signia, a village of the Volsci, its present name Segni, and also the seat of a bishopric; Phrygina, a city of the Volsci, now called Trofiane: And Alatrium, a city near Rome, now known by the name of Alatri.

COSTE.

It

HEG. Long ago----

ERG. By *Prænestē*!

HEG. Come?

ERG. By *Signia*!

HEG. Art sure?

ERG. By *Pbrysinone*!

HEG. Have a care,

You do not tell a falsehood.

ERG. By *Alatrium*!

HEG. Why do you swear thus by these barbarous
cities

145

With uncouth names?

It is remarkable that the names of these places, which the *Parasite* swears by, are all of them in *Greek*; except in one or two of the very old editions. The particular humour intended by this is not perhaps entirely clear to us; though it seems partly intended to give occasion to what *Hegio* says afterwards, and the *Parasite's* answser thereupon.

HEG. Why do you swear thus by these *barbarous* cities,
With uncouth names?

ERG. Because they are as hard
As is the supper, which you said you'd give me.

V. 145. *Why do you swear thus by these barbarous cities.*] It has been before observed, that all foreign persons, nations or cities, were called *barbarous*, in opposition to their own countrymen, nation or city. See Act III. Scene I. note on V. 52. It shoule seem, by the following passage, that our *Shakespeare* was not unacquainted with the use of the word in that sense.

Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a *Roman*, be not **BARBAROUS**.

The *Greeks* upon advice, did bury *Ajax*
That flew himself, and wise *Laertes'* son
Did graciously plead for funerals.

Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be bar'd his entrance here.

Titus Andronicus, Act I. Sce. V. *Marcus.*
ERG.

ERG. Because they are as hard
As is the supper which, you said, you'd give me.

HEG. A plague confound you !

ERG. Why ? because you won't
Believe me, though I speak in sober sadness.---
But of what country was *Stalagmus*, when 150
He ran away ?

HEG. Of *Sicily*.

ERG. But now
He's no *Sicilian* : he is a *Slave-onian*,
To a *Slave-onian* yoke-mate tied for life.
A fit match for him to keep up the family. 154

HEG. And may I then rely on what you've said ?

ERG. You may rely.

HEG. O ye immortal Gods !
If he speak truth, I shall seem born again.

ERG. And can you doubt me, when I swore so
solemnly ?
If you have little faith then in my oaths,
Go to the port yourself.

HEG. And so I will.--- 160

V. 152. *He is a Slave-onian.*
To a Slave-onian yoke-mate tied for life.] There is a pun in the original, such as it is, which I have endeavoured in some measure to preserve.—*Boius est, Boiam terit.*—*Boia* is the name of a town, and also means a kind of *Yoke* worn by *Slaves*. The ambiguity therefore, consists in its being understood in one sense, *He is a Boian, and is coupled with a Boian woman*; and in the other, *He is a Boian, as he is joined to a Boian*. It is not very agreeable to explain the low puns of our Author, but in a *translation* it may be judged necessary.

Take

Take thou the necessary care within :
Use, and demand, broach any cask you like,
I make you cellar-man.

ERG. And if you find me
Not a true prophet, trim me with your cudgel.

HEG. If your intelligence should turn out true, 165
I will insure you everlasting eating.

ERG. From whence ?

HEG. From me and from my son.

ERG. You promise ?

HEG. I do.

ERG. And I too, that your son is come.

HEG. You'll manage for the best.

ERG. All good attend you.

[Exit Hegio.]

V. 161. *Take thou the necessary care within.*] Our Author's Parafites have been imitated by modern dramatic Poets, particularly by Fletcher, in the character of Lazarillo, the hungry courtier, in his *Woman Hater*, and by Maffenger in that of Justice Greedy, in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*. Sir Giles Over-reach, in the latter, giving the Justice the command of the Kitchen, and absolute authority there in respect to the entertainment, (Act III. Scene II.) seems more particularly to have had its original from this passage ; and Lazarillo's drawing his fword, and demanding the way, (*Woman-Hater*. Act III. Scene IV.) seems not unlikely to have been a hint from the behaviour of Ergafilus in the beginning of this Scene. There is also a character in many respects like it in a Comedy, called *The Canterbury Guests*, by Ravenscroft.

V. 164. *Trim me with your cudgel.*] Fufi Pettito.

S C E N E III.

E R G A I L U S *alone.*

He's gone : and has intrusted to my care
 The high and grand concern of catering.---
 Immortal Gods ! how I shall cut and quarter !
 How I shall chop the crags from off the chines !
 What devastation will befall the hams ! 5
 What a consumption rage among the bacon !
 What massacre of fat sows paps ! of brawn
 What havock will arise !---Then what fatigue
 Awaits the butchers ! what the hog killers !---

V. 5. *What devastation will befa! the hams !]* Hams and bacon are often mentioned in this Comedy, as well as in others of our author : if the reader is desirous of being acquainted with the *Roman* method of curing them, he will find the receipt in *Cato de Re Rustica*, Cap. 162. 163.

V. 7. *What massacre of fat sows paps !]* The original is,—
Quanta suminis absunedo ! Lambin tells us, that by *sumen* was meant, the paps of a sow with the milk in them, cut off and dried,—a great dainty among the *Romans*.—*Martial* alludes to it in the 14th Epigram of his 13th Book. Our author again reckons it, among others, as such in his *Pseudolus*, Act I. Scene XI. v. 33. And *Ben Jonson*, (who was a close follower of the ancients,) in his *Alchemist*, Act II. Scene II. makes *Sir Epicure Mammon* reckon this among his luxurious dainties.

I myself will have
 The beards of barbels serv'd ; instead of fallads,
 Oil'd mushrooms ; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Dres'd with an exquisite and poignant sauce.—

But to say more of what concerns good eating,10
Is loss of time, and hindrance.---I will now
Go enter on my government, and sit
In judgement o'er the bacon,---set at liberty
Hams that have hung untry'd and uncondemn'd.

Exit.

* * * The whole business of this Act is employed in the Part,
it's coming to give Hæceto an account of the arrival of his son,
with the captive youth of Ælis, and the slave that had stolen his
other son. This naturally prepares the spectator for a very in-
teresting incident, which is to follow in Act V.

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*Enter from HEGIO's House, a LAD, servant to
HEGIO.*

MA Y Jove and all the Gods, *Ergafilus*,
Confound thee and thy belly, with all Parasites,
And all who shall hereafter entertain them !
Storm, tempest, devestation, have just broke
Their way into our house !--- I was afraid, 5
He would have seiz'd me, like an hungry wolf :---
I was indeed in a most piteous fright,
He made such horrid grinding with his teeth.---
Soon as he came, he knock'd down the whole larder
With all the meat in't :---then he snatch'd a knife, 10
And stuck three pigs directly in the throat ;---

Scene I.] I have taken the liberty to make this the First Scene of the Fifth Act, though in most, if not all the Editions, it is the Last of the Fourth. Can it be supposed, that *Ergafilus* could execute what he had said he would in the preceding Scene, and which the Lad here tells us he had executed, without some time allowed for so doing. *M. Marolles* has indeed observed before me, that a *Lad* coming out from *Hegio's* house, to shew the confusion *Ergafilus* had occasioned there almost in the instant he had entered it, made him suspect, [either that the Scene had been misplaced, or that a whole Scene had been lost ; as the necessary time for him to do what he is said to have done, is not allowed ; " or perhaps, adds he, this should be the First Scene " of the Fifth Act," which seems very probable.

V. 9. *Larder.*] *Carnarium.*

Z 2

Broke

Broke all the pots and cups that were not measure,
 And ask'd the cook, whether the salting pans
 With their contents might not be clap'd upon
 The fire together all at once :---He has broke 15
 The cellar door down, laid the store-room open.---
 Secure him I beseech you, fellow-servants :---
 I'll to my master, tell him he must order
 Some more provisions, if he means to have
 Any himself :---for as this fellow manages, 20
 There's nothing left, or nothing will be shortly,

S C E N E II.

Enter HEGIO, PHILOPOLEMUS, and PHILOCRATES. STALAGMUS at a distance.

H E G I O, *to his son, advancing.*
 O my dear boy !---To Jove and to the Gods,
 In duty bound, I pay my utmost thanks ;---
 That they have thus restor'd you to your father ;---
 That they have freed me from the load of sorrow
 I've labour'd under, since depriv'd of you ;--- 5
 That I behold yon villain in my pow'r ;---

(*Pointing to STALAGMUS*)

And that this youth has kept his word with me.

(*Pointing to PHILOCRATES*)

No more,---enough already I've experienc'd
 Of heart-felt anguish,---with disquietude

V. 13. *Salting-pans.] Serias.* These, we are told, were for the purposes expressed in the translation, and made of earth.

Aud

And tears enough have worn me,---I have heard 10
 Enough too of your troubles, which, my son,
 You told me at the Port.—Then now to business.

PHIL. Well, Sir,—what recompence may I expect

For keeping of my word, and bringing back
 Your son in liberty ?

HEG. You've done, *Philocrates*, 15
 What I can never thank you for enough,—
 So much you merit from my son and me.

PHIOP. Nay, but you can, my father, and you shall,
 And I shall too :—the Gods too will enable you
 Amply to pay a kindness back to one, 20
 Who has deserv'd so highly of us both.—

V. 12. *You told me at the Port.*] The opening of this Scene shews the art of our Author in the conduct of this play, as it supposes *Hegio* to have discoursed with his son concerning all his adventures, as they were coming from the ship, thereby avoiding a dull narration of what the audience were already sufficiently informed of, as well from the Prologue, as from the former Acts of the Play itself. MAROLLES.

V. 18. *Nay, but you can, my father, &c.*] *Philepolemus*, afraid that his father would pay for the important service he had just received with fine speeches, full of this thought, loses no time in remonstrating to him, that he had wherewithal really to testify his acknowledgments to *Philocrates* for the favours he had received. In this procedure, there is a spirit of candour and equity found only in the heart of the truly virtuous. And it is certain, this noble sincerity is oftner met with in young men, who have not been debauched by a commerce with the world, than in old men ; who, usually cunning, hard-hearted and self-interested, love to deceive, merely because they have been deceived themselves, or, at least, having been often in danger of it. COSTE.

Indeed, my father, but you must.

HEC. No more :—

(*To Pbil.*) I've no tongue to deny whate'er you ask.

PHIL. I ask of you that slave I left behind
An hostage for me, (one, who ever has 25
Prefer'd my interest to his own, that so
I may reward him for his services..

HEC. Your services I'll thankfully repay.—
That which you ask, and that and any thing
Which you require, you may at once command.—30
Don't be offended, that your slave has felt
The marks of my displeasure.

PHIL. How displeasure ?

HEC. Finding myself impos'd upon, in chains
I had him laid, and sent him to the quarries.

PHIL. Ah me ! it grives me, that this best of
fellowes 35

Should undergo these hardships for my sake.

HEC. I will have nothing therefore for his ransom,
Freed, without cost, so take him.

PHIL. Kindly done.

But let him, pray, be sent for strait.

HEC. He shall.

(*To attendants*) Where are you ? Go, bring *Tyndarus* here directly.—

Do you go in.—(*To Pbil. and Pbilop.*) Mean time will
I examine
This whipping-post, to learn what he has done

V. 42. *This whipping-post.*] The original is, *Status verberat*,—
an expression (I believe) peculiar to our Author. We meet with
it

A C T V S C E N E III: 341

With my poor younger son.—You'll bath the while.

PHILOP. *Pbilocrates*, you'll follow.

PHIL. I attend you,

[*Exeunt PHILOPOLEMUS and PHILOCRATES.*]

S C E N E III.

H E G I O and S T A L A G M U S.

H E G I O.

My honest lad!—come hither ;—my fine slave !

STAL. What d'ye expect from Me, when such
a man,

As you are, will tell lies ?—An honest lad !

A fine slave ! I ne'er was, nor ever shall be ;—

Hope not to make me so.

HEG. You see at once
Your situation .— if you speak the truth,
You'll better your bad fortune :— speak it then,—
Be true and just, though you was never so
In all your life before.

STAL. And do you think
I blush to own it when yourself affirm it ? 10.

HEG. But I will make you blush ;—nay, I will
make you
Redden all over.

STAL. So !—you threaten me

it in *Pseudolus*, Act IV. Scene I. v. 7.—and, if I mistake not,
there, and here only.—

Sed ecum video verboream statuam.

But lo ! I see this whipping-post.

V. 12. *Redden all over.] In ruborem te totum dabo*, that is, (as is
plain from Stalagmus's answer,) by stripes.

As

As though I were not used to stripes.—Away then—
Say, what's your pleasure?—'Tis but ask, and have.

HEG. Fine talking this!—To cut the matter short,
Prithee be brief. 16

STAL. I'll do as you command.

HEG. O he was ever an obedient lad!—
But to the busines.—Now attend and answer me
To what I ask you;—if you speak the truth,
You'll better your condition.

STAL. That's a joke!— 20

Can you imagine, that I do not know
What I deserve?

HEG. But yet you may avoid
A part, if not the whole.

STAL. A trifling part:—
Much is my due;—because I ran away,
And stole your son, then sold him.

HEG. Sold! to whom? 25

STAL. *Theodoromedes the Polypluvian*
Of *Aelis* for six *Mineæ*.

HEG. O ye Gods!
He is the father of this same *Philocrates*.

STAL. I know him better than I know yourself,
And I have seen him oft'ner.

HEG. Jove supreme! 30

V. 17.] The learned reader will perceive, that a different turn
is here given to what the Commentators suppose the sense of the
original.

Preserve me and my son!—Hoa there!—*Philocrates!*
I beg you as you love me, to come forth;
I have to say to you—

S C E N E IV.

Enter PHILOCRATES.

PHIL. Behold me here;
Command me what you will: say, what's your
pleasure?

HEC. This fellow tells me, that he sold my son
At *Ælis* to your father for six *Minae*.

PHIL. (*To Stal.*) How long was this ago?

STAL. Near twenty years, 5

PHIL. He says what is not true.

STAL. Or you or I do.—
Your father gave you, when a child, a slave
Of four years old for your own use and service.

PHIL. What was his name?—If what you say is
true,

Tell me his name.

STAL. His name was *Pægnium* 19
But afterwards you call'd him *Tyndarus*.

PHIL. How came I not to recollect you?

STAL. 'Tis
The usual way with folks not to remember
Or know the man, whose favour is worth nothing.

PHIL. Tell me,—that slave, my father bought of
you,

V. 8. *For your own use and service.*] The original is, *peculiarem
of one's own particular possession.*

And

And gave to me for my own service, was he
This old man's son ?

HEG. Lives he ?

STAL. I had the mony,
I car'd for nothing more.

HEG. What say's *Pbilocrates* ?

PHIL. That he, this very *Tyndarus*, is your son,
The proofs shew.—He was brought up from a boy 20
With me a boy in modesty and virtue
Even to manhood.

HEG. If ye speak the truth,
I am indeed both happy and unhappy.
I am unhappy, if he is my son,
That I have us'd him with severity 25
Ah me ! I've treated him with less affection,
And with more cruelty than it behov'd me.
It grives me, I have wrought him so much harm :—
Would it had ne'er been done !—But see, he comes,
Accoutred little suiting to his virtues. 30

S C E N E V.

Enter TYNDARUS.

I've often seen the torments of the damn'd:
In pictures represented: but no Hell

V. 30. *Accoutred, &c.*] *Ornatus* *baud ex suis virtutibus*, alluding to his being chained.

V. 2. *In pictures represented.*] *Meursius* informs us, that the ancients, in order to keep men more strict to their duty, and to deter them from evil actions, used to have those torments of the infernal world, which they imagined might hang over their heads, represented in pictures, in order that they might have them in view, as if real.

Can

Can equal that, where I was, in the Quarries.

That is a place, where ev'ry limb with toil

And labour must be wearied.—Soon as I ..

5

Arriv'd there,—as your brats of quality

Have daws, or ducks, or quails to play with,—me

They gave, t'amuse myself withal, a Crow.—

But see, my master's here before his door !

My other master too, return'd from *Ælis* !

10

HEG. Save you, my wish'd for son !

TYND. Ha ! what ?—your son !

Yes, yes, I understand you, why you call .

V. 8. *A Crow.*] This is a pun in the original, *Upupa*, signifying the bird called a *Lapwing*, as also a *Mattock*, *Pick-axe*, or such like instrument. The word in our language, *Crow*, that is, an *Iron Crow*, which labourers use, serves very well to preserve the *equivoque*. And we think ourselves happy that *Shakespeare* has supplied us with the hint.—In *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. Scene I. *Antipholis of Ephesus*, being denied admittance into his own house, says to his slave *Dromio*—

Well, I'll break in : go, borrow me a *crow*.

E. Dromio. A *crow* without feather, master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather,

If a *crow* will help us in, firrah, we'll pluck a *crow* together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an *iron crow*—

It may be proper to remark, that we learn from many authors, that children of fashion among the *Greeks* and *Romans* had birds of several kinds given them for their amusement. Let it suffice to set down what *Pliny* says in his Epistle to *Clemens*, B. IV. Ep. II. speaking of *Regulus*'s son, who was just then dead. *Habebat puer manulos multos, et junctos et solutos : babebat canes majores minoresque : babebat luscinias, psittacos, merulas : omnes Regulus circum regum trucidavit.*

The boy had several little coach and saddle horses. He had likewise hounds of the large, as well as the small sort. He had nightingales, parrots, and blackbirds, all of which *Regulus* put to death about the funeral pile.

Youself

Youself my father, me your son :—you've done,
As parents do,—caus'd me to see the light.

PHIL. Save you, sweet *Tyndarus* !

TYND. And you too,—though 15
On your account I undergo this trouble.

PHIL. But through my means you'll now arrive at
wealth

And liberty.—This is your father.—(pointing to *Hegio*.)

This (pointing to *Stalagmus*,)

The slave, that stole you hence at four years old,
And sold you to my father for six *Mineæ*, 20

Who gave you to me, then a little boy
Like to yourself, for my own use and service.

He has confess'd the whole : we've brought him back
From *Ælis* hither.

TYND. Where is *Hegio*'s son ?

PHIL. Your brother,—he's within.

TYND. How say you ? have you 25
Then brought him home ?

PHIL. I tell you, he's within.

TYND. 'Twas rightly done in you.

PHIL. This is your father,
And that the thief, who stole you when a boy.

TYND. And for that theft, now I'm a man as he is,
I'll give him to the hangman.

PHIL. He's deserving.— 30.

V. 14. *Caus'd me to see the light.*] As parents are the cause of their children's seeing the light, by giving them birth, so *Tyndarus* says, *Hegio* calls him his son, because he had brought him from the dark quarries into day light.

TYND.

TYND. And I'll reward him equal to his merits.—
(To Hegio.) But tell me, pray,—are you indeed my father?

HEG. I am, my son.

TYND. At length I recollect,
And have a dark remembrance, that I've heard
My father's name was *Hegio*.

HEG. I am he.

35

PHIL. O let your son be lighten'd of those chains,
And that slave loaded with them.

HEG. 'Tis my purpose;
I'll do it the first thing.—Then let us in,
And strait send for the smith to take the chains
From off my son, and give them to that rascal. 40

STAL. 'Tis right to give them me, for I have nothjng.

[Exuent,

A C O M E D I A N addresses the Spectators.

Gallants, this play is founded on chaste manners;
No wenching, no intrigues, no child expos'd,

V. 41. 'Tis right to give them me, for I have nothing.] *Cui peculii nibil est, recte feceris.* Peculium signifies the property, that a slave possesses in his own right. The joke here turns upon Stalagmus's taking what *Hegio* said in a different sense to what it was intended.

V. 2. No wenching, no intrigues, &c.] It is remarkable, that the very particulars here seemingly censured are to be found in several of our author's plays, and in *Terence*. From the mention of a *Braggard Captain*, in the Prologue, V. 73. it is plain, that play was wrote before this of the *Captives*. And from this too, it seems probable, that this Comedy was wrote after *Mossællaria*. *Pseudolus* and *Truculentus*, as well as after *Miles Gloriosus*, or *The Braggard Captain*. See the Prologue, v. 70, &c.

No

348 T H E C A P T I V E S.

No close old dotard cheated of his money,
No youth in love, making his mistress free
Without his father's knowledge or consent. 5
Few of those sort of Plays our Poets find,
T' improve our morals, and make good men better.
Now if the piece has pleas'd you, with our acting
If you're content, and we have not incur'd
Displeasure by it, give us then this token : 10
All who are willing, that reward should wait
On chaste and virtuous manners, give applause.

V. 12. *Give applause.] Plausum date.* This making the *Comedians*, (who in the original are called *Grex*, and sometimes *Caterwa*) or at least one of them, request the applause of the spectators, or, as here, address them farther by way of *Epilogue*, was the constant custom among the *Romans* of finishing their Comedies.—It is so in every one of *Terence's*, as well as those of our Author. *Horace* mentions it in his *Art of Poetry*. v. 155.

Sessuri, donec CANTOR Vos Plaudite dicat.
If you would keep us till the curtain fall,
And the last Chorus for a Plaudit call.—

FRANCIS.

Quintilian too alludes to it, in the first Chapter of his sixth Book.—“ *Tunc est commovendum Theatrum, quum ventum est ad*
“ *ipsum illud, quo veteres Tragoediae, Comediaeque, clauduntur,*
“ *PLAUDITE.*”—When you come to the *PLAUDITE* (the soliciting the applause of the Spectators) with which the ancient Tragedies and Comedies finish, you must endeavour to engage the attention of the whole Theatre.

And here, it is observable, that *Quintilian* speaks of the *Plaudite* being the end of antient *Tragedies* as well as *Comedies*. The *Greek Tragedies* have it not : we have no *Tragedies* of any *Roman Author* left, except of *Seneca*, or what are under his name ; and not one of them ends with any such thing.

Bay.

Ben. Jonson, (whose imitations of our Author, in his *Mostellaria* in particular, will be pointed out in their proper places,) has also copied the *Plautine* in many of his Comedies; in his *Fox*, *Alchemist*, and *Silent Woman*, in particular.

Mr. Whalley, the Editor of the last edition of *Ben Jonson's* works, has inserted a Comedy called *The Case is altered*, (supposed to be of that Author, though not printed in any of the former editions) in which he has observed, that an incident in it is taken from the *Captivi* of *Plautus*. In order to shew the resemblance, he has given the following account of this Comedy, which the reader will take in his own words.

" The son of *Hegio* is taken prisoner; and with a view to ransom his son by the exchange, *Hegio* buys *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, two *Elian* captives. *Tyndarus* is slave to *Philocrates*, and is left under his master's name, while the true *Philocrates* is sent to *Elis*, under the name of *Tyndarus*, to effect the liberty of *Philopolemus*, the son of *Hegio*. The fraud however is discovered to *Hegio*, before the return of *Philocrates*; and *Tyndarus* is put to the torture, and sent to the mines. At the return of *Philopolemus* and *Philocrates*, with whom also there comes *Stalagmus*, a fugitive slave of *Hegio*, it is discovered that *Tyndarus* is the son of *Hegio*, who was carried away by *Stalagmus*, at the age of four years, and sold by him to the father of *Philocrates*.²²

The resemblance indeed is striking, and the copy varies but little from the original. Our *Philocrates* and *Tyndarus*, are in that Comedy called *Chamont* and *Camillo Ferneze*. Our *Hegio* is *Count Ferneze*, and our *Philopolemus*, *Lord Paulo Ferneze*. *Count Ferneze* informs his friend, that he had another son younger than *Paulo Ferneze*, who was then going abroad; the name of this son was *Camillo*, who was lost at the time *Vincenza* was surprized by *Chamont*, the General of *France*; and his father supposes him to have fallen a prey to the barbarity of the soldiers. News is brought to *Count Ferneze*, that his son *Paulo Ferneze*, who had but just left him, was taken prisoner by the *French*; and he is accordingly preparing for his ransom. *Chamont* and *Camillo*, prisoners on the other side, had agreed to change names; and *Camillo*, who now passes for *Chamont* (but is known to *Count Ferneze*, by the name

of

of *Gasper*, the Count not at all suspecting him to be his son) is left behind, instead of *Chamont*, whom the Count dispatches, supposing him to be *Camillo*, to ransom his son *Paulo Ferneze*. The imposture being now discovered by *Count Ferneze*, *Camillo* is put in fetters, and ordered to be executed: But on *Chamont's* return with *Paulo Ferneze*, whom he had just ransomed, *Camillo* by a tablet with an inscription upon it hung round his neck is discovered to be that son, whom *Count Ferneze* supposed to be lost, and had called *Gasper*, which was the name he went by; and whom, not suspecting him to have been his son, he had treated with great severity.

The End of THE CAPTIVES.